The Saturday Evening
POST
April 16, 1960 – 15¢

Perle Mesta TELLS HER OWN STORY:

THEY CALL ME MADAM

I CALL ON

JACK LEMMON

By Pete Martin

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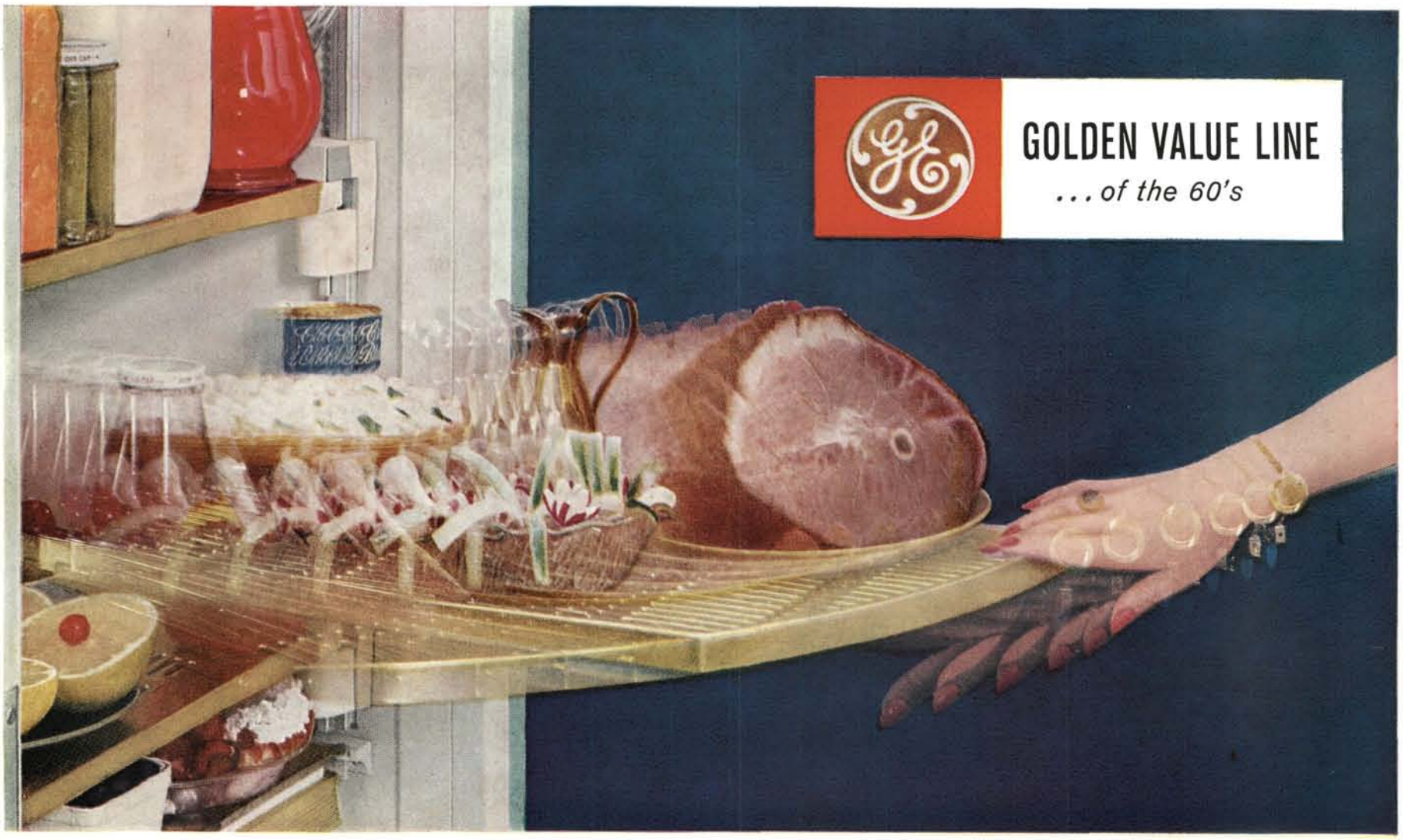


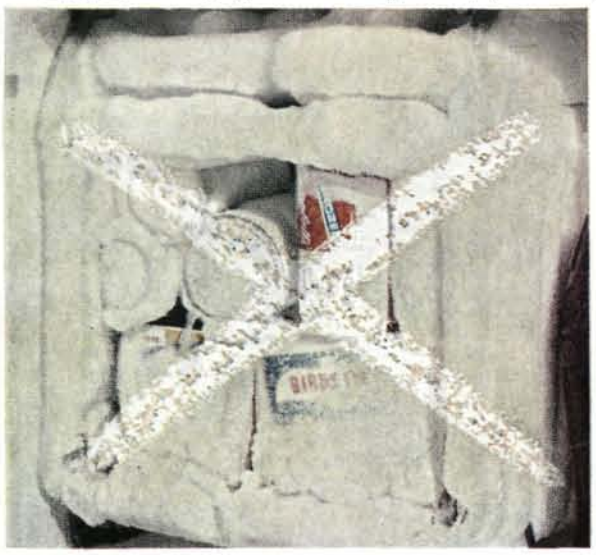
HANDY SWING-OUT SHELVES AND NO DEFROSTING!

Three shelves swing out to bring all foods out front... adjust up and down even when loaded... lift out for easy cleaning in General Electric's new 15-cubic-foot Refrigerator-Freezer!

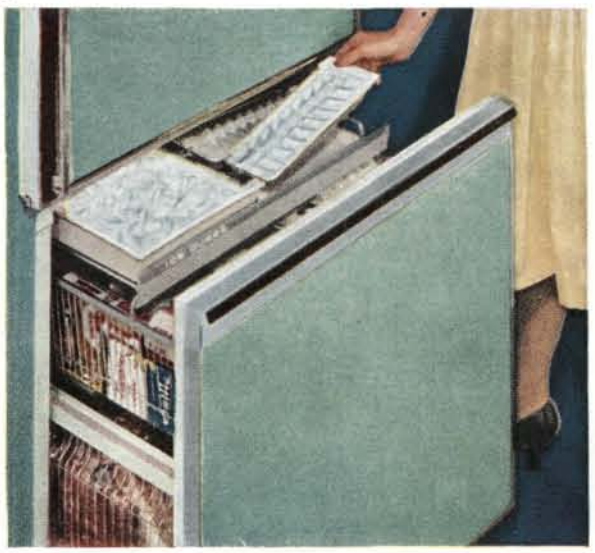
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

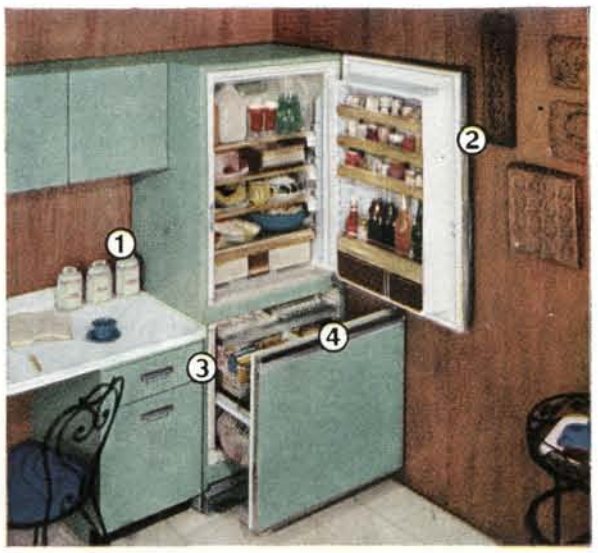
General Electric Company, Household Refrigerator Dept., Louisville 1, Ky.



No more messy defrosting—not even in the big Roll-Out Freezer! With General Electric's exclusive Frost-Guard System, frost never forms on walls or food. Labels are easy to read, packages never stick together. *Frost-Guard ends defrosting forever!*



Handy Freeze-N-Store Ice Service. Simply flip trays over to eject cubes; refill with water right in the freezer! Container stores up to 6 trays of cubes. Freeze-N-Store Ice Service and Frost-Guard are available in both the 13 and 15-cubic-foot models.



Straight-Line Design and Big Roll-Out Freezer. 1. Fits flush with walls; no coils in back to accumulate dirt. 2. No waste space at side for door clearance. 3. Front lines up with base cabinets. 4. Roll-Out Freezer holds up to four huge supermarket bags of food!

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The new Hammond Extravoice Organ in walnut

This is the NEW Hammond *Extravoice* Organ

Yours for the lowest Hammond price ever. $895.* Only $25 down.

This is the new organ your family can own for the lowest price in Hammond history. $895.*

The organ based on an entirely new idea: you play a *single* keyboard . . . you hear the exciting tones of *three.*

The organ that's lovely to look at. And the graceful. contemporary cabinet of the Extravoice Organ will take up very little of your space—an area just 4′ by 2′.

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The organ that's priced lower than a Hammond ever was before. $895.* Only $25 down at most dealers. Low monthly payments.

Send the coupon for "PlayTime Plan" and "Extravoice" folders. Or better still, see the Extravoice Organ at your Hammond dealer.

HAMMOND ORGAN... *music's most glorious voice*

*F. O. B., CHICAGO; BENCH EXTRA.

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4206 W. Diversey Avenue
Chicago 39, Illinois

A NEW HAMMOND ORGAN at the lowest price ever!

Please send me:

- ☐ Free "PlayTime Plan" folder.
- ☐ Free "Hammond Extravoice" folder.
- ☐ Details on how to get free Hammond LP record.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

Zone County State

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THE COMPACT WITHOUT COMPROMISE

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Meet the world's most worth-more wagon. Four doors for easy access; big-car comfort, luxury, quality: *and* big-car cargo room (more than any other compact wagon)—but short and sweet on the outside Yours with a sizzling six cylinder engine as economical as any, or with a powerful top-economy V-8 Easy to drive, easy to buy, easy on the purse to maintain See The Lark at your Studebaker Dealer's and discover—you don't have to sacrifice big-car features to enjoy the advantages of a compact. NOW PROVEN BY MORE THAN A BILLION OWNER-DRIVEN MILES

The LARK for '60—world's first and only full line of new dimension cars—available in 2 and 4-door sedans; 2 and 4-door station wagons; sporty hardtop and exclusive convertible. Choice of Six or V-8.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Years ago in London's Westminster Abbey, Norman Rockwell observed an artisan patiently repairing a break in a stained-glass window. When he decided to bring that memory to life for *The Post*, Rockwell sought out Rowan and Irene LeCompte, a young New York couple who design and make church windows much as they were made in the twelfth century. The LeComptes journeyed to Rockwell's studio with a detailed plan of a window they had designed for the National City Christian Church in Washington. Result: Rowan LeCompte is on our Easter cover, patching a break in a Resurrection scene inspired by the one he and his wife designed. On the LeComptes' window, which is more abstract than Rockwell's, a huge figure of the risen Christ appears beneath the angels.

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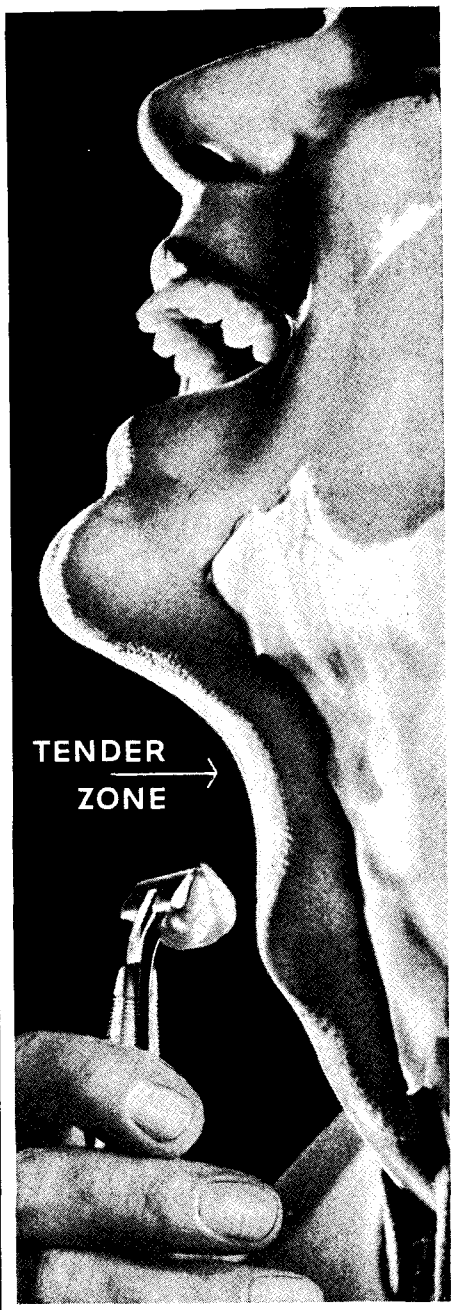

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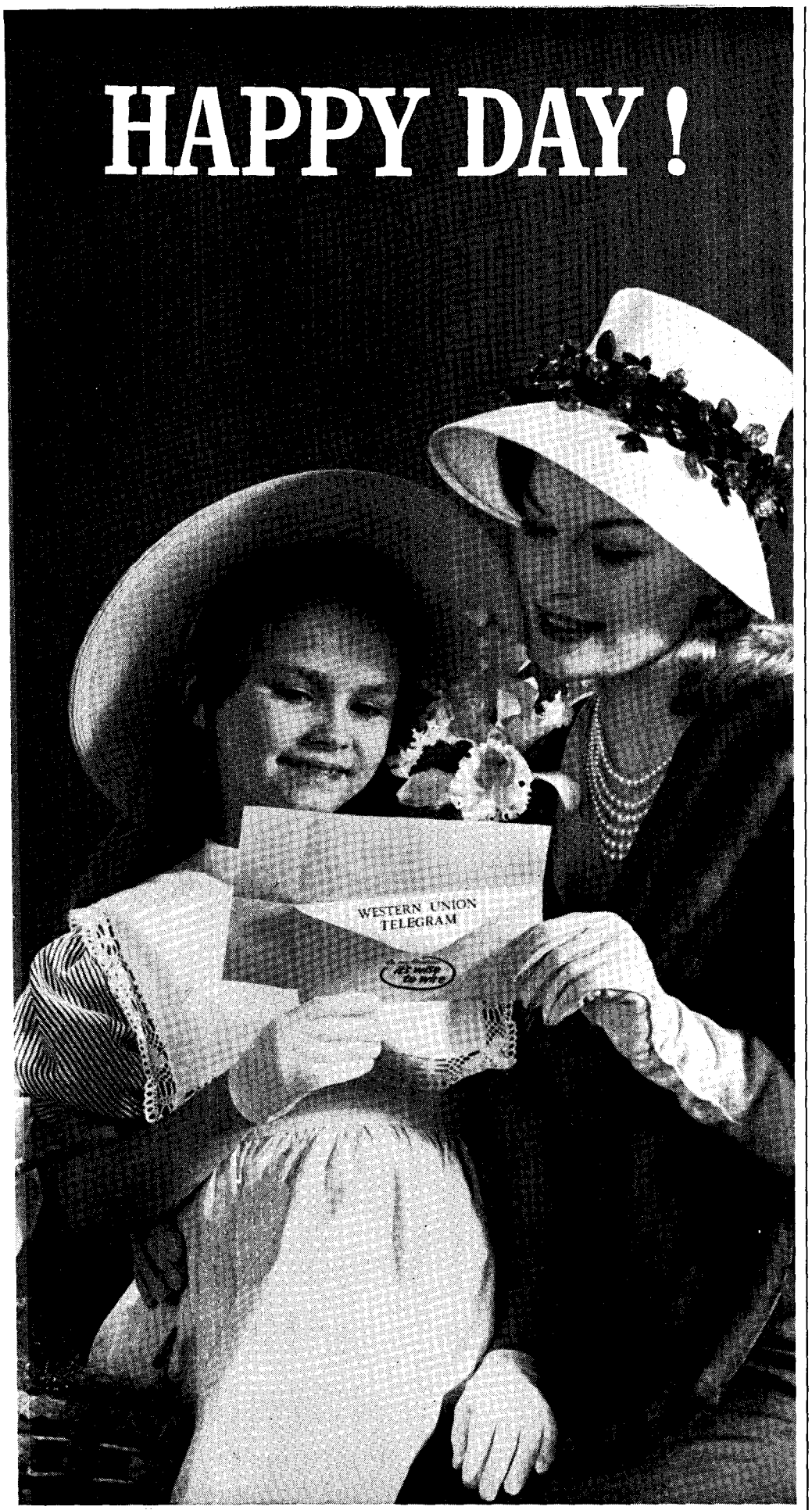


SAY IT IN A HAPPY WAY BY TELEGRAM!

You can make it an especially Happy Easter when you remember by *telegram* . . . the quick, important way of expressing your nicest thoughts. Convenient, too. Just call Western Union and charge it!

P.S. Send a Bunnygram—the special Easter telegram for youngsters—signed by Peter Rabbit himself!

Letters

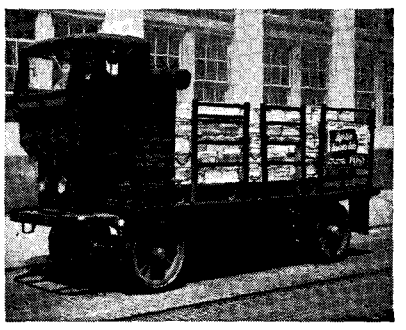
Return of the "Watt-Rods"

Dear Sirs:

Read with interest and enjoyment Mr. J. C. Furnas's article entitled, ARE ELECTRIC CARS COMING BACK? [Mar. 12], but can't understand why the everyday work horses of the Curtis Publishing Company, the sturdy electrics with their huge payloads which are such a familiar sight on the streets of Philadelphia, did not even rate an honorable mention by Mr. Furnas.

JOHN L. FALLON
Philadelphia, Pa.

● *Below, one of Curtis's forty-year-old electrics.* —*ED.*



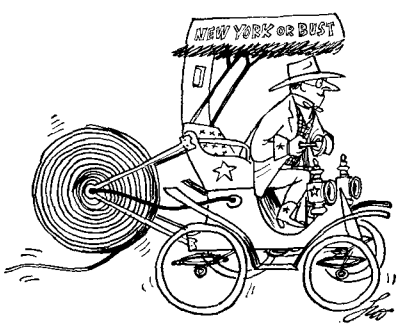
Dear Sirs:

To add to Mr. Furnas's mention of the use of electric golf carts in California cities: At Claremont the Congregational Church maintains a pleasant asylum for its retired ministers and missionaries. Electric carts are a common means of transportation there and are known locally as "ecclesiastical hot rods."

J. F. BRUINS
Boise, Idaho

Dear Sirs:

I once heard of a chap who made an electric car. He drove from Dallas, Texas,



to New York for only $1.86 worth of electricity. The only trouble was, the darned extension cord cost $9364.71.

ART CHAFEE
Shelbyville, Ind.

● *At three cents a foot, the extension cord would have cost him $255,340.80.* —*ED.*

A Dangerous Adventure?

Dear Sirs:

Professor John Kenneth Galbraith [MEN AND CAPITAL, ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 47, Mar. 5] says that Federal aid to education is "elementary," [implying] that there is no logical reason to oppose it. As an economist, Professor Galbraith should be extremely concerned about monetary inflation, high Government spending and our apparent inability to avoid an increasing national debt. My question therefore arises, is Professor Galbraith really an economist or is he possibly a propagandist for what most Americans believe to be an alien economic philosophy?

CARSON O. DONLEY
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Your ADVENTURES OF THE MIND series is excellent, and played a large part in my changing from the newsstand to the subscribers' list. However, this number is much more of an advanced study in dubious politics than an adventure of the mind, despite the fact that there is danger enough in the professor's recommendations for any adventurer.

ALBERT B. PERLIN JR.
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Didn't Ben Franklin say something like, "There is only one thing more expensive than education, and that is ignorance"?

CARL H. RISE
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

● *Not that we know of.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

MEN AND CAPITAL is a clear-cut outline for action, the kind that can successfully meet the situation with which Mr. Khrushchev confronts us so boldly.

RUSSELL V. BURKHARD
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Alas, No Strads

Dear Sirs:

With reference to your Dec. 19 article THINK YOU OWN A STRAD? [by Estelle Mendelsohn], on reading it through several times, I am not sure that I have a Strad, but feel it's possible. . . . After matching the label inside my violin with the two you published, I would like to have some authorized person look at it. . . . Can you please give me the name and address of some reputable company or individual whom I can contact?

BETTY GLAZE
Harar, Ethiopia

● *Nearly 500 readers, convinced that they own precious Stradivarius violins, wrote* The Post *and the author for more information. The letters were referred to violin expert Rembert Wurlitzer, 120 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N.Y., who is the authority quoted in our article. So far, says Wurlitzer, no missing Strads have been uncovered—as the author predicted in the first place.* —*ED.*

Should Women Look Like Women?

Dear Sirs:

The Don Loper article in the March 12 issue [CALIFORNIA'S ARROGANT COUTURIER, by Stanley Frank] was very well received in this house. He makes a lot of sense. It is the first time I've read in print my pet peeves about high fashion.

MRS. ARTHUR JONES
Anaheim, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Loper deserves the highest praise from all red-blooded American men who

(Continued on Page 6)

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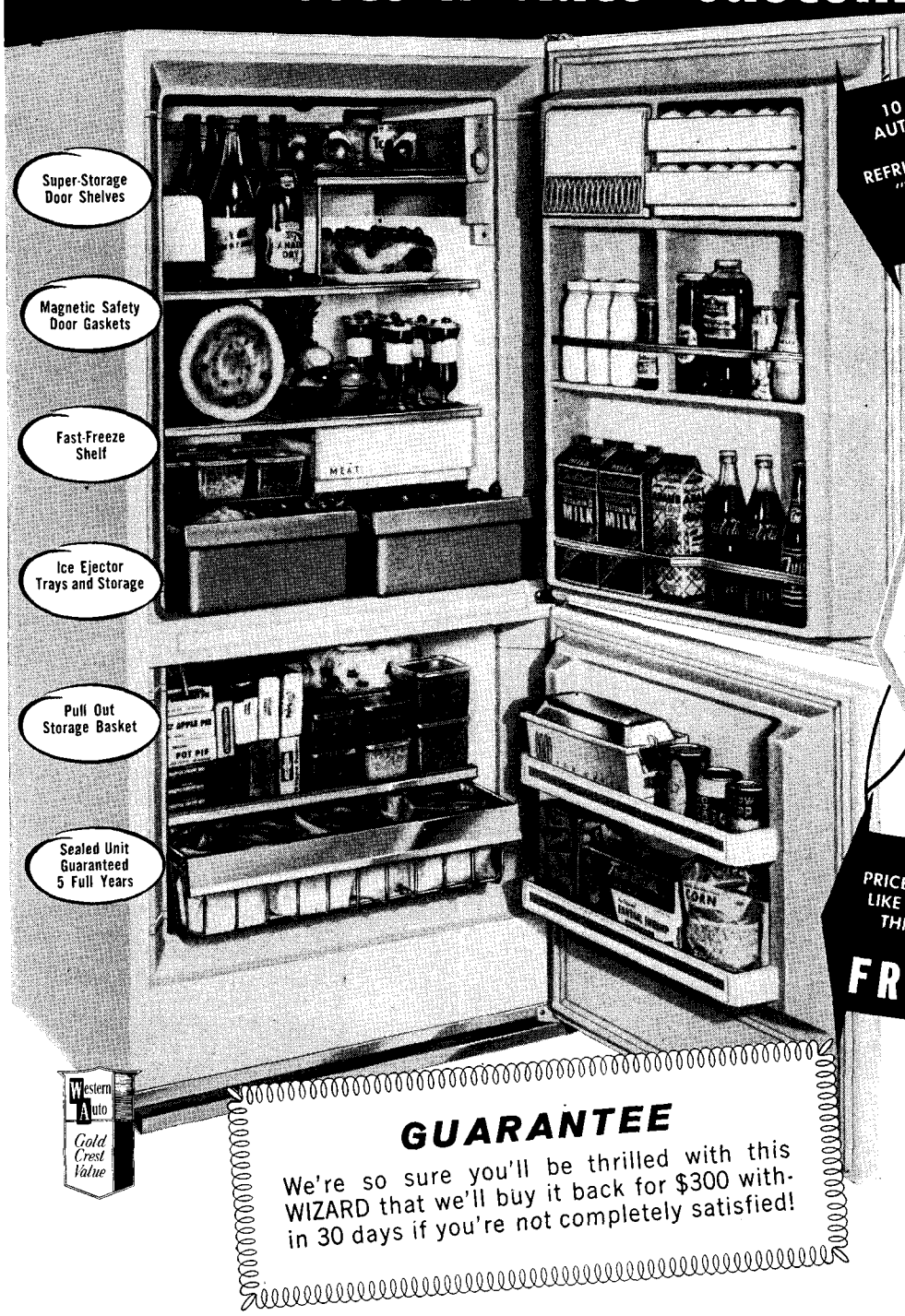
$15,000,000 REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER SALE saves Western Auto customers a cool $5,000,000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10 CU. FT. AUTOMATIC DEFROST REFRIGERATOR "UPSTAIRS" IN EASY REACH!
AT THIS PRICE IT'S JUST LIKE GETTING THIS 176 LB. FREEZER FREE!
Western Auto Gold Crest Value

"How'd we do it?" you'll ask when you see this

GIANT 16 CU. FT. DE LUXE 2 DOOR WIZARD

NOT ~~$449.95~~ NOT ~~$399.95~~ NOT ~~$349.95~~

BUT ONLY

$299.88

with minimum trade

EASY TERMS

We went to America's leading maker of refrigerator-freezers with our exacting specifications. We told them we wanted a big, deluxe model with all the features of others selling for $400 or more to offer our customers for less than $300. By agreeing to the biggest purchase in our 51 year history we made this dream come true.

Don't confuse this big, beautiful, feature-packed WIZARD with stripped-down models available anywhere near its low price. See for yourself... compare this big WIZARD Deluxe with all other brands. It's got the works inside! Dollar-for-dollar, your WIZARD Deluxe delivers more useful features than any other brand!

GUARANTEE

We're so sure you'll be thrilled with this WIZARD that we'll buy it back for $300 within 30 days if you're not completely satisfied!

Extra features . . . more "store" room . . . mean better meals just minutes away!

You can pull a meal out of this WIZARD in a flash! There's a place for everything right in sight. Salad "makin's" in the crisper. Main course in the meat tray. Special dairy department. Removable egg trays. It will keep a super-market selection of hundreds of pounds of fresh and frozen foods at your fingertips.

No messy refrigerator defrosting, either; this WIZARD does it automatically! And as if that weren't enough . . . with just a flick of an ice ejector tray . . . ice cubes instantly! Yes, you might expect to pay as much as $449.95 for this fabulous combination, but Western Auto's purchasing power has brought the price within reach of *every* budget!

Don't struggle any longer with a frosty, undersize, outdated refrigerator! See the beautiful WIZARD Deluxe today!

MAMMOTH 21′ WIZARD REFRIGERATOR FREEZER

Sensational buy at $399.88 With Minimum Trade

For *Big* Families

Biggest capacity . . . biggest bargain on the market today! Freezer holds 392 lbs. *Self-defrosting* 9.7 cu. ft. refrigerator at top. Deluxe throughout. Own it on easy W-A terms!

Win a FREE trip to San Juan, Puerto Rico for the family, just for coming in! Nothing To Buy! Register at your Western Auto Store! Subject to federal, state and local regulations.

S 40

Sales prices good at Western Auto Stores and Associated Stores displaying this ad. Western Auto dealers own their own stores and set their own prices and terms. Both may vary slightly in some parts of the U. S.

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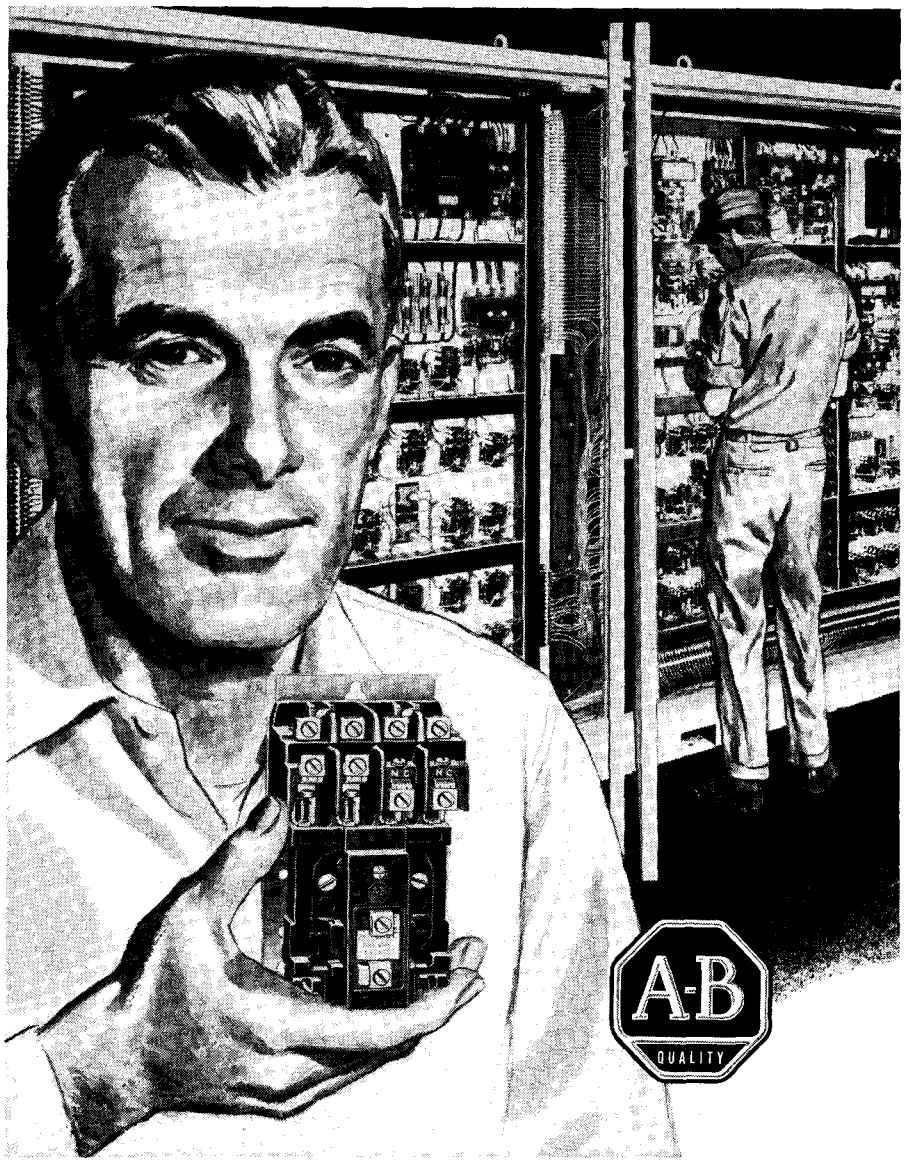


Among maintenance men who live with motor control

...ALLEN-BRADLEY IS FIRST CHOICE*

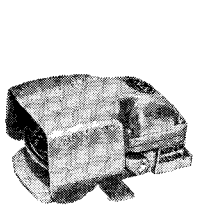
With maintenance men, trouble-free operation is *all important!* That's why they prefer Allen-Bradley. They know this control will operate over long periods of time—without causing production delays for service attention.

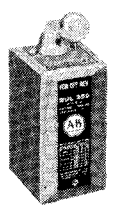
The new Bulletin 700 Type BR line of relays is a recent addition to the A-B line. In exhaustive laboratory and field tests, they have proved that they will set new standards for relay life and reliability. The easy and simple convertibility of contacts from normally open to normally closed operation—or vice versa—justifies a significant reduction in relay inventories.

Insist on Allen-Bradley—the quality motor control preferred by designers, engineers, and the men who want to keep your production equipment operating at a *profit!*

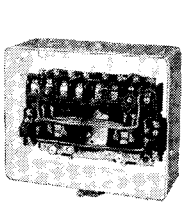
**According to nationwide surveys.*

Allen-Bradley makes a complete line of quality motor controls and accessories


Foot Switches
Bulletin 805


Drum Switches
Bulletin 350

Limit Switches
Bulletin 802T


Reversing Starters
Bulletin 705

ALLEN-BRADLEY

Member of NEMA

Quality Motor Control

Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 S. Third St., Milwaukee 4, Wis. • In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

love only *real* women. Down with the lousy French dress designers and three cheers for Don!

RAY PHELPS
Elko, Nev.

Dear Sirs:

What a refreshing change to read about a designer who is more interested in making women look feminine than in dreaming up new weird fashions each year simply to make money.

MRS. L. GAIL LAYMAN
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

If the French fashion designers do not flood *The Post* with protest letters concerning said article, they must not think that Mr. Loper is important enough to be taken seriously. . . . The French *haute couture* has always been famous for the chic and simplicity of the lines and beautiful fabrics. . . . Mr. Loper's creations are the closest *copies* of French models I ever saw. . . .

PAULETTE DE GARDIN
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Frank writes: "Loper, a bachelor since his third divorce. . . ." Is Mr. Frank incorrect or has common usage outdated Webster's 1957 definition of a bachelor as "a man who has never been married"?

RUTH INGLETT
Aledo, Ill.

● *Blame our carelessness.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I am not easily nauseated, but your article on the arrogant, effeminate couturier living in luxury off the vanity of shallow women followed shortly by the story of the heroic doctors combating ill health and poverty in the Far East [THE WORLD'S TOUGHEST MEDICAL PROBLEMS, by Steven M. Spencer] proved almost too much for my stomach. Somehow they just don't mix!

RUTH L. SIMPSON
Newtonville, Mass.

● The Post *furnishes its readers a wide assortment of articles about the world we live in.* —*ED.*

The Tiger's Mouth

Dear Sirs:

While I agree with most of your editorials, I must dissent from yours of March 12, entitled SHOULD WE TRUST A WORLD COURT TO STAY OUT OF OUR AFFAIRS? Why shouldn't we? If we are to be a leader in the affairs of the world, do we have a right to ask other nations to trust this court while refusing to trust it ourselves? Shouldn't we first cast the beam out of our own eye?

It is more than a question of prestige. It is a question of our good faith. We are parties signature to the charter of the United Nations. It provides (Article 36): ". . . legal disputes should as a general rule be referred by the parties to the International Court of Justice, in accordance with the provisions of the statute of the court."

What are we afraid of?

W. C. WINSLOW
Salem, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

Why make it possible for jealous and conniving nations to throw monkey wrenches into our way of life and possibly to destroy us without firing a shot? . . . Enemy countries have judges on that court.

FRANK B. PEEBLES
Linesville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The question is not "Should we trust a world court?" but "Why should we trust a world court?" If you stick your head in a tiger's mouth, you will soon have scars to prove it, if you still have a head.

ROY E. TRULY
Bellaire, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

I'm all for the United States. I'm also all for the United Nations, and I think us big fellers ought to play by the same rules as the little guys.

ALLEN RAYMER REESOR
San Bernardino, Calif.

The Post at Tai Rum Nor

Dear Sirs:

While searching our files for photographs of Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, former director of the American Museum of Natural History who died last week [Mar. 11], I discovered the enclosed picture [below]. I thought perhaps your readers might be interested in knowing

that a man who was famous for his expeditions to the world's most remote areas also enjoyed the pleasures of civilization. Doctor Andrews is shown here during a quiet moment at his camp at Tai Rum Nor, Mongolia, in 1928.

ISABEL MOUNT
The American Museum of Natural History
New York, N.Y.

● *Between 1928 and 1931 Andrews wrote eight articles for* The Post, *including* THE MONGOLIAN COLOSSUS *and* SECRETS OF THE GOBI. —*ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

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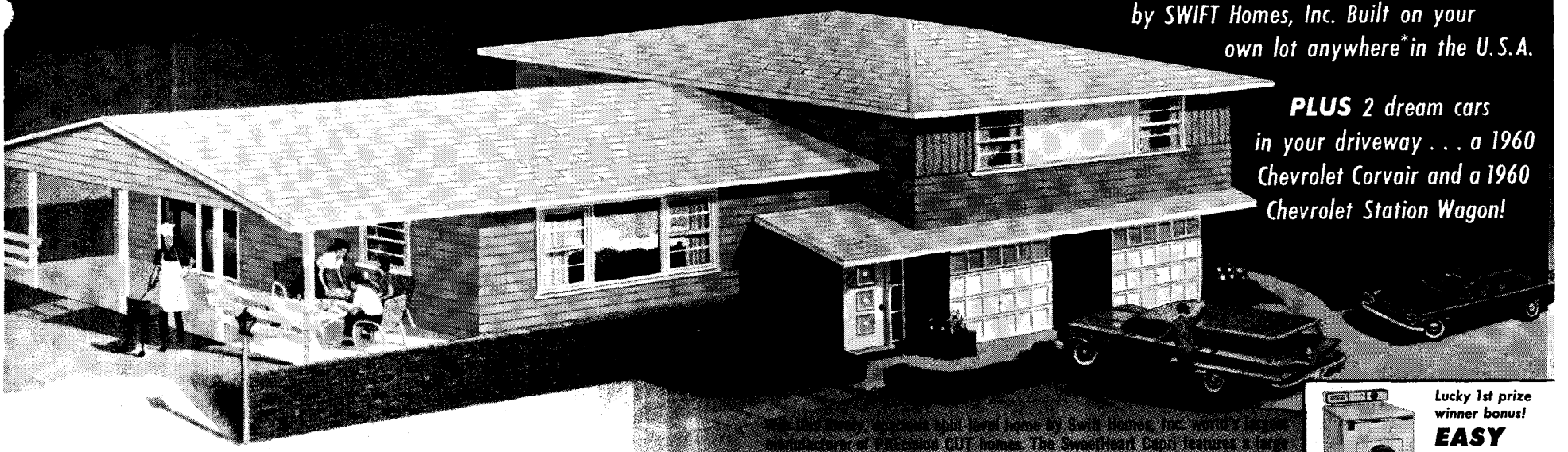
Win a new way of life for your family! **SweetHeart's "Dream-Come-True" Contest!**



***WIN** this $25,000 "Capri" Home by SWIFT Homes, Inc. Built on your own lot anywhere* in the U.S.A.*

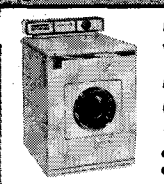
***PLUS** 2 dream cars in your driveway . . . a 1960 Chevrolet Corvair and a 1960 Chevrolet Station Wagon!*

Grand Prize: $25,000 Dream Home

1440 additional exciting prizes!

With this lovely, spacious split-level home by Swift Homes, Inc., world's largest manufacturer of PRECISION CUT homes. The SweetHeart Capri features a large living room, family-dining room, bonus-sized kitchen, three spacious bedrooms, two full baths, double garage and a laundry-utility room, all designed for spacious living with separate levels for sleeping and daytime use. Glass sliding doors open onto the patio, providing luxurious indoor-outdoor entertaining in this SweetHeart of the extensive Swift Homes line. A SweetHeart of a home in every respect.

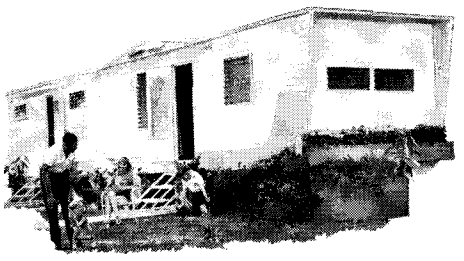
For further information, write: Swift Homes, Inc., Elizabeth, Pa.



Lucky 1st prize winner bonus!

EASY Combomatic

Washer/Dryer compact 2-in-1 combination



2nd Prize:

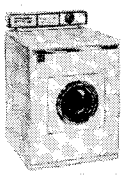
MOBILE HOME

You'll say it's really living when you step into Skyline's completely furnished home. Spacious living room with beamed cathedral ceiling, two bright, roomy bedrooms with storage space aplenty! Full bathroom, fully equipped kitchen. Product of Skyline Homes, Elkhart, Ind.

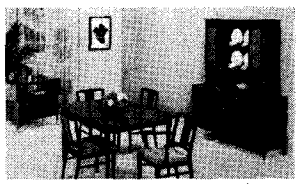
Just complete this sentence in 25 words or less . . . "I'd like to win SweetHeart's Dream Home because . . ."

Imagine living in this beautiful, spacious home! Imagine never again having to worry about rent or monthly mortgage payments! Here's your chance to give your family the kind of life you've always dreamed of—to enjoy a sense of security you never thought possible! Think how proud you'll be to show off your lovely new home! And think of all the things you can do with the money you'd normally pay in rent! You can win this dream home—plus two dream cars! A chance like this may never come again! Enter the SweetHeart Soap contest today and as often as you wish! Get entry blanks at your grocery store or supermarket next time you shop!

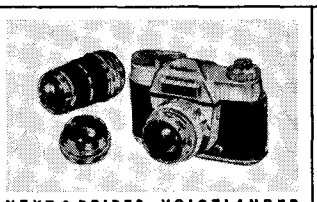
3RD PRIZE: LUXURIOUS AUTUMN HAZE MINK STOLE. Couturier styled, expertly matched, deeply furred skins. One of the most beautiful fashion accessories a woman can own! Created for you by Alper-Sulak of Chicago.



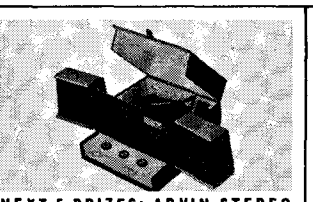
NEXT PRIZE: EASY COMBOMATIC WASHER/DRYER. Exclusive Tilt-Tumble washing action—exclusive Surge 'N Spin water extraction! 5 water temperatures, 3 drying temperatures for different types of fabrics!



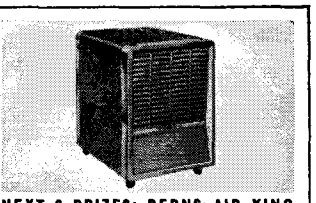
NEXT 2 PRIZES: "PORTRAIT" DINING FURNITURE BY KELLER. Set includes expansion table, 4 chairs, handsome hutch and buffet party wagon in magnificent cherry! Table, hutch and buffet tops have wood-grained plastic tops for carefree durability!



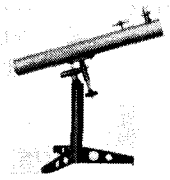
NEXT 2 PRIZES: VOIGTLANDER BESSAMATIC 35 MM AUTOMATIC CAMERAS WITH INTERCHANGEABLE LENSES. One look and you see everything! Get perfect viewing, focus and exposure—automatically! Includes wide-angle, normal and telephoto lenses!



NEXT 5 PRIZES: ARVIN STEREO HI-FI PORTABLE PHONOGRAPHS with self-contained speakers in swing-open, detachable doors. Hi-Fi at its finest in a handsomely styled imperial black case with golden trim!

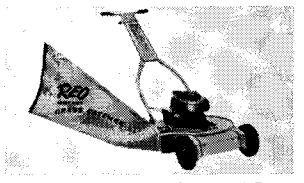


NEXT 2 PRIZES: BERNS AIR KING DE-HUMIDIFIERS. Protects against moisture damage at low cost! Equipped with Humidistat, safety overflow switch and indicator light. Perfect for home, basement, office!



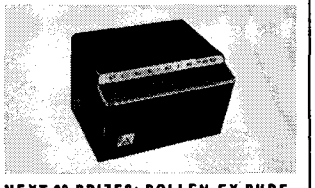
NEXT 5 PRIZES: K-4 DELUXE TELESCOPES BY SPACEX INSTRUMENT COMPANY, Pottstown, Pa. Keep in step with the space age! View manmade satellites, the moon's craters, Saturn's rings . . . galaxies deep in outer space!

NEXT 5 PRIZES: IN-SINK-ERATOR GARBAGE DISPOSERS. Pulverizes food waste and whisks it down the drain. Patented automatic reversing action is whisper-quiet . . . gives years of trouble-free operation.



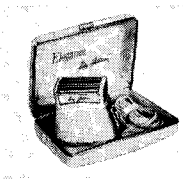
NEXT 5 PRIZES: REO DELUXE 21" POWER MOWERS WITH GRASS CATCHERS. Cuts and cleans lawns in one operation! Picks up leaves and clippings quickly and efficiently! Big capacity bag zips open for easy disposal.

NEXT 25 PRIZES: DURHAM DELUXE CARD TABLE SETS. Sturdy 30" bridge table has removable top, tapered legs with automatic locks. Chairs are designed for comfort with upholstered seats, contour backs. Easy to set up or store away.

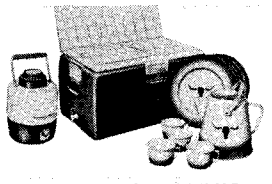


NEXT 20 PRIZES: POLLEN-EX PURE-AIR "99" PURIFIERS. Helps remove pollen, dust, dirt, smoke, odors—in seconds! A boon for hay fever, asthma, allergy, sinus and cold sufferers!

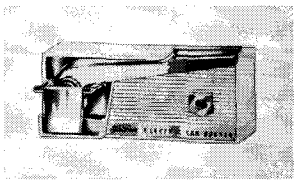
NEXT 20 PRIZES: PFLUEGER SATURN SPIN CASTING FISHING KITS. Enjoy push-button casting with ease! Kit contains 100 yds. 6 lb. monofilament, matching 6½ ft. spin casting rod, tubular glass tip and solid glass butt section!



NEXT 25 PRIZES: LADY SUNBEAM ELEGANCE ELECTRIC SHAVERS. All new! For fast, yet gentle grooming! Specially designed comfort zones with "guardian rollers" protect delicate skin. In white leatherette travel case with gold-toned trim.



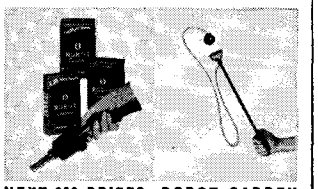
NEXT 20 PRIZES: COLUMBIAN SPORTSMASTER PICNIC SETS. 11-piece set includes gallon Sportsmaster picnic jug for hot or cold drinks, 2400 cubic inch Sportsmaster ice chest, 35-cup Coffee Caddy, king-sized porcelain enamel plates and cups!



NEXT 25 PRIZES: SUNBEAM ELECTRIC CAN OPENERS. Opens any can in seconds! One control locks can in place, zips it open and releases it! "Flip-up" magnetic lid holder—extra smooth edges for maximum safety.

NEXT 20 PRIZES: CLUB ALUMINUM HOLIDAY COOKWARE. Famous for waterless cooking! Now with colorful stainless porcelain finish developed by DuPont—permanently bonded to Lifetime Club Aluminum! Easy to clean as a china dish!

NEXT 56 PRIZES: BI-COR CHEF-MASTER 7-PIECE KITCHEN TOOL SET. The utensil you need—at your fingertips! Full-tanged stainless steel—polished to a mirror finish! Heatproof black Bakelite handles!



NEXT 200 PRIZES: ROBOT GARDEN KITS. Fertilizes lawns and gardens! Kills weeds and crabgrass!
NEXT 1000 PRIZES: 1000 "KUP-KATCH" GAMES. Fun for children and adults alike, Kup-Katch challenges your aim and coordination!

Read rules carefully before entering . . . Hurry! Contest Closes May 8, 1960 ★ ★ ★

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES—ENTER TODAY! IT'S SO EASY TO WIN!

1. *Just complete the following sentence in 25 words or less:* "I'd like to win SweetHeart's Dream Home because..." on one side of a plain sheet of paper or an entry blank available in this ad or in supermarkets and grocery stores.
2. Mail your entry along with the foil wrap from a SweetHeart Soap 1c Sale pack to: SweetHeart Soap Contest, P.O. Box 5238, Chicago 77, Illinois.
3. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by the foil wrap from a SweetHeart Soap 1c Sale pack (regular or bath size).
   All entries will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, whose decisions will be final. In case of ties, *duplicate prizes will be awarded.*
5. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 8, 1960 and received no later than May 15, 1960. All winners will be notified by mail approximately two months after close of contest.
6. *This contest is open to all persons living in Continental United States except* employees of Purex Corporation, Ltd., its advertising agencies, the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, and their families.
7. *Contest void in Alaska, Hawaii, Canada and Mexico and where prohibited, taxed or restricted.
8. The first prize winner must provide: 1) a level lot ready for conventional foundation in compliance with local building regulations and soil conditions; 2) utilities; 3) landscaping. Winner must provide lot within one year of official notification by Purex or the prize will be forfeited and Purex will have no further obligation.
9. *All entries become the property of Purex Corporation, Ltd. and none will be returned* and no correspondence will be entered into about them.
10. All entries must be the original work of the contestant and entered in his or her own name. Contest is subject to federal, state and local regulations.

EASY TO ENTER! Just complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less:

"I'd like to win SweetHeart's Dream Home because_____

_____

_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Send your entry with the foil wrap from a SweetHeart 1c Sale pack to: SweetHeart Soap Contest, P.O. Box 5238, Chicago 77, Illinois.

ENTER AS MANY TIMES AS YOU WISH! JUST BE SURE TO ENCLOSE THE FOIL WRAP FROM A SWEETHEART SOAP 1¢ SALE PACK WITH EACH ENTRY!

SweetHeart® Soap

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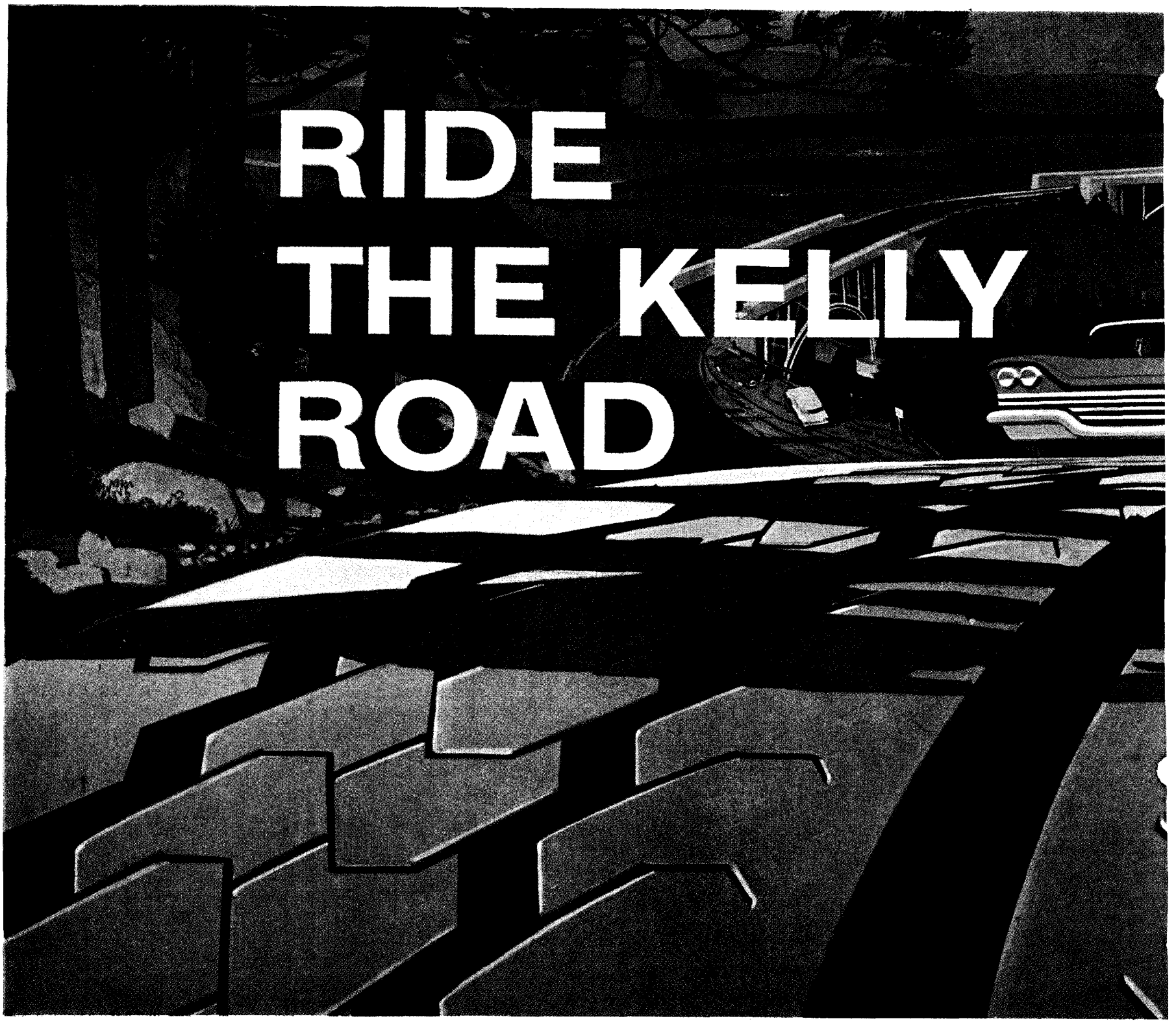
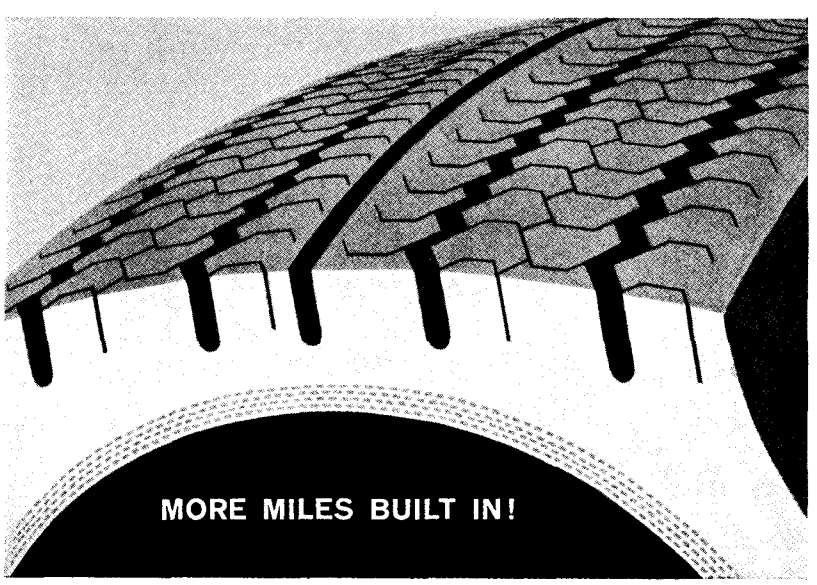


Get more proved miles per dollar than



The safer, longer Kelly Road is wherever your car takes you. In any season, night or day, it's your private highway to extra thousands of miles of worry-free driving.

To prove the Kelly Road is best for your car, too, we asked a leading independent testing organization to compare Kellys with other leading tires. The results of this grueling test showed that super-tough Kellys outwear ordinary tires by as much as 30%!

The reason for this greater service is simply that Kelly

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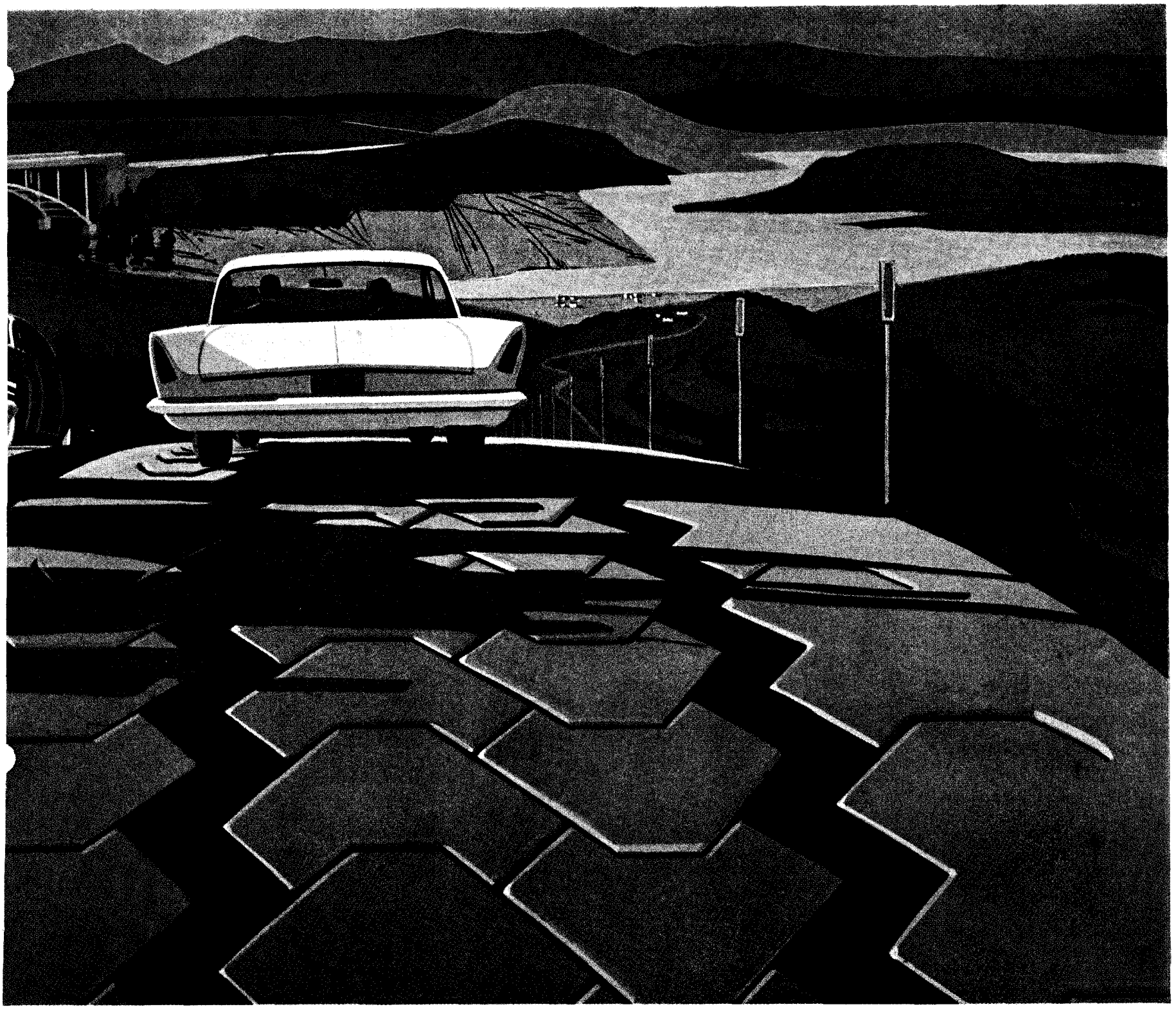

with other leading tires made today!

craftsmen use the very finest materials, the most advanced techniques to build more mileage into these great tires. For example, the deeper, wider Kelly tread is made from exclusive Armorubber, a special rubber so tough, so dense, it actually outwears steel.

* * * * *

Get your car on the Kelly Road. It's your route to extra mileage, extra safety, extra value. Your friendly Kelly dealer will gladly show you the way!

THE KELLY CELEBRITY NYLON EXTRA
Tension-tempered nylon cord body. Unique six-rib tread of exclusive Armorubber. "Lifetime" white sidewalls.

KELLY *Springfield* TIRES

PROVED AND IMPROVED FOR 66 YEARS

E KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO., CUMBERLAND, MD. THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO. OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

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Editorials

One Item Omitted From Tests for Drivers—Character!

In commendable efforts to slow down the disgraceful death rate on the highways, the states are trying all sorts of expedients up to, but excluding, the abolition of the motorcar itself. Speed limits have been cut, and penalties for exceeding them have been increased. Periodic health examinations for older drivers have been ordered. The insurance companies—noting that 27 per cent of drivers involved in accidents are under twenty-five—charge higher premiums to families which include teen-age drivers.

Belated attention has been paid in many places to the need for better highway direction signs. At present high speeds the driver needs to be informed of a right or left turn long before he reaches the intersection. There is increasing strictness in the granting of drivers' licenses, although some low-grade idiots still convince the authorities of their competence to handle a powerful automobile. Drivers who ignore the rules have their licenses taken away more promptly than formerly.

One factor—perhaps it is the most important of all—still eludes the testers and lawmakers; namely, the character of the applicant. Is he the kind of man who will disappear after a crash, or hit a pedestrian and run? Is he the aggressive type who, when he sees a mix-up ahead, thrusts his vehicle into the thick of it instead of letting things clear up? Can he be counted on to stay away from the wheel if he has been drinking, even "one for the road"? Is he likely to reduce speed and keep his eyes open when passing groups of children playing at the roadside, or does he plunge on to the "unavoidable" tragedy when a kid chases a ball into the path of his car?

According to the Travelers Insurance Company's figures, 43 per cent of fatal accidents in 1958 were caused by drivers who were exceeding the speed limit, 12 per cent by other forms of "reckless driving," 16 per cent were on the wrong side of the road, and 13 per cent "did not have right of way." These are largely failures in morals. The cars cannot be blamed. Ninety-five per cent of those involved in accidents were found to be in good operational condition. Less can be said for too many of the drivers.

It is difficult to figure out any way to include an applicant's moral qualification to take a high-powered vehicle onto the public highways. We certainly don't want to turn the problem over to an army of psychiatrists with all their talk about "maximizing the potential," and what not. Because we seem unable to prevent moral illiterates from getting licenses to threaten the security of their betters, we rely on stiffer penalties for the delinquent driver—after his victim is dead—and the various expedients indicated above. We even blame the pedestrian for being a nuisance and getting killed.

Of course, education in the art of driving is important, but more important, we suggest, is education in moral responsibility, consideration for others and common decency. What happened to that?

Can Red China's Cringing Bureaucrats Hold On Forever?

All Communist states have enormous bureaucracies. But in the number of its official functionaries none can pretend to rival the Central People's Government of Red China. Quite apart from the duties of government in the most highly collectivized state in the world, Red China's government hires everybody, pays everybody, produces all food and distributes it, fixes all prices and wages, imports everything that is allowed to enter the country, runs all industries, supplies their raw materials and markets their output.

It is now estimated by the Communists themselves that quite apart from the armed forces and the 300,000 secret police, there are on the average 10,000 official functionaries in every hsien—county—in which a few dozen sufficed under the old lackadaisical imperial system, or a total of about 20,000,000 for the whole country.

The duty of running this vast army is discharged by the Chinese Communist Party, by all odds the biggest in the world, and at least double that of the Soviet Union. The chairman of the Communist Party decrees policy in every field; his lesser associates decree how policy shall be implemented; and the party jackals throughout the land pass on the word from on high to every functionary, and thence to the masses, with the incessant help of exhortations by press, radio and public harangues.

According to an article in Taipei's *Free China Review*, a restrained and reliable monthly publication, China's Communist Party has grown more than threefold since the present regime was set up in Peking in October, 1949. The Reds then claimed a membership of 5,800,000. Their most recent statement—1959—gives them about 17,500,000.

Where has Red China been getting all these recruits to the party? New members are graduated from the huge organization into which the masses of the people have been herded by means of propaganda and domestic espionage and intimidation. They are the labor unions, the women's associations or leagues, the farmers' associations—now virtually defunct because of the communes—and the youth and student organizations. The overwhelming majority of those who have to attend meetings in each such group may remain as sullen nonconformists as they dare be; but in each can be spotted smart fellows and girls who would rather be sheep dogs than sheep. Many are cynical opportunists and are known as such to a population resentful of regimentation.

In all the numerous local risings throughout the land—thousands yearly—these smart characters are the first to be liquidated. Their status as despotism's jackals insures their loyalty to the despotism, and it is upon the loyalty of these agents that the life of the biggest governmental machine on earth depends. When we are aware that the power of the Red dictatorship is grounded in the people's fear of the Communist Party and in the party members' fear of the people, faith in the future of this tyranny falters.

An Educated Man Should Have the Dictionary Habit

The world's all-time best seller is the Bible, but not too far behind is another truly remarkable book—the dictionary. Into Father Noah Webster's linguistic ark were brought, one by one, many of the words and most of the species of our English—or American—language. Their descendants have increased and multiplied. Today we have all kinds of handsomely printed and edited dictionaries suited to all ages and needs, ranging from vest-pocket editions to ponderous tomes. There are medical dictionaries and musical dictionaries, scientific dictionaries, rhyming dictionaries and foreign-language dictionaries.

The dictionary is the raw material of our literature and philosophy, of our tenderest sentiments and bravest declarations, although there remains the task of putting the words in their proper sequence. The dictionary simply gives them to us alphabetically, a practical arrangement for most of us. It is recorded that a young American, suffering from overexposure to "progressive" education, found himself unable to use the dictionary when he entered a conventional college—he had never learned the alphabet.

This story may be a canard, but it is an unfortunate fact that relatively few elementary and secondary American schools take a positive stand by offering strong courses in "dictionary usage." Any youngster who has been inculcated with the "dictionary habit" has taken a giant step toward self-education.

At any rate, the majority of grown-up Americans regard the dictionary, like the Bible, as something to swear by on occasion, but seldom to study or "read in" regularly. Merely buying a good dictionary does not, of course, magically open the door to the world of words. We must open the book, and often.

American school children certainly should be formally introduced to the thrill of "dictionary browsing," in which one word leads to another, and all of them lead to a fuller and more exact mind. All of us could do worse than ponder on the fact that the best-selling Bible tells us, "In the beginning was the Word . . ." and we are privileged to find it, or at least a synonym, in the Good Book's friendly competitor, the dictionary.

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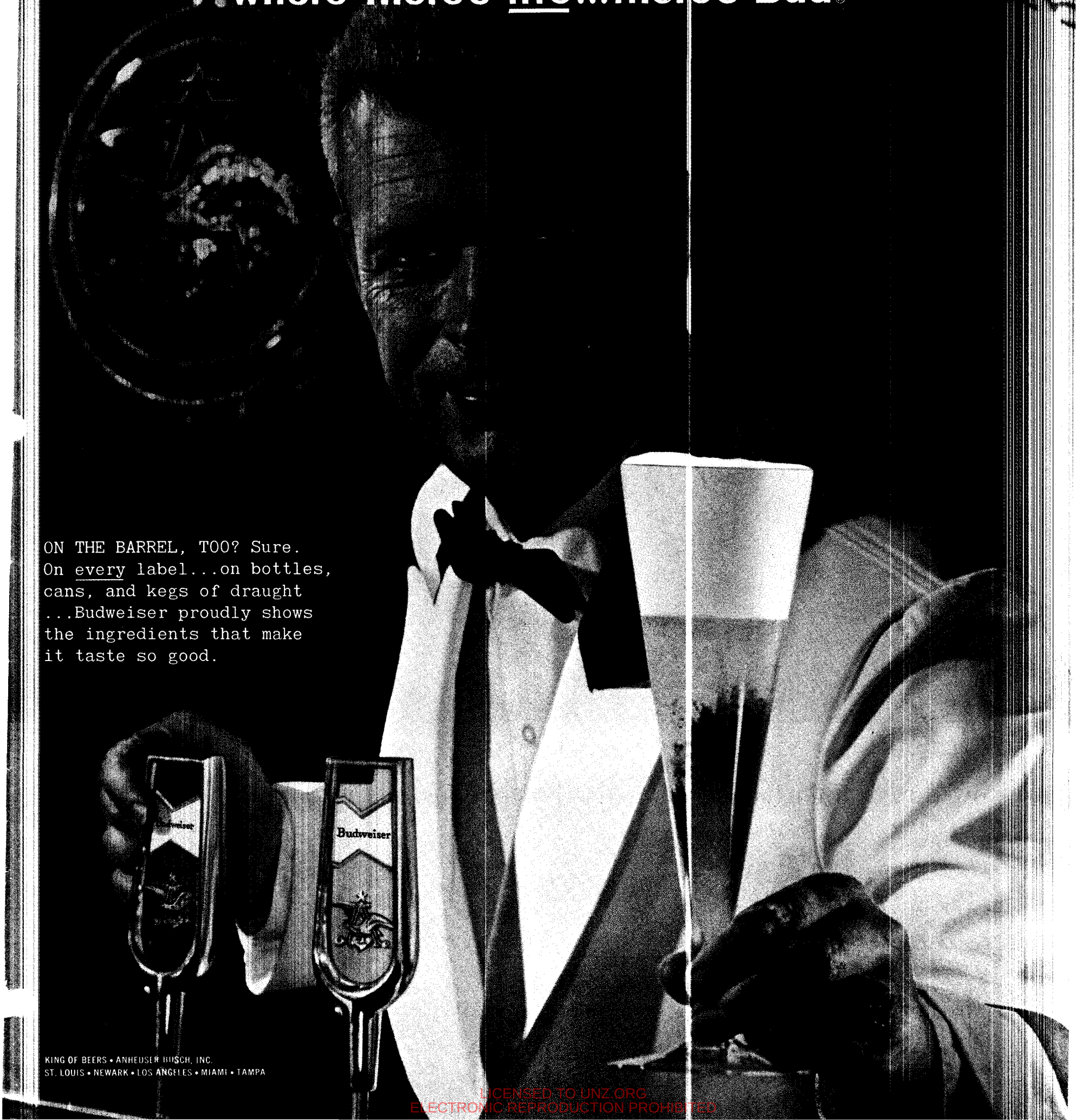
Budweiser®

where there's life...there's Bud®



ON THE BARREL, TOO? Sure.
On every label...on bottles,
cans, and kegs of draught
...Budweiser proudly shows
the ingredients that make
it taste so good.

KING OF BEERS • ANHEUSER BUSCH, INC.
ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • MIAMI • TAMPA

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The 1960 Bonneville Vista

How the steadier footing of Wide-Track Wheels gives you better control

(on straightaways as well as curves)

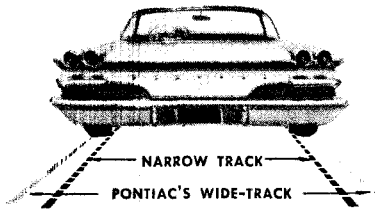
The track is the width between the wheels.

Pontiac has the widest track of any passenger car, the main purpose being to give the car solid, steady, road-holding balance, less lean and sway on turns, corners, curves.

But this balance also helps you devour miles of straight highway with less fatigue, more security at the controls.

The better balanced a car, the better it steers, the less it wanders off course with every little gust of wind or irregularity of road surface.

Right now make a mental map of a route through your neck of the woods. Include lots of cornering, but also plenty of straightaway. Then tell any one of our fine dealers you're all set for a short tripful of Wide-Track action.



Wide-Track widens the stance, not the car. With the widest track of any car, Pontiac gives you better stability, less lean and sway, accurate control.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PONTIAC THE ONLY CAR WITH WIDE-TRACK WHEELS

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The champion of stay-fresh fibers in Varsity-Town Clothes.

Kodel is what foils the wrinkles in the "Picture Suit" as sportscaster Bud Palmer knows. He's never had it so cool and crisp. The reason Kodel smooths out wrinkles is simply this: it's the liveliest polyester fiber yet! And with Kodel, you stay looking fresh day after day. Makes the fabric look and feel so much richer, too! The worsted blend is by Pacific of Kodel polyester and wool.

"Picture Suit" in the new brighter shades Varsity-Town is featuring this Summer. Handsomely styled, cut and tailored. In "Tennessee" T. M. fabric of **55% Kodel polyester, 45% wool.** About $59.50 at fine stores including: John David, Fifth Avenue, New York; Filene's, Boston; The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.; Frankenberger's, Charleston; Parks-Chambers, Atlanta; Godchaux's, New Orleans; E. M. Kahn & Co., Dallas; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Lytton's, H. C. Lytton & Co., Chicago; Boyd's, St. Louis. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Only the fiber is made by Eastman, not the fabric or suit shown here.

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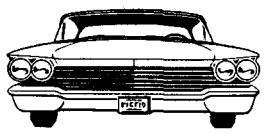

Dow announces

THE WORLD'S YEAR 'ROUND SYSTEM

DOWGARD*

Fill your radiator now with this scientific formulation which eliminates the need to add water in summer, antifreeze in winter. Totally new protection against rust, corrosion, freezing and overheating. One full fill protects your cooling system for 12 full months.

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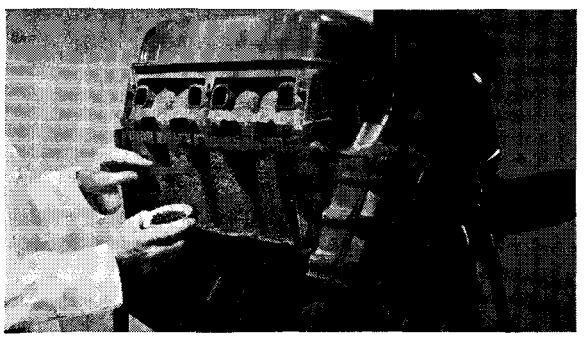
major automotive development

FIRST COOLING FLUID

NO MORE seasonal flushing and draining. No more seasonal need to add antifreeze, rust inhibitors or even ordinary water. DOWGARD ends these worries and inconveniences while giving your car the scientific protection it deserves!



DOWGARD cooling system fluid defeats your radiator's natural enemy—ordinary water—which attacks metal, causes rust, corrosion and clogging. No matter how carefully you lubricate, tune up and check transmission, brakes, tires and wheel balance, you can still be in trouble if rust and corrosion go unchecked in your radiator!

DOWGARD cooling system fluid stops this damage. Why? It is a blend of a completely new combination of protective chemicals and specially treated de-ionized water. This formulation can't rust or corrode for one full year's service. DOWGARD protects against freezing and overheating; your cooling system is safe from 40°F. below to 240°F. above zero.

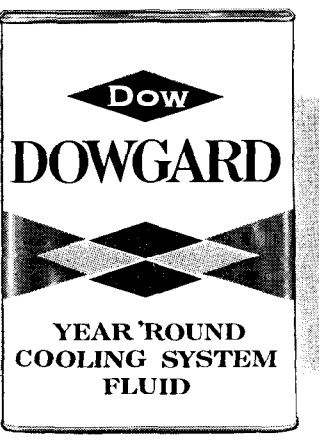
Years of careful research resulted in DOWGARD. Dow cooling system specialists have worked continually with major automotive and oil companies. In laboratories—one near Detroit, the world's car capital—they employed painstaking methods to develop the only coolant that gives a car complete protection.

Tests under tougher-than-usual driving conditions backed up the laboratory results with convincing proof that DOWGARD met the highest possible standards!

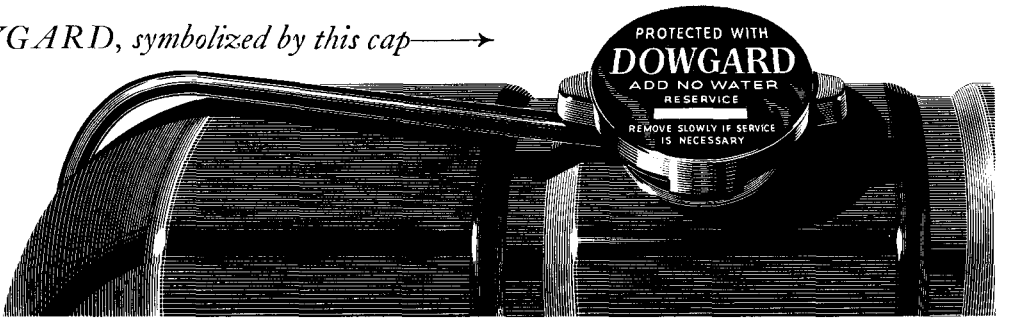
Protection and convenience are the principal features of DOWGARD, but research indicates that it also maintains better heat transfer which affects heater-defroster action and engine operation. Especially beneficial in air-conditioned cars, DOWGARD is certain to strengthen any car's resale value!

Sold only through service dealers, DOWGARD gives you the equivalent of a sealed cooling system for one full year. The serviceman will drain out the sources of trouble, service the system and refill with the finest cooling system fluid in the world. Then he'll place a special blue cap over your radiator cap which shows when your cooling system should be reserviced.

DOWGARD saves you money. The cost of DOWGARD depends on the cooling system capacity of your car. For most American cars the suggested cost ranges from $8 to $12. For some smaller cars, the suggested installed cost would be as little as $4.50. Your service dealer will give you the exact price for your car. Remember that a premium fill of DOWGARD is complete protection for 12 months. Get DOWGARD now and forget car problems that go with summer heat, variable autumn temperatures and winter cold! *TRADEMARK



Rely on your service dealer for year 'round protection with DOWGARD, symbolized by this cap→



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Free road service if it punctures

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TODAY'S TRAFFIC AND HIGH-SPEED FREEWAYS make your tires a matter of life and death, not dollars and cents. You need the complete protection of the Dual 90 . . . for your own safety, for those you love and to prevent accidents to others on the road.

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True Temper tools do more . . . you do less!

New!
"Rocket" Pruner
No. A35 $3.25

Flared, cushion grips feel like they were made for your hand; won't slip, wet or dry, or in gloves. The head is curved – your wrist stays in straight, natural position. The wide-opening, ultra-keen cutlery-steel blade takes a crisp, clean bite. Excess weight is "engineered out" but professional size is retained.

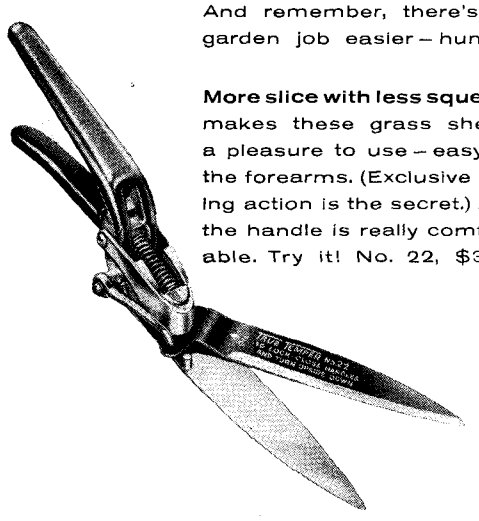
Head is angled and pointed for better "aim", easier reach.

Now is the time for all good gardeners to come to the aid of themselves.

(Or, how to take the hard work out of yard work.)

Here's a brand-new tool from True Temper that follows a pleasing pattern. Like every True Temper tool, it's designed to make your work easier, get it done faster – give you more time to enjoy the things you've done.

For more ways to take the hard work out of yard work, see below. And remember, there's a True Temper quality tool to make every lawn and garden job easier – hundreds of different ones. Always insist on True Temper.



More slice with less squeeze makes these grass shears a pleasure to use – easy on the forearms. (Exclusive slicing action is the secret.) And the handle is really comfortable. Try it! No. 22, $3.25.

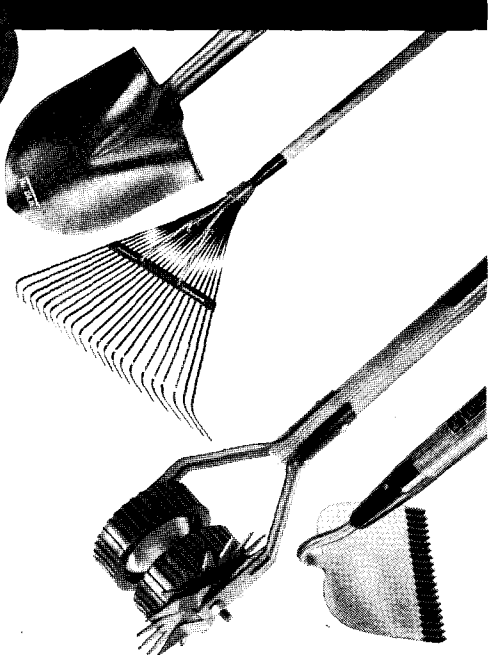
Shoveling is easier with the back-saving "Dynalite." Taper forging puts extra metal at shoulders and center for strength and balance. Thinner edges for light weight, faster penetration. Hard, smooth blade sheds dirt easier. No. DLR, $4.95.*

Spring-braced steel lawn rake has powerful flex action that gets all the litter the first swipe, saves raking time. A big advance over ordinary rakes. Look for No. SL22, just $3.89.*

Trim grass borders fast with this rotary lawn edger. Cutter blade shifts to give amazing shearing action in both directions. A real timesaver. Two-wheel model No. RE2, $6.50.

Serrated-blade floral hoe really bites into soil. Its sharp teeth do the job faster, easier in all soils. (Other True Temper hoes also feature this new-type blade.) Ask for No. TLY5, $3.00.*

*Slightly higher west



For any hammering job, shake hands with a JET ROCKET

You can feel the dynamic power and balance in this great tool. Enjoy the JET ROCKET's aliveness as it centers the power of your swing and absorbs impact shocks. The head is permanently locked to the tubular-steel handle. Cushion grip won't slip, even when wet.

See all of these superb tools at your hardware or garden supply store today. True Temper, Cleveland 15, Ohio.

SPORTSMAN'S AXE, too, in Jet Rocket design. Head just can't fly off. No. BBA, $5.25.

Jet Rocket Hammer
No. B16 $4.49

TRUE TEMPER® THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE RIGHT JOB

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Acts Instantly....to give more complete pain relief from

Tense, Nervous Headaches

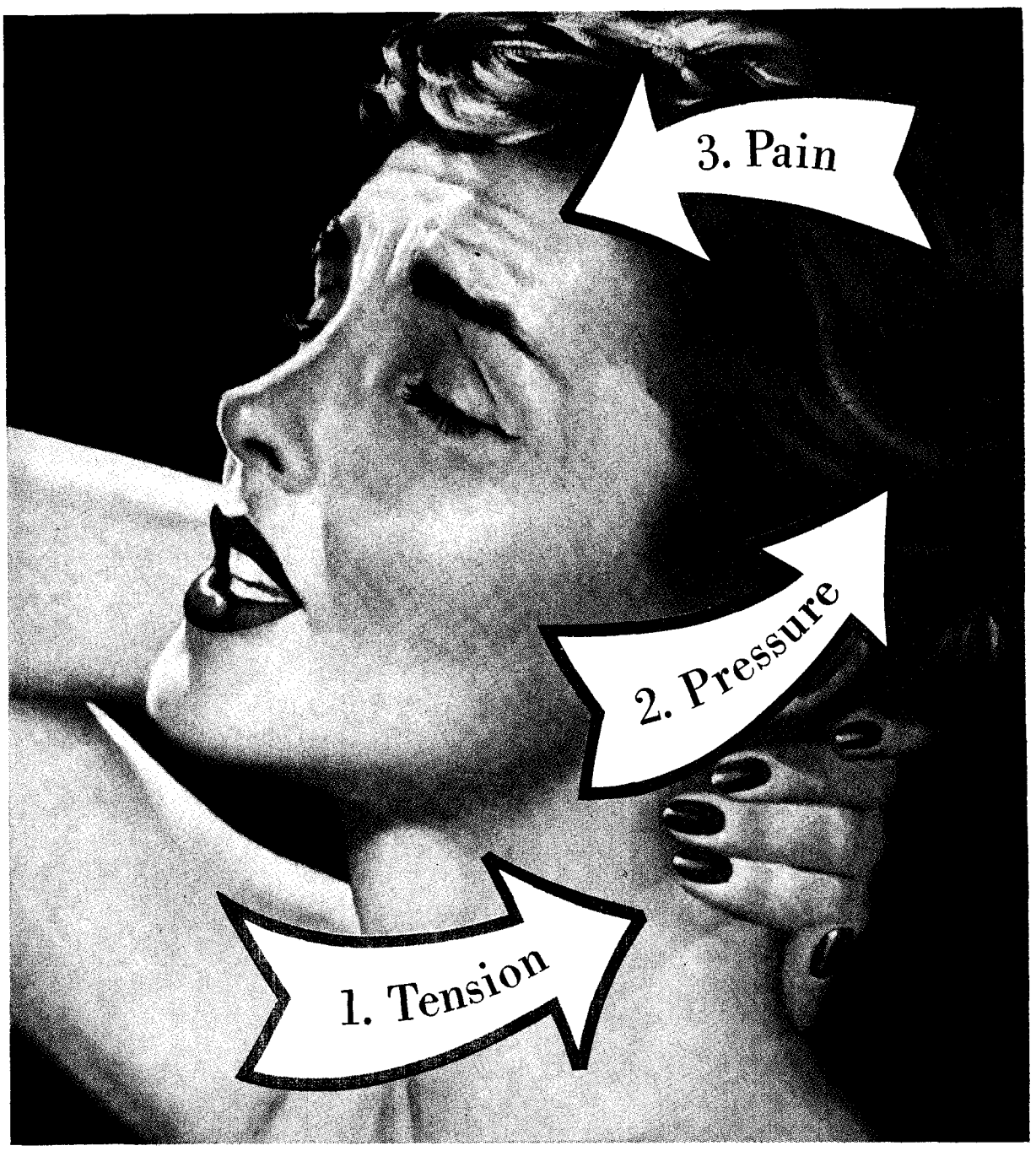
BETTER THAN ASPIRIN OR ASPIRIN WITH BUFFERING

How Tension Headaches Start

1. Tension
Nervous tension builds up in neck and scalp muscles.

2. Pressure
Tension puts painful pressure on nerves and tiny blood vessels in the head.

3. Pain
Tension and pressure cause headache pain. Anacin contains special medication (not found in aspirin or any buffered aspirin) to relax tension, release pressure and relieve pain fast.



ANACIN® relaxes tension, releases pressure, relieves pain fast!

Tense, nervous headaches need the special medication in Anacin. Mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering contains *only one* pain reliever and no special medication to relieve nervous tension. But Anacin contains a *number* of medically proven ingredients — each with a specific purpose. Anacin not only relieves pain incredibly fast but also contains special medication to relax tension and release painful pressure on the nerves — assuring a better 'total' effect — more *complete* relief from pain. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They have a smoother action and do not upset the stomach. Buy Anacin *today*.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in····

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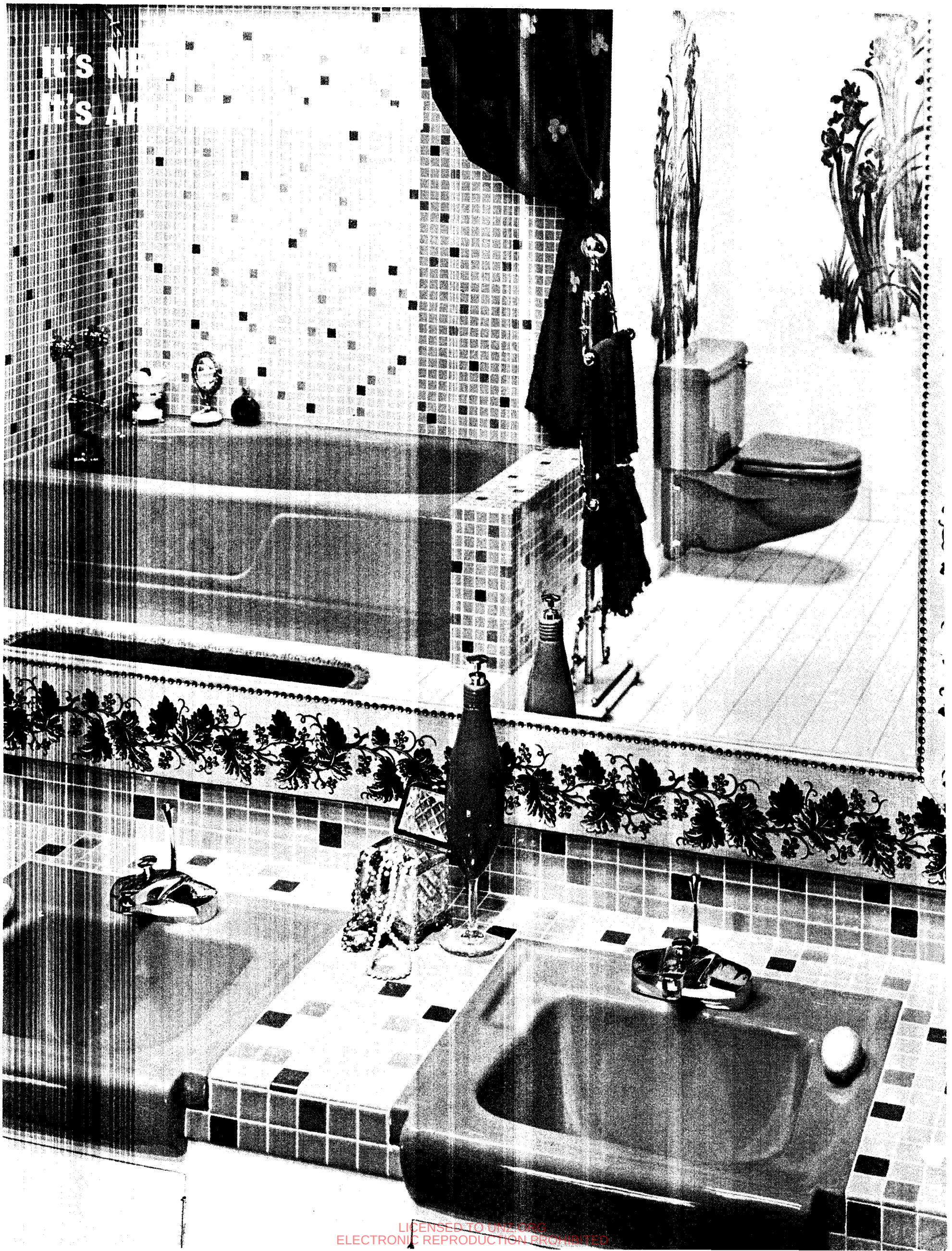

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The charm of this bathroom is the subtle way **new beauty** and **new convenience** blend in these stunning American-Standard products. This combination can be clearly seen in the **off-center design** of the Contour bathtub that has extra roominess for luxurious bathing. This unique design forms two wide ledges—one is a handy shelf, the other a comfortable seat that brings the back of the tub close for easy-reach cleaning. Twin lavatories sparkle with beauty, add extra convenience to this lovely bathroom. The **new faucet** has a single lever that controls the flow of water from gentle to full force and mixes it to the right temperature at finger touch. Toilet is off the floor for **new ease of cleaning.** No stooping—just clean under and around this toilet with the swish of a mop! As always, you can depend on American-Standard for products that combine **fine quality** with **smart, new design** to make a bathroom easy to care for and practical as well as beautiful. Now is the time to plan your new or modernized bathroom around exciting **American-Standard** products.

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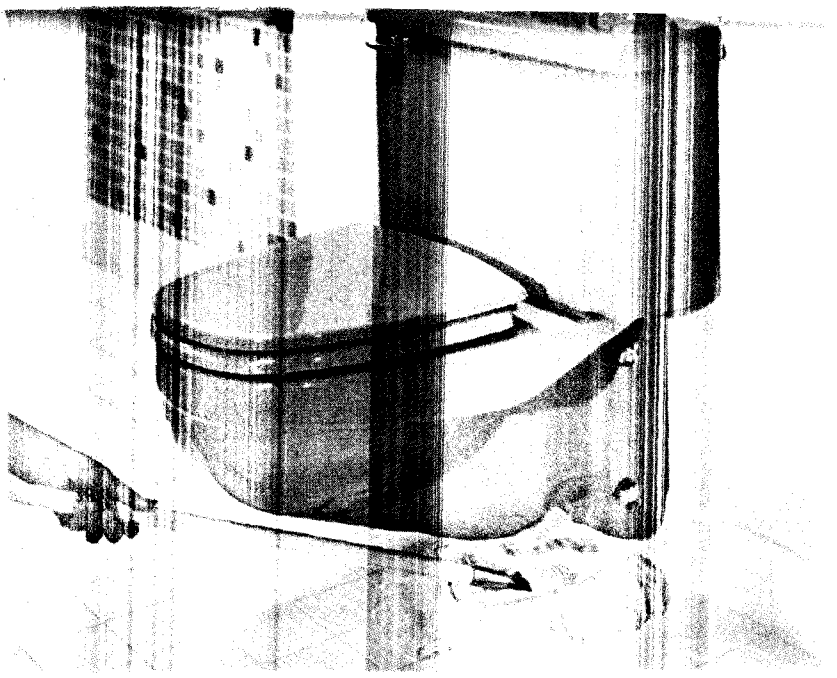
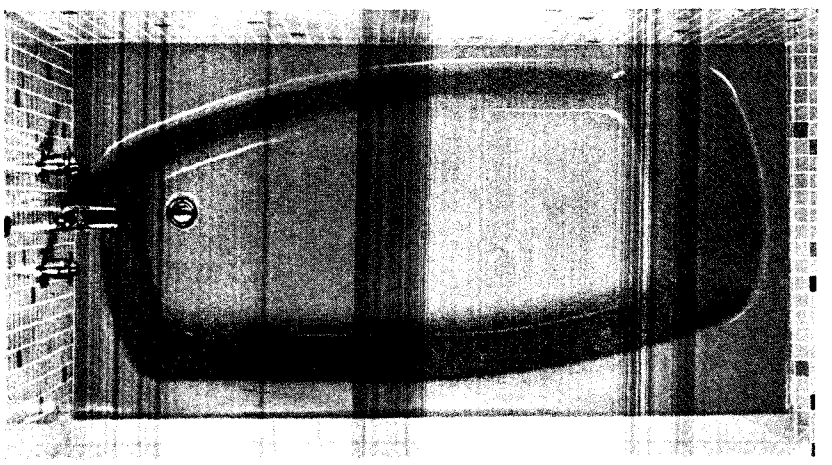
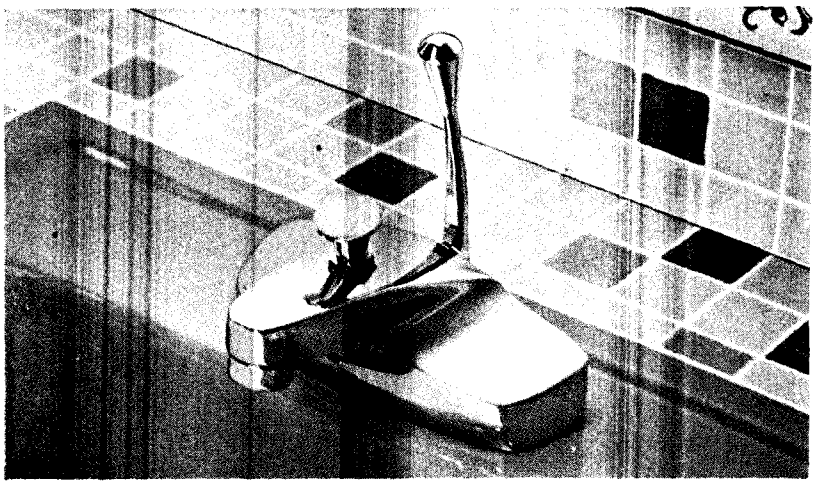


New ease of cleaning is yours with this exciting, off-the-floor toilet. Even the seat and cover snap off for thorough, quick-and-easy cleaning.



The new, off-center design and 16-inch height of the bathtub combine for extra roomy bathing comfort. It's of rugged cast iron, of course.



New, single lever faucet gives finger-tip control of water temperature. For best service be sure the faucets in your home are American-Standard.

For more information on these and other beautiful bathroom products, mail the coupon or see your American-Standard retailer. He is listed in the yellow pages of your phone book under "plumbers" or "plumbing supplies."

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Please send me your new Bathroom Planning Booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing. I am modernizing ☐. I am building ☐.

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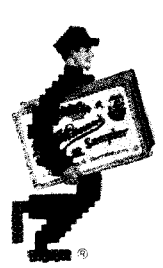
give the finest chocolates...anywhere

Samplers are beautifully Easter wrapped. $2 per pound.

Generous two-pound gift size $4.

Ready now at your Whitman's dealer. They're everywhere!

A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS



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CHOCOLATES

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They Call Me Madam

Confidante of politicians, legendary party thrower, and once a flamboyant U.S. minister overseas, Oklahoma-born Perle Mesta tells her own story of the Washington big time.

By PERLE MESTA

as told to Robert Cahn

PART ONE

On a trip back to Washington to report on my first year as minister to Luxembourg, I mentioned to Mrs. Truman that it might be fun to sneak up to New York and take in a matinee of the new Ethel Merman musical comedy, *Call Me Madam*. The State Department had advised me not to set foot in the theater because the play was supposed to be a satire on how a certain Washington hostess (meaning me) had earned her way to a high diplomatic post by throwing parties for Harry Truman and many other Democrats. They said there were some lines in it that were very offensive to President Truman, his family and to me.

Now I never did take much stock in the advice of the stuffed-shirt element in the State Department. So I asked President Truman if he had any objections to my taking Bess and Margaret to see the play.

"Go ahead," the President told us. "I'd go with you if I could spare the time. But remember, don't be offended at any of the lines. It's just a play, and they've got to make up things or it wouldn't be funny."

It was a wonderful show, and while there were some pretty sharp gibes, we all enjoyed it. Bess could easily have been offended at some of the references to her husband, but I've never seen her have a better time. And when there was a joke about "Harry's

This series is based on Mrs. Mesta's autobiography, which will be published April 19th by the McGraw-Hill Book Company under the title *PERLE: My Story*.

Perle Skirvin Mesta, Washington's most celebrated hostess, daughter of an Oklahoma oil tycoon and widow of a Pittsburgh industrialist.

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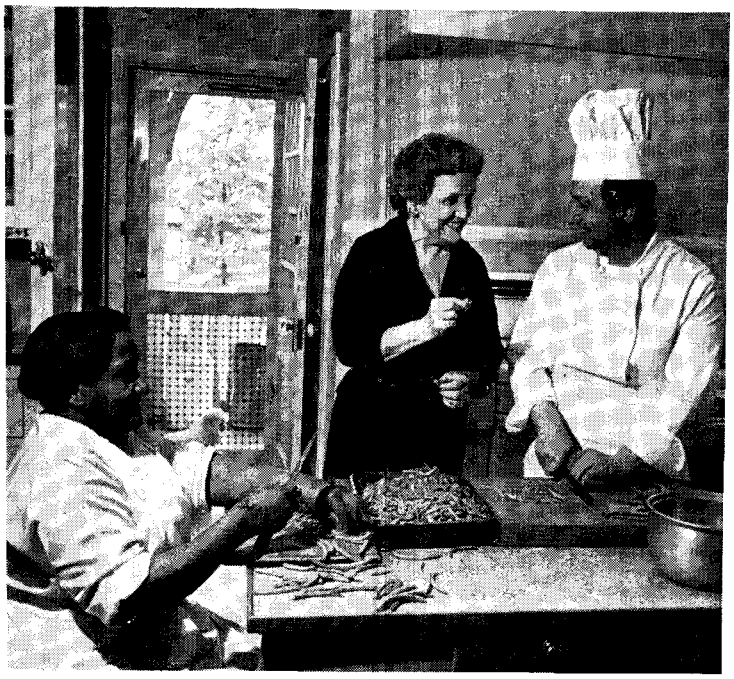
Madame You Chan Yang, wife of the Korean ambassador, kicked off her shoes and danced a hula at a recent Perle Mesta party in Washington, D.C., honoring prima ballerina Maria Tallchief (right foreground).

A small dinner party. Any Mesta party with less than forty guests is "small."



The author, above with her chef, personally supervises the preparation and serving of her dinners.

daughter" getting a bad notice for her singing, Margaret laughed good-naturedly and was very diplomatic about it. I felt in my heart, though, that it hurt her deeply to have her singing career treated as a joke.

I winced myself a few times. But I really couldn't take offense, because in too many cases the shoe fitted. Of course, I can't sing like Ethel Merman, although I was once a hopeful dramatic soprano—more dramatic than soprano, I'm afraid. And I didn't fall in love with the foreign minister like the fictional lady ambassador—Sally Adams. Like Sally Adams, however, I did earn my diplomatic post through service to the Democratic Party rather than through apprenticeship in the State Department; I did bypass channels and go direct to the President when I wanted to get things done; and I love to give parties—lots of them.

People often ask me why I give so many parties. Am I lonely and do I crave company? Is my party-giving the outlet for some suppressed desire? Am I making up for a deep scar left on me as a little child when no one showed up for my first party—as was once portrayed in a television version of my life? Or do I give parties for some Machiavellian purpose, secretly trying to sway the course of history?

I have never been a great one for stopping to figure out such matters. I would discount most of these points, although I do like to have people around me, and it is certainly true that most of my parties have a purpose. Socializing brings people together, and getting people together promotes better understanding of common problems. Whether I give a party in New York or London or Hollywood or Washington, I like to have guests who are in the thick of things. Whether or not they are in the Social Register means nothing to me.

In Washington a hostess can mix Government officials, diplomats, businessmen and professional people. In an atmosphere of good food, music and gracious women, differences sometimes can be settled or important matters of policy worked out. A Cabinet member who might not want to be seen going to call on a senator at his office may be able to settle a problem with him off in a quiet corner at a

Backstage with Ethel Merman, who played "Perle Mesta" in the Broadway musical *Call Me Madam*, a satire on the author's diplomatic appointment.

The real-life "Madam Minister" in 1952 with the commander of NATO, Dwight Eisenhower, and Luxembourg's foreign minister, Joseph Bech.

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party. Or a legislator can say to a colleague over a demitasse, "What's wrong with my bill?" and get a forthright, unrestrained answer that would not be possible if the two men were clashing on the floor of the House or Senate.

When planning a party, I invite a sprinkling of non-Governmental people who can give fresh viewpoints that are helpful to officials. Parties also serve a useful purpose in educating those not connected with Government in the things that are really important for us to know. A few months ago at a party of mine, Dr. Wernher von Braun held us spellbound as he told what we could expect in space travel in the next few years. At another party I gave, Eric Johnston was able to tell us his firsthand impressions of Khrushchev shortly after he came back from spending a weekend with the Soviet leader.

My parties seem to fit no pattern. I may give three in one week or none in three weeks, depending on what I think is the best timing for the particular purpose I have in mind. During the past year or (Continued on Page 64)

Sam Rayburn (above) was peeved at his friend Perle for publicly opposing his pet project of enlarging the Capitol building. Their tiff was later dissolved at one of her parties.

At left: A party for an ex-President, his wife and other Democrats. When in the White House, the Trumans attended one or two of Mrs. Mesta's galas a year, a departure from the presidential tradition of not attending private parties.

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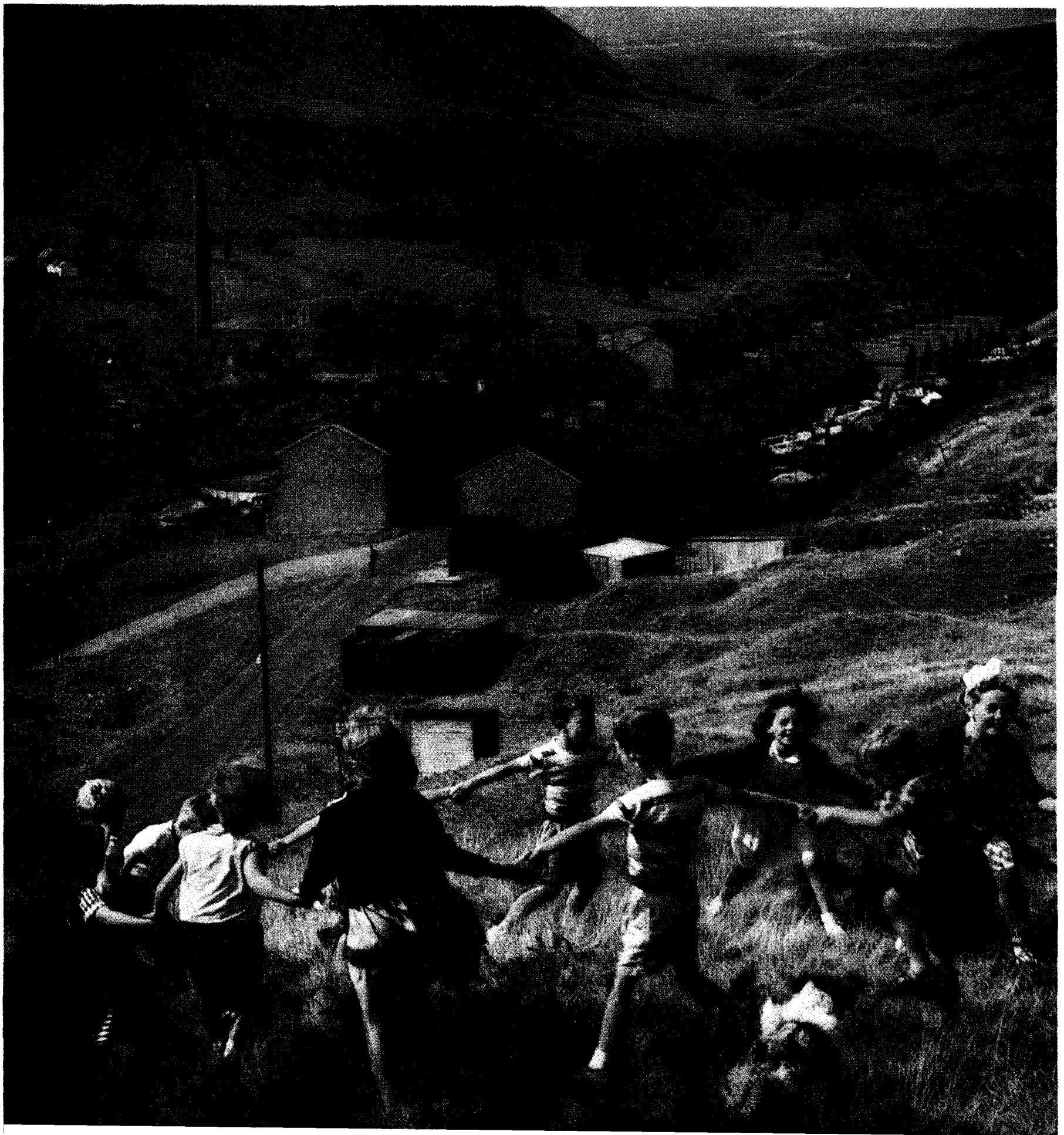
The Secret of the Welsh

Thirty years ago Wales was the darkest spot in depression-ridden Europe. Today it is one of the happiest, loveliest areas in Britain. Here is how the startling change came about.

In the faces of these well-fed, well-clothed children of Rhondda Valley miners is reflected the new prosperity of Wales.



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By ERNEST O. HAUSER

CARDIFF, WALES.

The most amazing thing about this principality is that it still exists. How, one keeps wondering, could these green valleys, which should by rights form the suburban belt of some industrial Midlands town, escape the grim standardization of the modern age? How could 2,500,000 Welsh people, sitting in what is one of the most easily accessible parts of the British Isles, hold on to something very close to privacy? How can Wales go on being Wales?

Make no mistake, Wales is a "country"; nothing will raise a Welshman's hackles so quickly as an envelope addressed, "Cardiff, Wales, ENGLAND." Great Britain, yes; but England, no. For all their victories over Welsh armies, the English never really conquered this peninsula which, measuring thirty-seven miles across its narrow waist and 136 miles from north to south, has somehow managed to guard its identity. Wales has a flag, showing a fierce red dragon on a field of green and white; a national anthem starting with the words "Land of my Fathers"; a language that refuses to become extinct; and best of all, a way of life which is very different from England's.

Londoners off on a Welsh holiday are pleasurably conscious of being "abroad," and irritate their hosts no end by calling their small, pretty country "quaint," or by exclaiming, "How delightful—they speak Welsh! And we thought it was a dead language!" In fairness to the Welsh it must be noted that they do not view their English neighbors with Irish hatred or with Scots disdain. They call them *Sais*, or Saxons, and on the whole are satisfied with separation from bed and board.

Americans who wander into Wales are apt to hear familiar echoes—place names like Narberth, Brynmawr, Merioneth, Haverfordwest, St. Davids and the like will make the

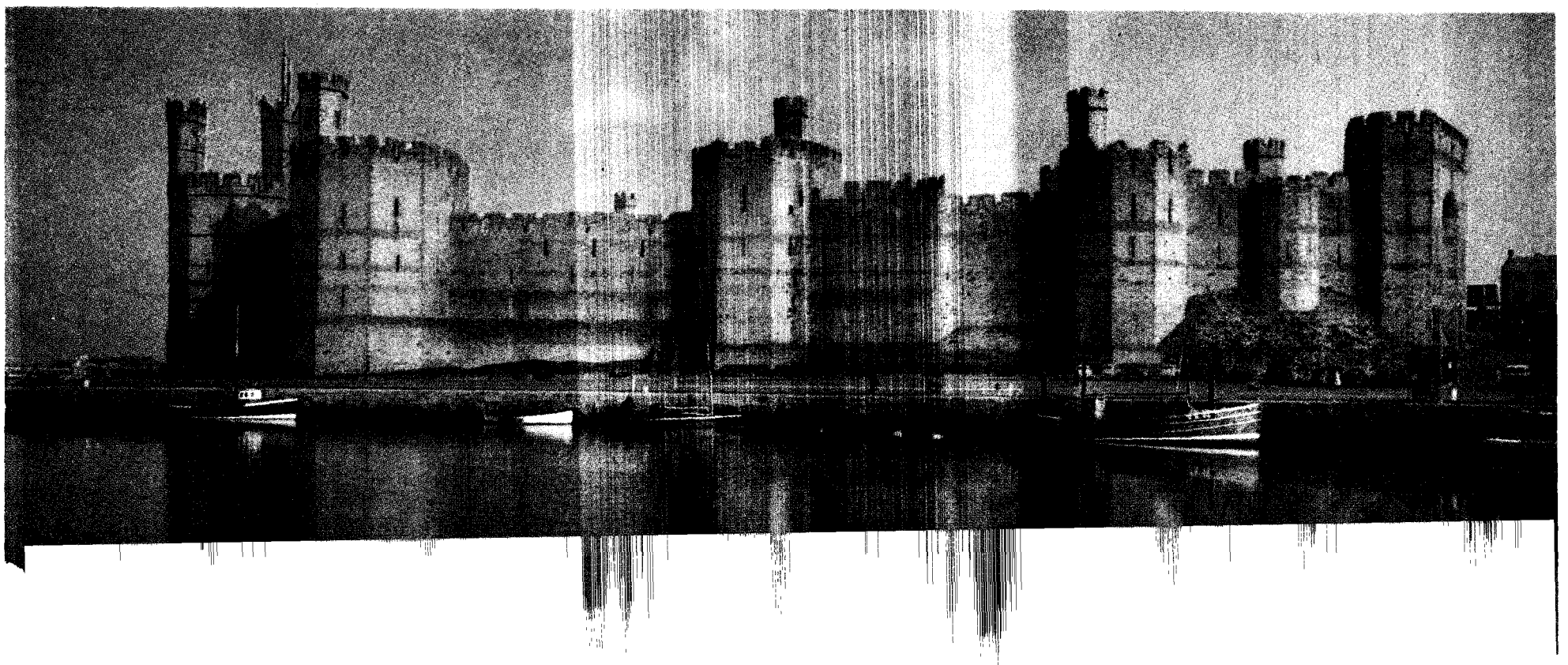
Photographs by Eugene Kammerman

The women workers above once might have gone away to England to become servants. Today, instead, they are employed by this modern dress factory in the Rhondda Valley.

Farmers in for the weekly market on Monday morning enjoy the "easy brotherhood" of the Welsh at the Ivy Bush, one of the "unspoiled" pubs, near Llandilo in central Wales.

At Rhondda Valley "model mine," workers wash in bright shower rooms. Half the valley's collieries have closed; the rest are being modernized.

Edward I built Caernarvon Castle in 1322. The port town of Caernarvon today is a shopping, trade and tourist center.



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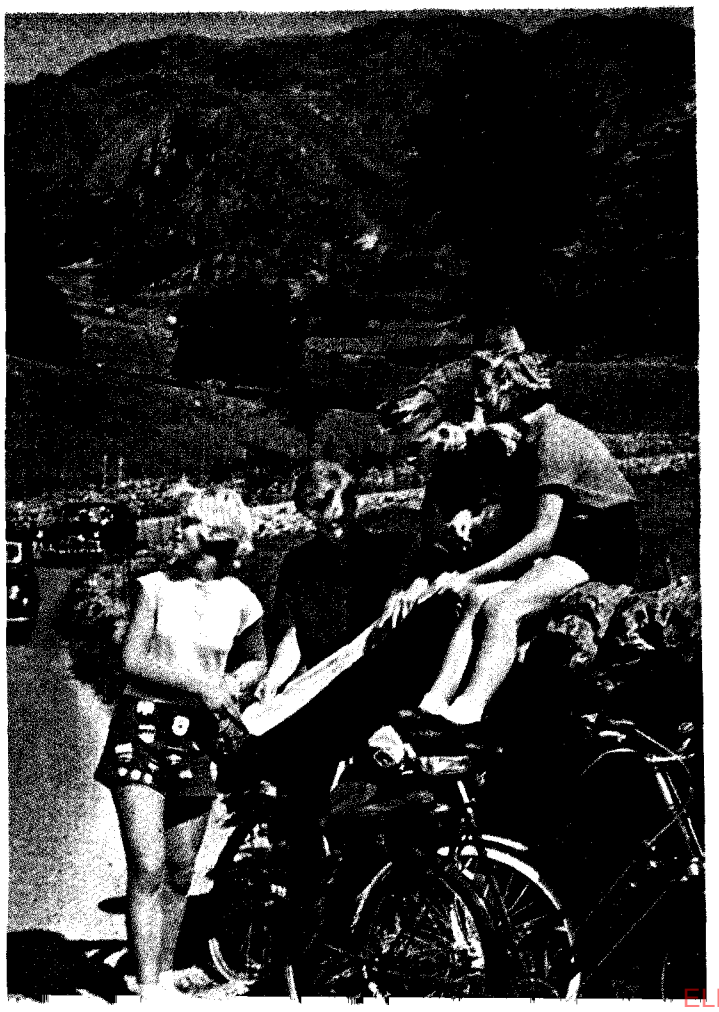
Langland Bay near Swansea. The ocean beaches of Wales stretch "in great arcs along the coast—sandy and pebbly ones, with or without surf."

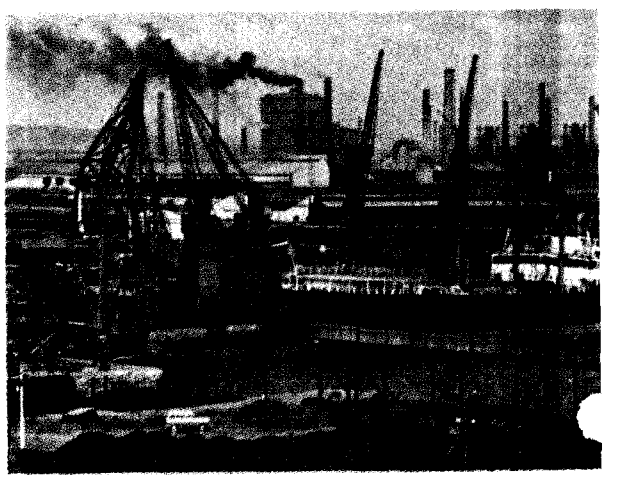
English students on a cycling trip near the village of Rhyd Ddu, Caernarvonshire, north Wales.



Philadelphia suburbanite feel that he has not strayed too far from home. It's true that William Penn had to be forcibly restrained by no less an authority than King Charles II from calling Pennsylvania "New Wales." There's hardly a Welsh family that does not claim a toehold in the New World—an uncle who went over to build railroads or mine coal, a cousin who became a foreman in a steel mill. A quarter of a million Americans of Welsh descent, in turn, retain a soft spot for old Wales, and more and more come each year for a visit in search of memories, ancestors, friends.

The visitor coming to Wales on business or pleasure discovers an enchanting land—as beautiful, with its tall mountains, its waterfalls and lakes, and the bold scimitar sweep of its beaches, as anything he'll find in Europe. He'll meet a winsome and romantic people, a people that still likes to speak its mind in poetry and song and that has not yet learned to worship money and success. He'll hear a language which, for all its guttural force, is turned into sweet music by a curious and inimitable lilt. And he will struggle with such village names as Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch, meaning "Church Mary-a-hollow-White-Hazel-close-to-the-rapid-whirlpool-Church-Saint Tysilio-red-cave"—Llanfair for short.

Cardiff, the capital, tries hard to look like one, and, by and large, succeeds. After a three-hour train ride from London you had expected a large helping of beer-stained, worn-out-at-the-elbow British provincialism, and you'll find it, to be sure, in this old dockyard town of 260,000. But a brief stroll down Queen Street and St. Mary Street, with their four-story office buildings, their shops full of expensive goods, their crowds of well-dressed, brisk, determined-looking people, leaves you with an impression (Continued on Page 136)



Cardiff, the capital of Wales, is a seaport and industrial center ". . . an up-and-coming community that knows what it's after."

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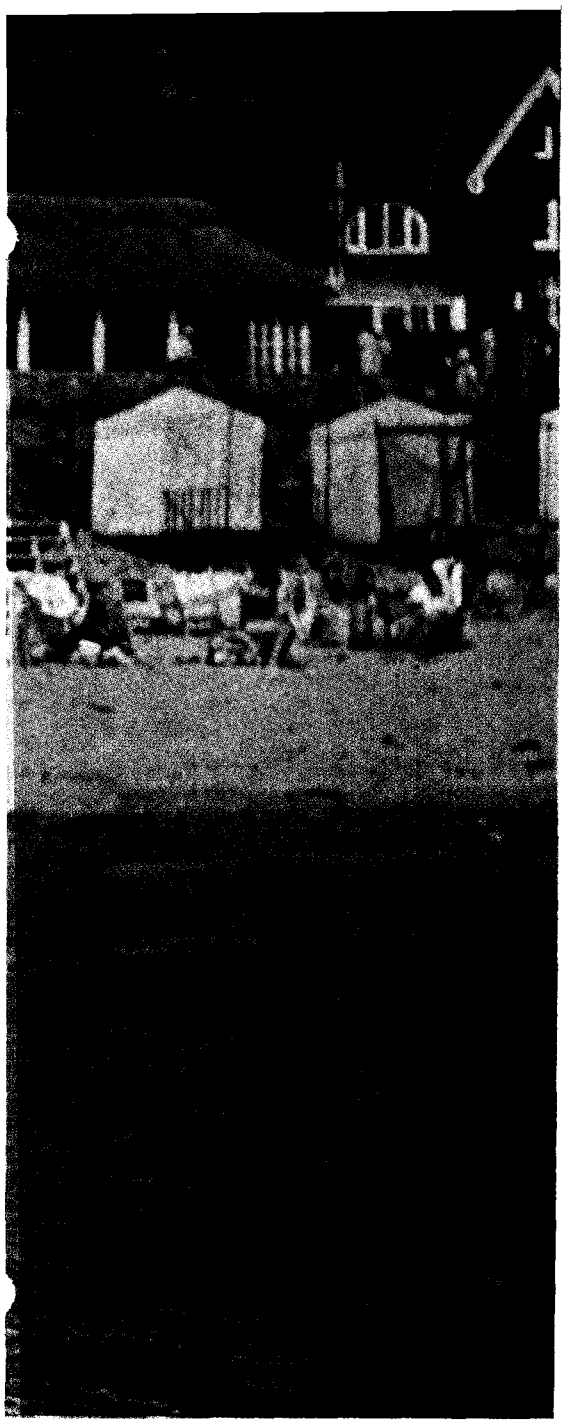
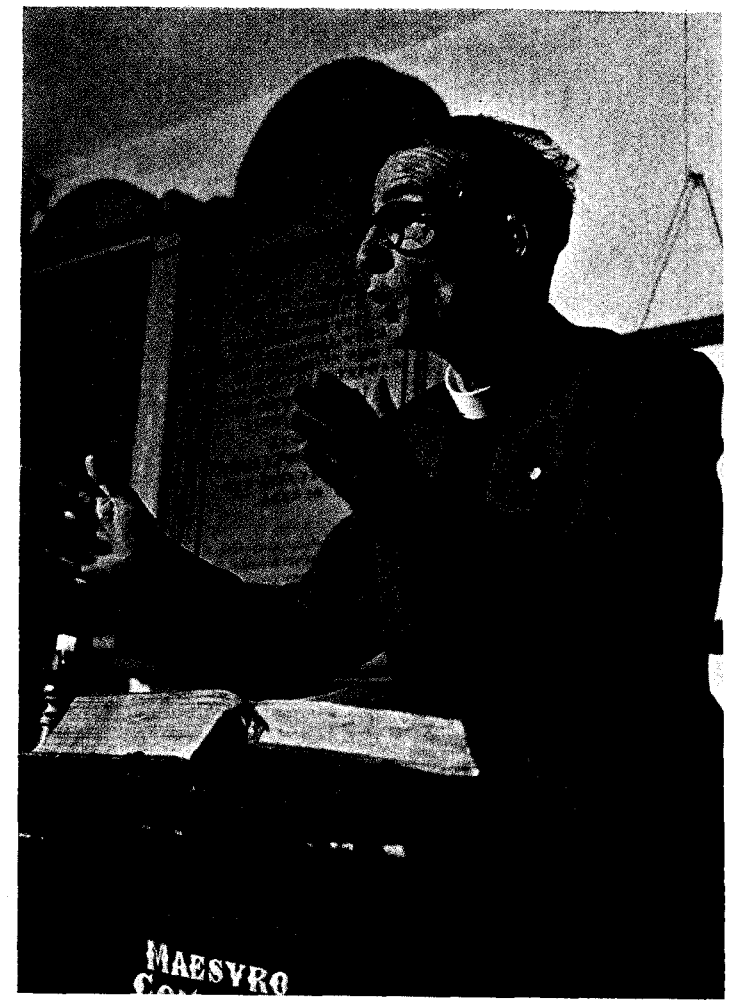


Gwynfor Evans (left), Oxford-educated vegetable farmer and Nationalist Party leader, seeks self-government and dominion status for Wales.

America is liberally endowed with Welsh names. The name of this farm near Dolgellau, Wales, has been given to the community and college of Bryn Mawr, Pa.

The Rev. William Morris is archdruid of Wales (or the chief bard). Wearing the ancient robes of his elective office, he is reciting one of his works.



A pastor in the Welsh tradition of flamboyant oratory: The Rev. D. W. Davies preaching at a chapel near Glasbury, central Wales.

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"All right," she said, "go ahead and rack up that dough Go ahead and get your brains scrambled."

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She knew what sometimes happens to men who make their living with their fists.

Fighter's Wife

By STEVE McNEIL

He sat in the room and stared fixedly at the television set, hoping that Abe would stop talking. But Abe went on and on, as glib as a carnival pitchman, ticking off infallible reasons on his fingers, being as logical as a mathematician.

Finally Abe spread his arms wide, theatrically. He shouted. "All right—all right. It's Anne, isn't it? It has been Anne all the time. And will you turn off that idiot box!"

Rocky Donovan was forced to smile. He got out of his chair and twisted a switch. The room became mercifully quiet. Rocky walked to the window and looked outside. It was raining, as it had been raining all day. Now it was dark, and the sluiced streets glistened in the lights of the cars, in the street lights and in the lights of the stores and restaurants. Men scurried along the walks with hunched shoulders. The women had long since sensibly raised umbrellas all over the town.

"You going to see her?" Abe asked.

"I don't know," Rocky said.

"You called her?"

"No."

"And you're still going to cancel the bout?"

Rocky turned away from the window. He really didn't like to be like this. He didn't like putting the puzzled, hurt expression into Abe's deeply set eyes. He knew that he was being illogical and emotional and that his reasoning was not good. Still —— Reason and logic had almost nothing to do with it.

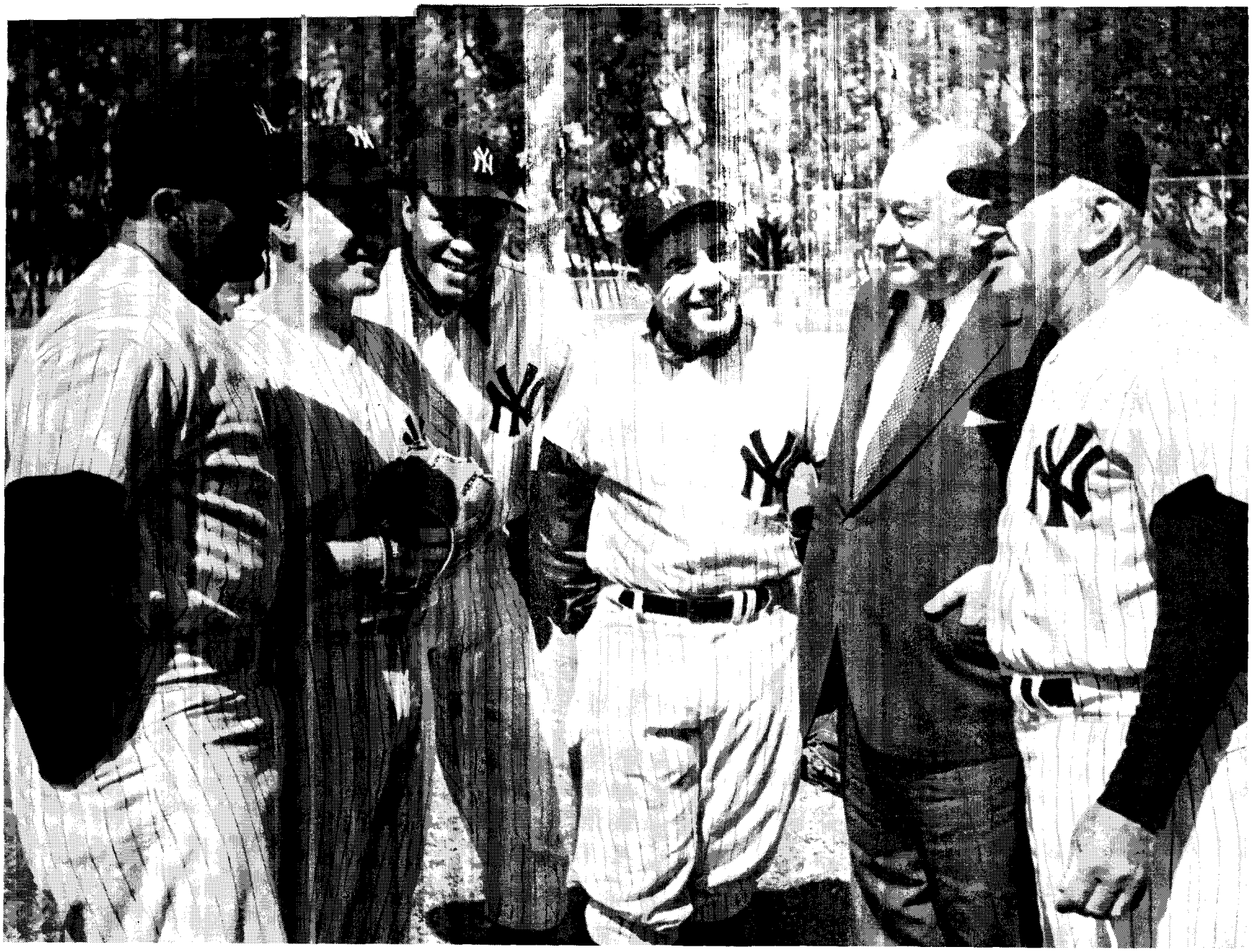
"I'm still going to cancel," Rocky said. "Tell 'em I hurt my back."

"You beat this guy and you're the Number One contender, you know that."

"You been telling me for a month and a half. I should know it."

"So you're turning that down and the ten grand that goes with it, and you don't even know if Anne will speak to you."

"I still don't know." (Continued on Page 124)



Spring training, 1960, at St. Petersburg, Florida: From left, Bill Skowron, Whitey Ford, Elston Howard, Yogi Berra, general manager George Weiss and field manager Casey Stengel.

BOSS OF THE YANKEES

By STANLEY FRANK

One of baseball's most successful executives analyzes his team's dismal failure last season and predicts what it will do in 1960.

George Weiss winced at the inevitable question—why did the New York Yankees collapse last year? We were talking in the den of Weiss's home in Greenwich, Connecticut. The room was crowded with souvenirs that emphasized the contrast between 1959 and other Yankee seasons. The prize exhibit among the pictures, trophies and autographed balls was a collection of eighteen gold watches and signet rings studded with diamonds. Each piece of jewelry represented an American League pennant won by the Yankees since Weiss joined the organization in 1932. He supervised the farm system until the end of the 1947 season, then became boss of the entire operation as general manager.

Baseball's most successful modern executive had no memento of 1959 in the room, nor is it likely that he ever will. After an unprecedented streak of nine pennants in the ten preceding years, the perennial champions skidded to third place, fifteen long games behind the Chicago White Sox.

"Explaining why a ball club fell apart is an unusual experience for you," I remarked to Weiss. "How does it feel?"

He tried to put on an amiable, sporting smile, but it was obviously an effort. "I can't say it's pleasant. The worst part of taking a bad licking is listening to the same questions and second guesses rehashed incessantly. Cab drivers, elevator operators, even strangers on the street want to know what happened to the Yankees last year."

What's the answer?

"I hate to be accused of making alibis for our poor showing," he said, "but injuries ruined the team." He glanced at a mimeographed sheet with the Yankees' day-by-day record last year. "Casey Stengel was able to play his first-string line-up in only twenty-seven games all season."

Naturally I couldn't let the subject go at that. I brought up the persistent rumors of strained relations between the ballplayers and the management. I suggested that it might have been more than sheer coincidence that every established (Continued on Page 111)

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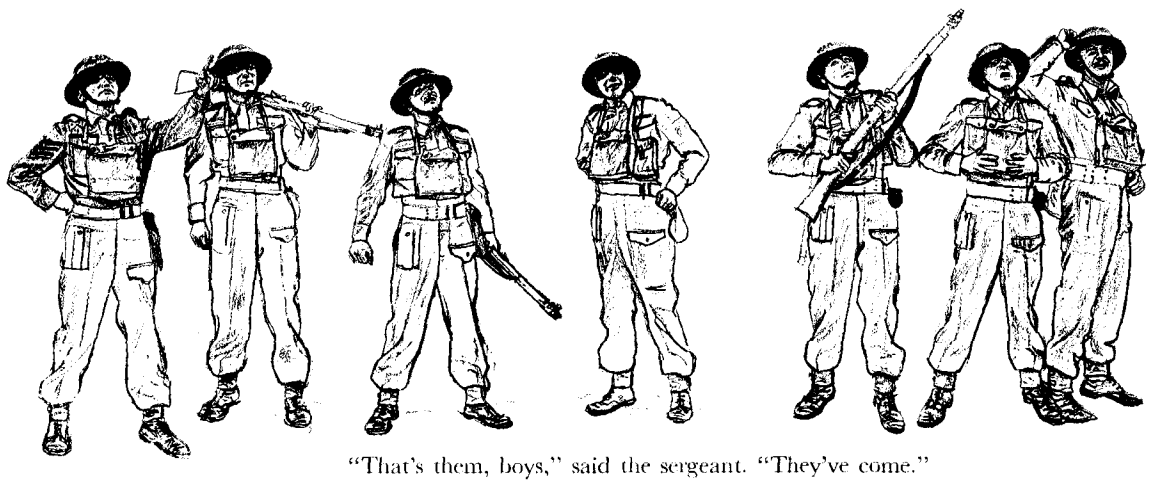
The famous creator of Horatio Hornblower speculates on how history would have changed in the desperate year of 1940 . . .

IF HITLER HAD INVADED ENGLAND

A fascinating adventure in three parts by C. S. FORESTER



"That's them, boys," said the sergeant. "They've come."

INTRODUCTION

The title tells you what this story is about. So often it has been said, if Hitler had made the attempt to invade Britain after the evacuation of Dunkirk, he would have won the war, that it is worth analyzing his chances. He must be given in this narrative every possible chance, but none of the impossible ones. Before war began he had made no plans, and certainly no preparations, for the invasion of Britain; if he had, history would have taken a different course from that moment. If he had begun to build a fleet of landing craft in 1938, for instance, the British attitude at Munich might well have been different, and certainly British rearmament would have been more rapid. And it must be remembered that with the German economy at full stretch for war production, such a fleet could only have been built at the cost of a diminished output of planes or guns or tanks or submarines.

With the outbreak of war, and even after the destruction of Poland, the same arguments apply. A life-and-death campaign awaited him in France and the Low Countries; until the defeat of France was certain, he could spare nothing for any other venture. Even Hitler's optimistic intuition did not envisage a victory as cheap and as rapid as the one he actually achieved, and we know now that even after Dunkirk every available man and machine was earmarked for the final assault upon France. A more brilliant general, or one gifted with even more acute intuition than Hitler's, might nevertheless have realized that it was not necessary to let loose all his forces to complete the overthrow of France, and might have held back some divisions and squadrons to prepare for the earliest possible attack upon England.

As Hitler himself pointed out, time was on England's side. Every day that went by afforded the British troops that had been brought back from the continent a greater chance to recover, to reorganize and, at least to some extent, to rearm. The evacuation from Dunkirk continued until June 4, 1940. The end of September would bring weather conditions that would make invasion impossible; but by the end of September England already had a garrison large enough and well enough trained to make invasion utterly disastrous in any case.

Hitler's best chance was to strike at the earliest possible moment, to start his preparations the instant Dunkirk fell. He could not await the result of the Battle of Britain, for he was defeated in that battle, nor was it decided until September. He had to do everything at once; he had to hurl a minimum force against France; he had to scrape together the means of transporting the remainder across the channel; and that meant that he had to think quickly enough to stop the remains of his navy, already weakened by its losses in the Norwegian campaign, from sailing on its luckless second excursion to Narvik—it actually sailed on that fatal fourth of June. He had to plan, train and execute. He had to make the best use of every possible moment. And if he had done so? Let us see.

I

The smoke was still lying along the edge of the sea, obscuring the beaches and the harbor, as the German troops came cautiously forward, past the burning buildings, among the littered dead, to receive the surrender of the last few British troops, of the last few thousand French troops, who had covered the miraculous withdrawal. The wrecks still smoldered in the shallows; the wounded still lay beside the sea wall blanched and dying. And the prisoners had fought a ten-day battle without rest. They were spiritless—not only because defeat had taken the heart out of them but also because they had reached the limit of fatigue. Weariness made them shamble rather than march;

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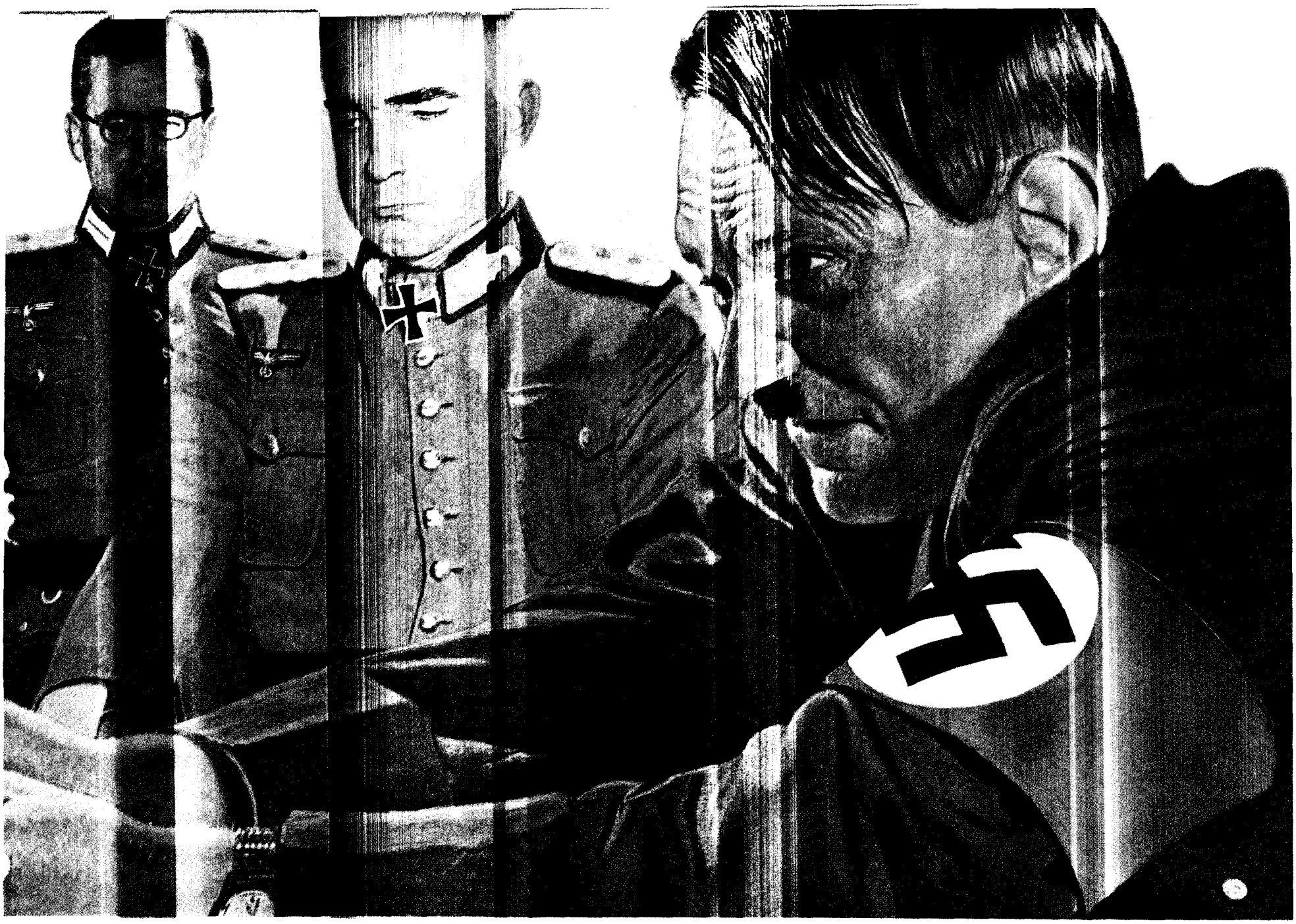

"We will move against England this moment"

wearines bowed their heads and bent their shoulders.

It was a German major general commanding *Panzer* troops who wrote the report that changed the course of history. Brilliant soldier though he was, quick-witted, brave, thrusting, fearless of responsibility, he nevertheless had that cold military mind which could not understand the working of other minds. He stood up in his command car and looked, analytically and yet without sympathy, at the spiritless column, and he felt only contempt. When he sat down an hour later to write his report, that contempt still persisted and was evident in every word he wrote.

It was late in the morning, as was Hitler's custom, that he emerged from his sleeping room. At his appearance the staff officers in the operations room ceased their work on the maps where they were marking the present situation and sprang stiffly to attention. Hitler briefly acknowledged their salutes and hurried to the central table with its huge map.

"Well?" he demanded.

Von Brauchitsch was at his side in a flash.

"The last resistance has ceased at Dunkirk, *mein Führer*," he said. "The only British soldiers left are prisoners."

"The Battle of Belgium has ended in total victory, *mein Führer*," said Keitel.

"*Sieg heil!*" someone cried, and the cry was instantly taken up by the others. "*Sieg heil! Sieg heil!*"

Hitler stood bathing in the enthusiasm as a man might bathe in sunshine; as the cheering died away Keitel, the toady, added a further contribution to the congratulations.

"The last report describes the British army as utterly demoralized," he said, and turned and snapped at an officer behind him. "Where's that final report from Dunkirk?"

The officer hastened out to find it, while Hitler glanced down at the map again, to look up at once with a question. "Any activity on the part of the French army?"

"None, *mein Führer*," answered von Brauchitsch. "Kluge and Hoth and Manstein are ready to attack."

"And the French are ready to collapse," replied Hitler meditatively.

At this moment the staff officer re-entered the room and handed the report to Keitel; Hitler observed the action and gave an inquiring glance.

"This is the relevant paragraph of the report, *mein Führer*," said Keitel. "'The appearance of the prisoners confirmed the impression that the greatest demoralization exists in the enemy forces. Preliminary questioning indicates that they are convinced the war is lost.'"

"So?" said Hitler, meditatively still. "The British capitalists are feeling the impact of war at last. And now?" Suddenly he reached a decision: his extended hand clenched into a fist, and the fist struck the table a blow which echoed in the quiet room. "We will move against England this moment," he said. "What's the need of a hundred and thirty divisions to conquer France? We can spare a dozen. We can spare twenty to follow up a beaten enemy. Mark them off, von Brauchitsch. That one—that one—that one. Eleven infantry divisions. Those two *Panzer* corps."

"Two *Panzer* corps, *mein Führer*?" questioned von Brauchitsch deprecatingly.

"We can spare them. Take von Rundstedt out of the line to command them. Give the rest of his army group to List. Von Rundstedt can begin to make his plans for the invasion of England from this moment. I want those divisions to start moving to the coast today. Assign Sperrle and the Third Air Fleet ——"

"A whole air fleet, *mein Führer*?"

"You heard what I said! I want plans from Sperrle instantly. Tell Göring. Send for Raeder—he

(Continued on Page 52)

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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Haiti: "The sun sets, but misfortune never sets," says an old Creole proverb. During a famine last year, hundreds perished before American relief, such as the corn meal above, arrived.

François Duvalier, now Haiti's president, making a campaign speech from the balcony of his home during the 1957 election. Duvalier is an improvement over most of his predecessors.

Land

Haiti, the first free Negro state in the modern world, remains impoverished and underdeveloped after 156 years of independence. A *Post* editor reports on the Western Hemisphere's most wretched republic.

This American soldier of fortune died with seven conspirators in a July, 1958, raid on the National Palace.

Haiti is precariously sandwiched between Communist-oriented Cuba and the dictator-ridden Dominican Republic. A stable Haiti could help to calm turbulent Caribbean political waters.

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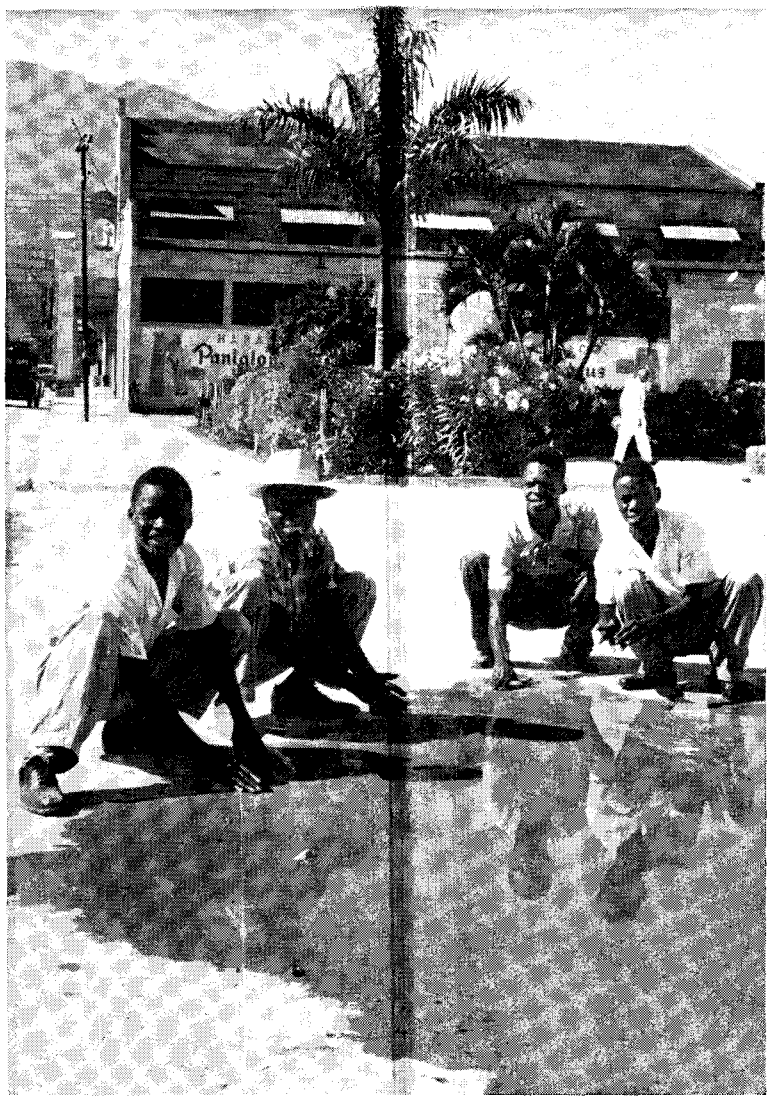
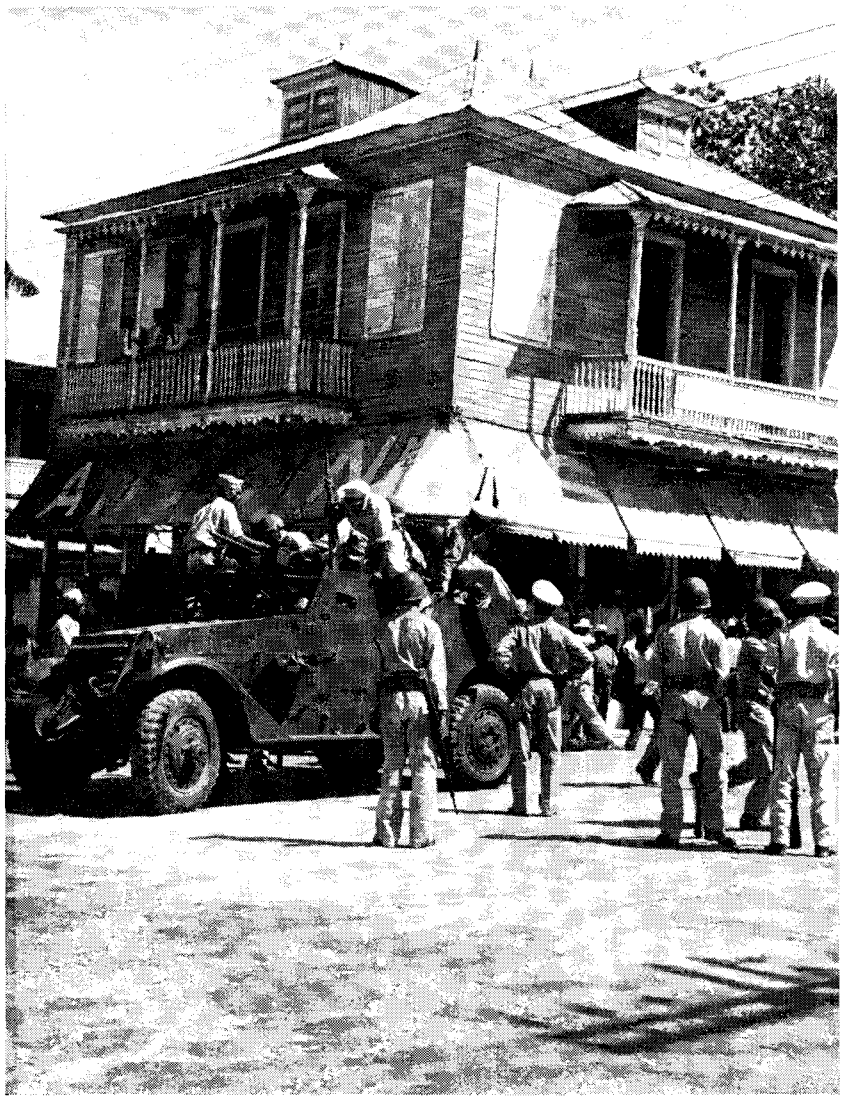


To thwart ballot stuffers during the 1957 election, voters' fingers were marked with ink at the polls. These Haitians washed off the ink so they could vote another time.



Pre-election disturbance. "Haitian elections revolve around neither parties nor platforms," says the author, "but rather around personality cults and conflict usually bloody."

# of Misfortune

By JOHN KOBLER

Though Haiti, the Western Hemisphere's only Negro republic, lies but three hours' flight from Florida southeast into the Caribbean, in some respects she resembles darkest Africa a generation ago. There exist today few countries as impoverished, underdeveloped and generally wretched. The population, consisting of 3,500,000 pure blacks and 200,000 mulattoes, is 90 per cent illiterate; the per capita income is sixty-five dollars a year. Chronically plagued by evils both natural and man-made, by floods, droughts and disease, by inept, corrupt governments, bankruptcy and civil strife, Haiti remains, after 156 years of independence, a Job among nations. An ancient Creole proverb—Creole being the dialect of the masses as French is the language of the educated—reflects the fatalism with which the Haitian has learned to endure his lot: "The sun sets, but misfortune never sets."

In this stricken land the United States has undertaken a foreign-aid program apt to last at least a decade and to cost many millions of dollars. The policy underlying the program involves numerous complex factors—among them Castro's messianic, pan-Caribbean ambitions, and America's consequent interest in Haiti's survival as a stable, pro-American counterforce. But Haiti also has immense symbolic value.

History records no other example of a successful slave uprising such as the blacks of Saint Domingue, as the country was called under French rule, brought off in 1791, nor of any autonomous nation established against heavier odds. Within a mere twelve years the unshackled slaves, led first by Toussaint L'Ouverture, one of the greatest soldier-statesmen of his or any other race, then by the savage Jean-Jacques Dessalines, had vanquished the Spanish, the British and finally the French armies, and founded the first free Negro state of the modern world.

Because of these lustrous beginnings, because she remains the only Negro republic in the hemisphere, Haiti exerts a strong hold upon the imaginations of Asia's and Africa's awakened millions.

A State Department foreign-policy adviser argues: "As long as a black nation abides in utter misery at our own doorstep, how can we persuade the new colored nations that the democratic process is right for them? Haiti should be a show window through which the Africans and the Asians can look at the free-world concept."

Not until 1957 did Haiti elect a president through universal suffrage and by direct vote. Theretofore only males could cast ballots and only for senators, who then chose the president. "It was easier," observes one Haitian cynic, "to buy a few senators than a lot of voters." The present incumbent, serving a term of six years, is a small, grave, soft-voiced former country doctor of pure Negro stock named François Duvalier, who suffers from both a weak heart and diabetes.

A good many other troubles besides ill health beset him. When working at his desk in the National Palace, he keeps a revolver within easy reach. The desk stands well to the right of the windows, out of range of any sniper who might fire from the courtyard below. A guard, armed to the teeth, hovers near the chair reserved (Continued on Page 114)

This marine sergeant, assembling an automatic rifle, is a member of the U. S. military mission helping shape Haiti's army into a tight internal security force.

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Midway Airport, Chicago: "The happiest family in the world" at the conclusion of their 15-year ordeal. From left are Elena (in dark coat), Regina, Paulius and Tomas Leonas.

Fifteen years ago the author was forced to leave his children behind the Iron Curtain. Now a Chicago businessman, he tells how he and his wife put Khrushchev on the spot in Des Moines.

We Won Our Children From Khrushchev

By PAULIUS LEONAS as told to Bernard Asbell

On January twenty-eighth the front pages of evening newspapers across the country showed photographs of a happy Chicago family—in my opinion, the happiest family in the world—a mother and father in their early forties, their twenty-year-old daughter and seventeen-year-old son. The family was mine.

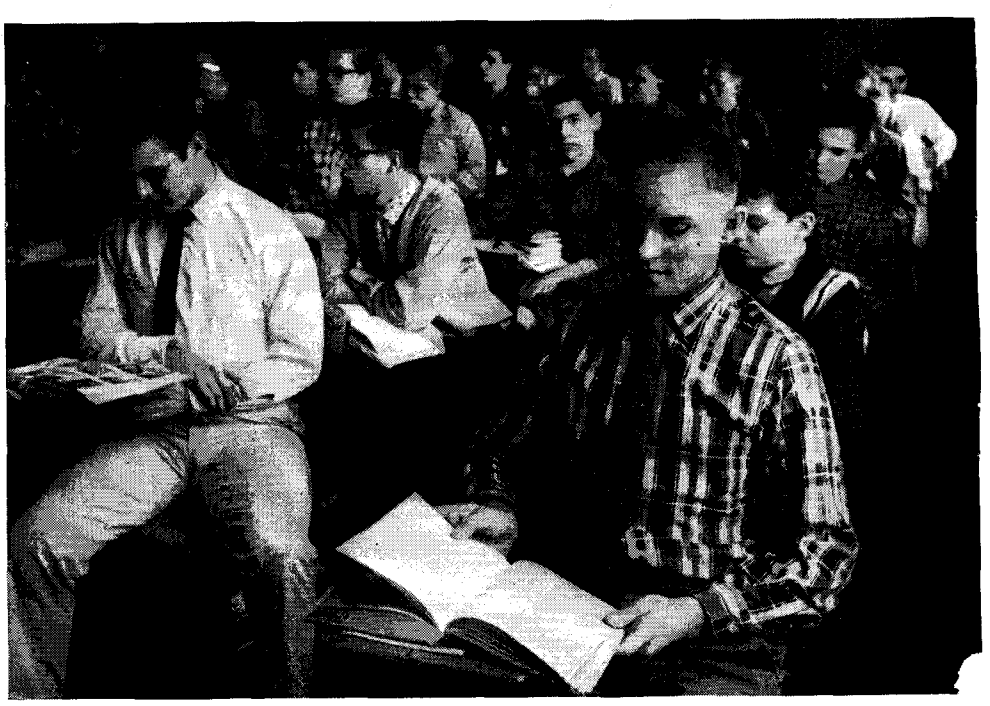
Until that afternoon my wife and I had not seen our children for fifteen years, six months and twenty-one days. They had grown up in the locked world of Soviet Lithuania. We had been privileged to live in freedom through all these years of our children's lives—free, but unwhole. After years of fruitless efforts to bring our family together, my wife and I improvised a summit meeting with Nikita Khrushchev himself. Last September we stopped him in the lobby of an Iowa hotel. Khrushchev promised on the spot to release our son and daughter. And, eventually, he did.

Since the explosion of all the newspaper publicity about our divided family and our reunion, everybody we meet has been asking us why we ever parted from our children in the first place. It is time to tell the whole story.

It began one night in July, 1944. I was then teaching German at a technical college in Vilnyus. But that evening we were all visiting relatives in the village of Bajorai when we suddenly heard artillery fire not too far away. Panic spread through the village. My country was occupied by the Nazis, and now the Russians were launching a counterattack. We had good reason to fear Soviet occupation because we had experienced it before. Just before the Nazis came our country had been occupied by the Russians. We liked neither of our conquerors, but we feared the Russians more. They had wanted to convert Lithuania to Communism overnight. They had deported multitudes of my countrymen to Siberia. Many had died en route.

As the cannonading became louder that night in Bajorai, I had special reason to be alarmed. When the Red Army moved into Lithuania to "protect" us the first time, I had been a cadet in the Lithuanian Military Academy, which (Continued on Page 142)

Regina, a pretty 20-year-old, sacrificed a four-year romance when she left Lithuania to rejoin her parents.



Tomas, 17, was destined to be a farmer in his Soviet-ruled homeland. Now he is an enthusiastic student at St. Rita Catholic High School in Chicago.

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As Walt twisted around into the backswing, a shot of pain went through his whole side and he almost cried out.

DECISION ON THE FAIRWAY

It was the big tournament of his career, but if he won he might never swing a club again.

By WILLIAM E. PETTIT

Ruth bent down and touched Walt's shoulder gently. He opened his eyes and rolled over on his back. "It's four-thirty, dear," she said. "Do you want to practice?"

"Yes," he said, looking at her as she stood half bent over him and noticing the lines between her brown eyes. They were new, those lines, he thought; they hadn't been there at all a few years ago. "Yes," he said. "I have to. Especially today."

She smiled, straightening and turning to the tiny trailer stove, the breakfast on the drop-leaf table. "Go on," she said. "You could stay in bed all day and still qualify tomorrow."

"Maybe," he said, lighting a cigarette and smoking, his head on his arm, watching her. "But I don't feel right if I don't get out. Golf's a funny game, you know."

She laughed. "And you're a funny golfer. You don't vary two strokes a round on any course in the country from one year to the next, and you know it. But still you have to practice, practice, hours every day." She poured the coffee so it would cool a little—the way he liked it. Still smiling she said, "Old Deadeye Smallens. Old Consistency himself."

"Yeah," he said. "That's me, all right." He raised his knees, flexing slowly all the muscles in his legs, feeling, even after a good night's rest, that tiredness, that constant residue of fatigue that for several years had slowly been forcing itself upon his attention and that this year, at last, could no longer be ignored. He hadn't told Ruth about it yet—it was the only thing he could remember ever not telling her—and he thought this was a good time to plant a little hint. He said, "But it can't last forever, you know. Old pros wear out. Everybody has to go to seed someday."

"Go on!" she said. "Don't you talk that way. You'll play years and years yet, you'll see—unless you win fifty thousand dollars and want to quit."

He crushed out the butt in the ash tray resting on his chest and got out of bed. "Old dreamer, who are you kidding? Me win fifty thousand dollars? I'd drop dead. Second-place Smallens, that's (Continued on Page 106)

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I Call On JACK LEMMON

The versatile star of *Some Like it Hot* tells about the tough time he had breaking into show business and gives his opinion of one of his leading ladies, Marilyn Monroe.

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By Pete Martin

When he let me into his hotel room in New York, he wore only a pair of shorts. He was busy tossing things into suitcases. The corners of his eyes, the ends of his eyebrows, the corners of his mouth, the tips of his ears all turned upward. It wouldn't have surprised me if Jack Lemmon had whipped out Pan pipes and had started tootling.

He was pausing briefly in New York on his way to Europe with Billy Wilder, film director, author and wit who helped write and direct *Some Like it Hot*. He and Lemmon were embarking upon a gourmet's gambol of Europe. It was an eating-and-drinking tour that I could never make because everything I eat and drink turns to blubber. In Lemmon's case, comestibles and potables turn into lightning-fast reactions and a walk so fast he almost seems to be running. His hard, slim waistline filled me with envy.

As of now, *Some Like it Hot* is one of the all-time biggest-grossing comedies. It has earned $8,000,000 domestically. American comedies ordinarily do not do well abroad, but United Artists, which is busy adding up the take from *Some Like it Hot*, is sure that it will gross another six or seven million on foreign soil.

Some Like it Hot is basically broad farce, descending at times into old-fashioned slapstick. Lemmon and Tony Curtis play two jazz musicians during the Al Capone era in Chicago. Finding themselves the unwilling witnesses of a mobdom massacre, they take jobs playing a saxophone and a bass viol with a bevy of blond-bombshell musicians, called by courtesy a "ladies' band." Dressing in cloche hats and flapper knee-top hemlines, they hide from the gangsters, who yearn to liquidate them, and also deceive the ladies of the band and the rest of the world as to their sex. (Continued on Page 131)

The famous "soapsuds scene" from *Mister Roberts*. Jack, as Ensign Pulver, won an Oscar for his acting in this movie. With him are William Powell (left) and Henry Fonda, who played the title role.

In one of his best performances Jack—above with Marilyn Monroe—played a "female" bass-fiddle player in the comedy *Some Like it Hot*. Below, Jack (center) and members of the cast clowning on location.

Above, Jack Lemmon with Kim Novak in the 1954 comedy called *Phffft*. "The worst title I've ever seen," says Jack, "but it made lots of money."

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Jumbo sat behind Joe.
Then the voice said,
"A pair of aces."

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By ROBERT STANDISH

The TALKING DOG

It doesn't sound possible. But in this case you'll just have to judge for yourself.

There was a note on my desk when I got back from lunch. Joe Chandler, my managing editor, wanted to see me in a hurry. Drop everything. Anything he wanted was urgent, because he wanted it.

I was rushed straight through. Usually it was a long business getting to see him. His suite of offices was called the Kremlin in the *Comet* building. "I sent for you, Bill," he began without preamble—my name's Bill Emerson, by the way—"because I'm told you know old Knatchbull-Ballater." He glanced at a file in front of him—"Gen. Sir Humphrey Knatchbull-Ballater, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., plus whatever other decoration he picked up at the palace this morning. Is he certifiable, or just round the bend with lucid moments? This is private, so speak your mind plainly."

"I've asked myself that question more than once," I replied, "because, as I'm engaged to marry his granddaughter, it's important to know. I just can't answer your question."

"Is that why you're stalling off the happy day?" he asked bluntly.

"No, it isn't," I replied. "I'd marry Julia today except that she's used to eating three meals a day and she'd starve to death on what you pay me."

"I suppose you've met this Jumbo, his famous talking dog," continued Chandler as though he hadn't heard me, "and I suppose you know that old Knatch was about to be promoted to field marshal. In fact, it was to have been announced today."

"Yes, I knew about that," I told him, "and I know Jumbo."

"Well, you may as well know what happened this morning. Old Knatch went to Buckingham Palace to pick up some new decoration, taking this crazy dog with him. They told him he'd have to leave it outside. Then there was hell to pay, Knatch saying it was a sin and a shame that Jumbo was being excluded because, quote, I owe everything to Jumbo's courage, devotion and high sense of duty, unquote. Well, they finally calmed him down, and in due course he came out wearing the medal, whatever it was. Then—and I have this from two reputable eyewitnesses—he removed the decoration from his own breast and, pinning it onto the dog's collar, marched out of the palace yard.

"Among those who saw and heard the whole thing was Lord Mumbleside who, as you may know, is a member of the Army Council, and as you may not know, next in line as president of the Kennel Club. He summed the thing up in a nutshell. 'It's very indiscreet of Knatch to have done a thing like that,' he said afterward. 'There've been several field marshals who carried on long conversations with their horses, but a dog is too much—especially a dog of a breed not recognized by the Kennel Club.'"

"This is all very interesting," I interposed, "but what am I supposed to do about it?"

"Well, as you're marrying into the family," said Chandler in a nasty tone, "you seem to be the logical man to write the story. After all, handled unsympathetically by an outsider, it might be highly embarrassing for you—and for Julia."

Joe Chandler didn't care a curse how much I or Julia was embarrassed, but I did. "What, specifically, do you want me to do?" I asked him.

"Does the dog really talk?" he countered.

"I—I think so," I replied.

"How can you be in any doubt about it?" snapped Chandler. "Either the dog talks or it doesn't. If it can't talk, then old Knatch should be certified and (Continued on Page

Illustrated by Mac Conner

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The Face of AMERICA

Rebellion in Full Swing

Once a year in Memphis, Tennessee, the Old South lives again as it seldom or never lived before. Every man is at least a colonel, suh, if not a jigadier brindle. Every girl is an exquisite Southern belle. Every breeze is laden with the fragrance of magnolia and whatever other perfumes it takes to make a college dance a grand success.

The Old South Ball is given by the Kappa Alpha Order at Memphis State College to celebrate the birthday of its "patron saint," Robert E. Lee. Good, gray Marse Robert was president of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, when

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four Virginians founded Kappa Alpha there in 1865. Even now, the fraternity has no chapters north of the Mason-Dixon Line. (The Kappa Alpha Society, or "northern K.A.," is a separate fraternity.)

In a "carry-me-back" mood the Kappa Alphas and guests in Memphis secede from the twentieth century. Costumes are authentic 1860's. A gal who can't control a hoop skirt is in trouble on the dance floor. As for the beards, they ain't hay nor cotton. They're real, and the brothers let them sprout from the time college begins in September until the January anniversary. ● Photographs by Larry Fried

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If there was one thing she didn't dig, it was a handsome square.

The Beautiful Beatnik

By LIBBIE BLOCK

They had no girls. They were girlless and for now, careless. The city was full of girls, rolling around like loose, bright beads; stretch out in any direction and take a handful, sift them out until you found the one you wanted—for a while.

He and Rick Milton had been content to look at the city's girls without touching. They were draftsmen at Maybray, the airplane-parts plant and they had things in common. Each had recently come to Los Angeles—Rick from Boston, Laurence from Milwaukee; each had an apartment in the same flung-up building near the plant. They sent out their laundry and were serene.

Lately they had been traveling the coffee-house route. Rick actually liked coffee, *espresso* even. Laurence didn't. But coffeehouses were cheap. Men temporarily without women: Rick at twenty-four, Laurence at twenty-three had passed the first hot bump of love-falling. This was their undisturbed working time; they were setting down the foundations of their careers. Their women, when they found them, could come into their lives above the basement level.

Tonight they had gone to a movie. When they came from the theater on Wilshire Boulevard it was raining. Not a deluge, just a steady downpour, the kind for which Los Angeles never seemed prepared. Tomorrow the paper would be full of catastrophes brought on by this normal storm—auto accidents, mud run-offs, blocked canyons.

"Want to go home before Pico floods Sepulveda?" Rick said. The car tonight was his.

"Sure. Got any milk in your icebox?"

"Just out of cow. No instant coffee either."

"We passed an *espresso* on the way over. Fancy name, *Roma Incendit*. Want to try it?"

Because their iceboxes held nothing but ice, because Laurence knew a little Latin, enter Coha Thisbe.

Roma Incendit was in Hollywood, a small store with the word ESPRESSO painted on the dark rain-sluiced window. It looked deserted, but there was a slice of light under the door and a certain throb of tenancy. Laurence and Rick went in.

The single room was quiet, a hi-fi played something which sounded like Bach on the beat, the close-packed men and women breathed warmly together in another rhythm. There were a few dim electric candles in brackets on the walls.

They began to see the tiny tables and the chairs, the people. There were men in jeans and jackets, some wore cowboy boots. The girls were nondescript, many of them in short skirts and black tights. Laurence and Rick were turning to leave when a skinny fellow approached them and said, "I'll seat you." Turning, he wriggled his way to a table where a girl sat alone. They saw him stoop to whisper to her. She rose, taking her coffee mug, and snaked among the tables to a wall where she leaned, listening.

The skinny man beckoned, and Laurence and Rick struggled through to the little table just vacated. "Why did you make that kid move?" Laurence said to the waiter or manager, or whatever he was.

"She's alone. Taking up a table for four. What'll it be, men?"

"There's room for her here. Tell her to come back."

"Don't worry about Coha; she's a regular. Get with it now. What'll you have?"

Rick ordered *espresso* and whipped cream. Laurence asked (Continued on Page 100)

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

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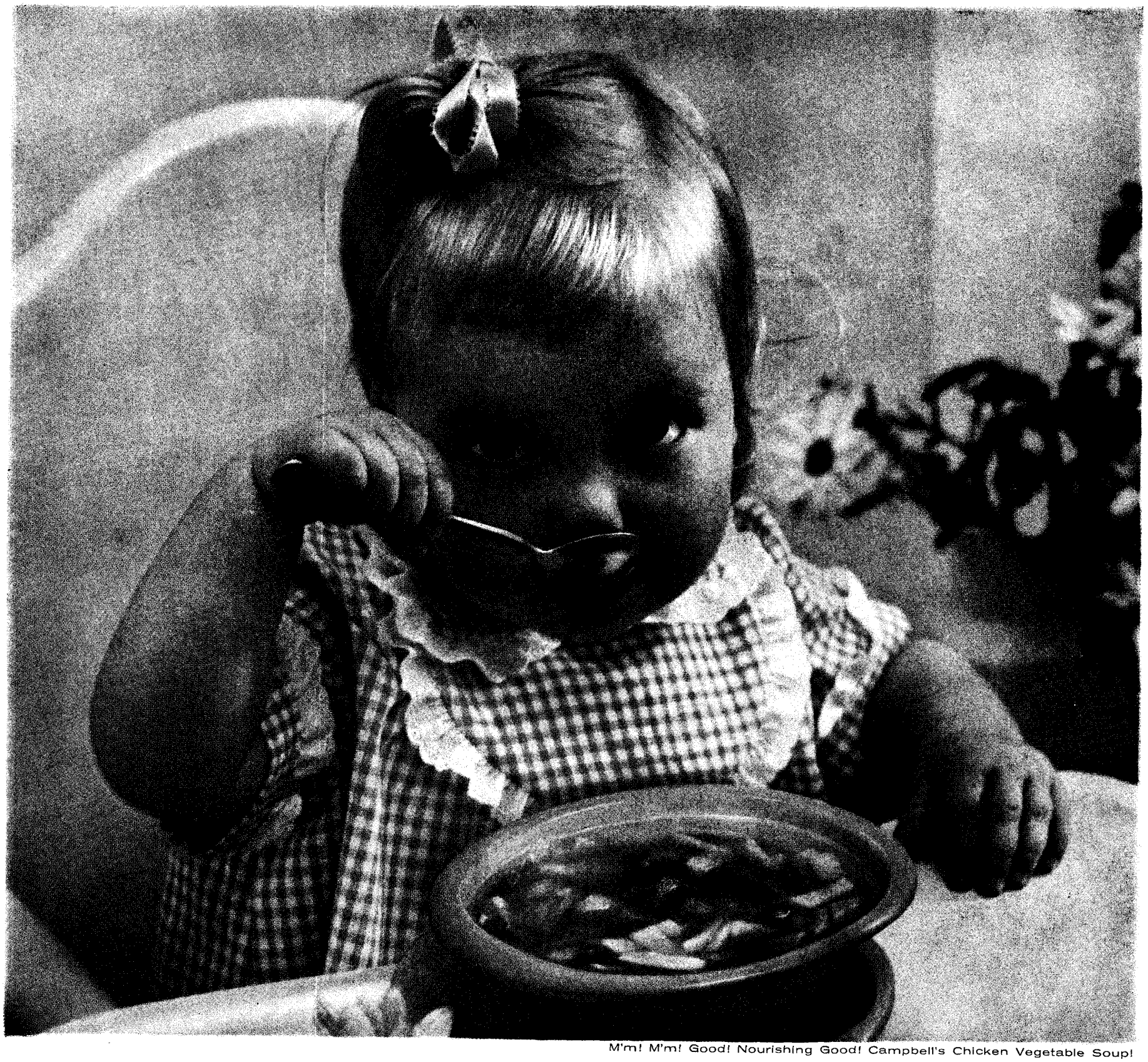

M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing Good! Campbell's Chicken Vegetable Soup!

Good things begin to happen...

when a very young lady starts her meal with soup

Good things for Mother—for soup smells so good, tastes so good, the little lady of the house just naturally likes it! And you feel so secure when you serve Campbell's Soup, for you know it's wholesome and nutritious.

Our baby in the picture is having Campbell's Chicken Vegetable Soup. With bread and butter, milk and fruit, that's her noonday meal. A soup-lunch like this takes almost no time to fix, yet gives her proteins to build her growing muscles, vitamins to guard her sunny disposition, gentle broths to soothe and comfort.

Ask your doctor when to let your baby share the family's Chicken Vegetable and Chicken with Rice and Chicken Noodle and all the other good soups that come from Campbell.

There are so many kinds to choose from. All of them are ready in just 4 minutes. All of them are only 7¢ or less for a Daddy-sized bowl. And there's a wonderful way to be sure your family gets the extra nutrition they need. At least once a day, every day, be sure they all have a nice big bowlful of Campbell's Soup

Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's*, of course!

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SAME TIME...SAME PLACE

These are magic words, too, when you want to buy a car "on time." For when you finance where you buy on the GMAC Plan, you make all the arrangements in one convenient transaction. You take care of everything at the same time and place that you choose your car—with the dealer.

The General Motors dealer who uses GMAC can finance **your car** and **your car insurance** as well, also **creditor life insurance** for your family's added protection. He can plan the terms to fit your budget and at reasonable cost.

And should your circumstances change, you can count on GMAC for considerate treatment. If you move, you'll find another GMAC office conveniently located to continue serving you. In the U.S. and Canada, GMAC has over 300 offices. If you need tires, parts or major repairs, GMAC credit facilities will be available to finance them.

In 41 years, people have used the GMAC Plan to help them buy more than 40 million cars "on time." You, too, will find many good reasons why

IT PAYS TO FINANCE WHERE YOU BUY!

ASK YOUR DEALER in CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC new cars and used cars of all makes; also FRIGIDAIRE • DELCO APPLIANCES

THRIFTY CAR BUYERS KNOW...

The best way to buy "on time" is to pay down as much as you comfortably can—then pay the balance as soon as you can.

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THE TEWKSBURY FEUD

Only one man blamed Breed for what he had done. But that man was a killer.

By AMELIA BEAN

Breed Tewksbury found his sister Josie just before she died "in a shack not fit for a pig." He killed her lover, George Graham, who had deserted her, and returned home to the Tewksbury ranch with Josie's baby.

Lydia, old Jonathan Tewksbury's third wife, with her refined ways was ill at ease in the rugged frontier valley. Her daughter Stella, however, was completely at home in the vast wilderness.

When Breed arrived at the ranch with Josie's baby, Lydia scorned the child because it had Indian blood. Jonathan's first wife, the mother of Breed and Josie, had been an Indian. Lydia condemned Breed for killing Graham. Jonathan, enraged, struck her a hard blow across the mouth. "My son has killed a varmint. The Tewksburys stand with him."

II

Breed felt an odd compassion for the confused and frightened woman. In a dazed fashion she lifted a hand and wiped the blood from the corner of her mouth. Her eyes had a sort of glazed expression.

Stella came into the room, holding her calico wrapper about her, and her coppery hair loose about her shoulders. Her eyes were drowsy, but they came awake as she looked at the three motionless people and as she became aware of the tension in the turbulent silence. "Someone—was shouting," she said, half in question. Then she saw the bundle on the couch and with a small crooning tenderness she squatted and began to unwrap the blanket.

"Stella!" Lydia's voice was shrill. "Come here to me this instant! You'd best finish out the night in my room."

Stella looked up. "What a darling baby! Couldn't I take care of it?"

Lydia swayed, putting out a hand to steady herself on the back of a chair; her eyes were almost dementedly hysterical.

"Stella," Breed said low but swiftly, "do as your ma says."

The girl rose at once and crossed to her mother. Lydia clutched at her, flinging an alarmed and suspicious look at Breed, for Stella had evaded her mother—and obeyed him at once. She did not speak as she pushed the girl ahead of her from the room. The two men heard the heavy thud as Lydia dropped the bar on the inside of her bedroom door.

Tildy was summoned, and she bore the baby and pup off to her quarters, her gaunt face usual and unsurprised. She had heard most of the altercation from the kitchen and had matter-of-factly built up the fire and heated food for Breed. "The pot's on, Mister Breed," she said in her dry nasal way, "and I heated a bite to eat." She paused and looked down at the sleeping Jonny. "He's a fine-lookin' boy," she said. "I'd like to've known your sister."

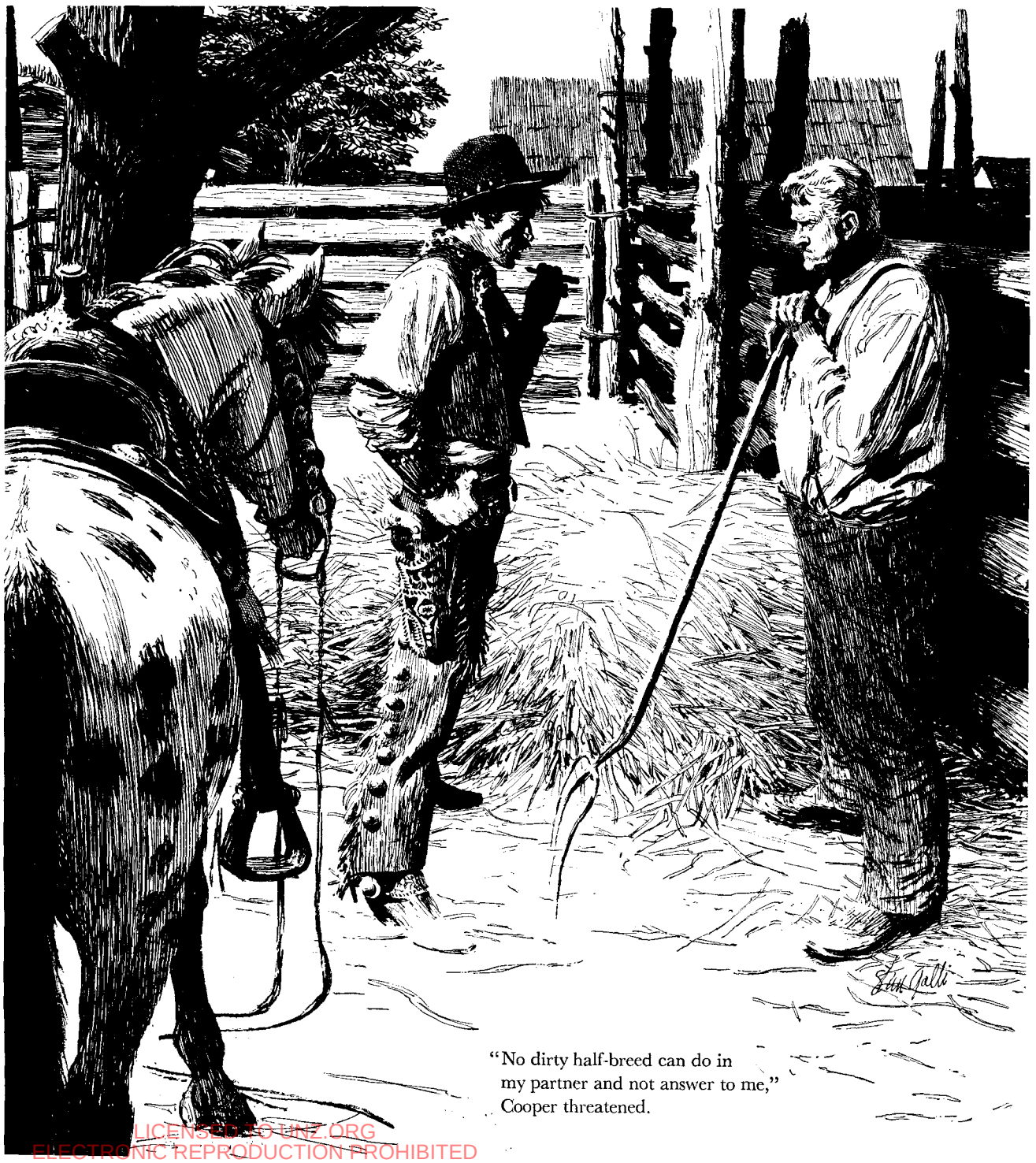
Surprised—because this woman was Lydia's constant companion—Breed looked at her and saw respect in her face and eyes and even, more surprisingly, commendation. He was at a loss for words and he only nodded, but his eyes spoke inarticulate gratitude. Later in her room as she tended the baby, Tildy shook her head. *That man ain't a killer*, she thought; *he is gentle as all get out—and yet he killed a man with his bare hands!* She continued to shake her head, muttering as she went about her business, absorbed and fascinated by the enigma.

Jonathan sat silent and brooding, twisting and folding his horny hands. From time to time he looked across the kitchen table at his son, who ate with little relish. Weariness and grief made new lines in Breed's face, and resignation made it seem older.

"I'm sorry, son," Jonathan said.

"It's all right, pa," Breed answered. His eyes were tired.

(Continued on Page 76)



"No dirty half-breed can do in my partner and not answer to me," Cooper threatened.

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Don't forget this
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When you change your oil—

Get a new

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Don't chance excessive engine wear! Insist on a fresh new Purolator oil filter as part of your car's Spring changeover. And, thereafter, have it replaced at least every 4000 miles. A Purolator filter keeps oil clean . . . traps gritty dirt particles smaller than the eye can see . . . as small as 39-millionths of an inch.

Remember, too, a clogged *air* filter can choke your engine . . . cause stalling . . . reduce mileage—have it checked and changed regularly.

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PUROLATOR

OIL, AIR & FUEL FILTERS

PUROLATOR PRODUCTS INC., RAHWAY, N. J.; TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

If Hitler Had Invaded England

(Continued from Page 33)

must go to work at once. Keitel, Jodl, I want a *Führer* Order drawn up for my signature. I want my army to enter London within three weeks."

"London!" echoed a voice. The whole staff was standing transfixed and silent, staring at the man whose intuition had brought him to a decision which might change the fate of all mankind. It was a scene that would never fade from their memory.

NEW ATTACK LAUNCHED UPON FRANCE, said the headlines for anxious Englishmen to read, but in Wilhelmshaven Admiral Lütjens on the bridge of the *Gneisenau* received a message brought him by his breathless chief of staff. It took him only a moment to read, and only a moment longer to decide what to do about it.

"Make this signal," he ordered. "Cancel all preparations for sailing."

"So the second Narvik expedition ends before it has begun, sir?" asked the chief of staff.

"Apparently so."

"What are they going to do with us instead, do you think, sir?"

"We are not sailing north. Perhaps we'll be sailing south," answered Lütjens.

GERMAN ONSLAUGHT WITH MASSES OF TANKS, said the headline, but in the river harbor in Magdeburg a fat and elderly barge captain came stumping out of the barge company's office back to the *Fritz Reuter*, where his mate and the other hand were at work opening the hatches.

"You can start putting those back, my boys," he said, tapping one hand with the folded instructions he held in the other. "Berlin's not for us. We go empty to Düsseldorf."

"Empty to Düsseldorf?" repeated the mate stupidly.

"That's the word. And it's good-by to Gretchen for a month or two. Further orders at Düsseldorf."

FRESH GERMAN MASSES FLUNG IN, said the headline.

But that day a German infantry division came marching into Ostend, with bands playing and the commanding general standing on the corner of the *place* receiving the salute of the units as they tramped by him. They were well-disciplined troops, and as they marched at attention they kept their eyes to the front; it was only when they began to disperse to their billets that the chatter burst out uncontrolled.

"Ostend! I always said that was where we were going to."

"Little Klein who always knows everything."

"But what the devil are we *doing* here?" demanded another. "We ought to be moving on Paris."

"Oh, to hell with it."

Lackluster eyes had watched the division marching in. Small interest had been displayed by the inhabitants at this new incursion of the gray-uniformed conquerors. Nevertheless, one inconspicuous old man had stood at the roadside watching idly, his glance straying casually enough from uniform to uniform, from badge to badge. He was just an old man, too feeble apparently to be of any danger to anyone, but his feeble fingers could still tap a key, just for a few brief seconds, a code word and a number, word and number repeated once to make sure. It was the shortest message possible, far too brief to be picked up by the German counterespionage, which was only now settling down to its duties. The air was crowded with a thousand messages as the battle went on that laid a great nation in the dust; this one reached its destination.

GERMANS REACH THE SEINE! said the headline, and the British public began to foresee that the conquest of Belgium would be followed by the conquest of France.

While that headline was being read, an acrimonious meeting was being conducted between two staffs, half a dozen German naval officers arguing with half a dozen officers of the *Luftwaffe*.

"This is the line," said the naval captain. "Cherbourg to Worthing."

A map of the English Channel lay before them, and over the water surface of it were ruled two thick black lines, inclining steeply toward each other. The other ran from Hook of Holland to Deal.

"A hundred and sixty kilometers," said the *Luftwaffe* colonel. "Preposterous. To mine that line means two thousand sorties. In two thousand sorties we can bomb England into surrender. I have to inform you, sir, officially, that my chief thinks this whole plan not only costly and dangerous but quite unnecessary."

"And I must remind you, sir," said the captain, "that these plans are being made as a result of a direct *Führer* Order. Your chief can carry his protests to the *Führer*,

---

Middle age has reached you when you look for a chair before you start a conversation.

DAN BENNETT

---

but you and I, sir, must plan the invasion of England."

THE BATTLE FOR PARIS, said the headline. This was the day when the British public began to lose hope that 1940 would repeat the events of 1914 and produce another Miracle of the Marne. This was the day when one Englishman would say to another, "It looks as if we'll have to go it alone." But this was also the day when many Englishmen, looking back on the fiasco of Narvik, on the overrunning of Holland, on the collapse of Belgium and the evacuation from Dunkirk, could now contemplate the approaching fall of France—which would leave England absolutely alone and with neither responsibilities nor friends in Europe—and yet could answer, "Well, I can't say I'm sorry."

Then came the speeches of the Prime Minister, trumpet calls that gave guidance to the passionate and voiceless patriots who peopled England, unifying their determination and giving shape and frame to their hope.

Yet it was not to be expected that the staff officers in Brussels, hard-working and painstaking though they were, could spare a moment to listen to those trumpet calls. On the wall in that headquarters in Brussels hung an immense map, the large-scale ordnance maps of the southern counties of England, reproduced from the examples stored away in the files of Military Intelligence in Berlin and joined together so that the whole wall—one of the long walls of a Belgian Army gymnasium—was hardly big enough to hold the complete map. (*Continued on Page 56*)

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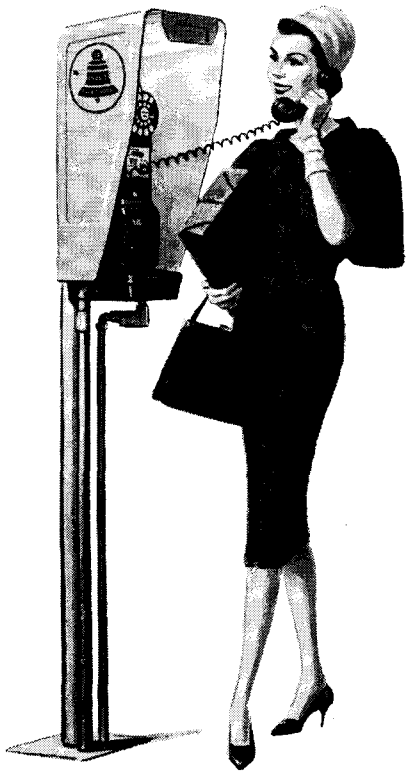

THE WALK-UP PHONE

Busy Americans are making more phone calls—and the Bell System is making service more convenient. This newest public telephone, the Walk-Up, saves time and steps for everybody. Your town will find it as handy as the corner mailbox.

THE DRIVE-UP PHONE

Like the drive-in movie and drive-in bank, this is a natural for a nation on wheels. Late for a party or appointment? Forget something at home or office? Need room reservations miles ahead? Just drive up to the Drive-Up and dial.

NEW PUBLIC PHONES

to serve you in new ways and places

THE SEMI-BOOTH

This compact, versatile design goes in indoor locations where booths would never fit before. Tucks in a corner, or back-to-back, or around a pillar in stores, stations, public buildings. Especially easy to use if you're burdened with baggage.

THE AIRLIGHT BOOTH

Its friendly night light is already familiar on city streets and major highways. Gives you 24-hour service and protection wherever you are. Use public telephones as your handy phones away from home. They're there to help *you*.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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TODAY'S USS STEELS LIGHTEN YOUR WORK . . . BRIGHTEN YOUR LEISURE . . . WIDEN YOUR WORLD

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(*Continued from Page 64*) it is over, I hold no personal grudge toward Mr. Ayres.

One of the hardest lessons for me to learn has been not to stay angry at people. And you can't get along in Washington without a good sense of humor.

Not long ago Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn got peeved at me for opposing his pet plan to face-lift the front of the Capitol building. I usually approve of all of Mr. Sam's decisions. But not this one. What got him riled was a question I threw at Vice President Nixon during a conference last February on foreign aid. At a public session I asked the Vice President why he approved the $10,000,000 expenditure for tearing down and changing the East Front of the Capitol instead of trying to use the money where it was really needed—in the Foreign Aid program, for example.

A couple of days later I sat next to Mr. Sam at dinner, and he berated me for calling unfavorable attention to his pet project.

"I always thought you were pretty smart. But this time you were stupid," Sam said to me. "I'm going to stand up now and tell all these people how foolish you were and why you are wrong."

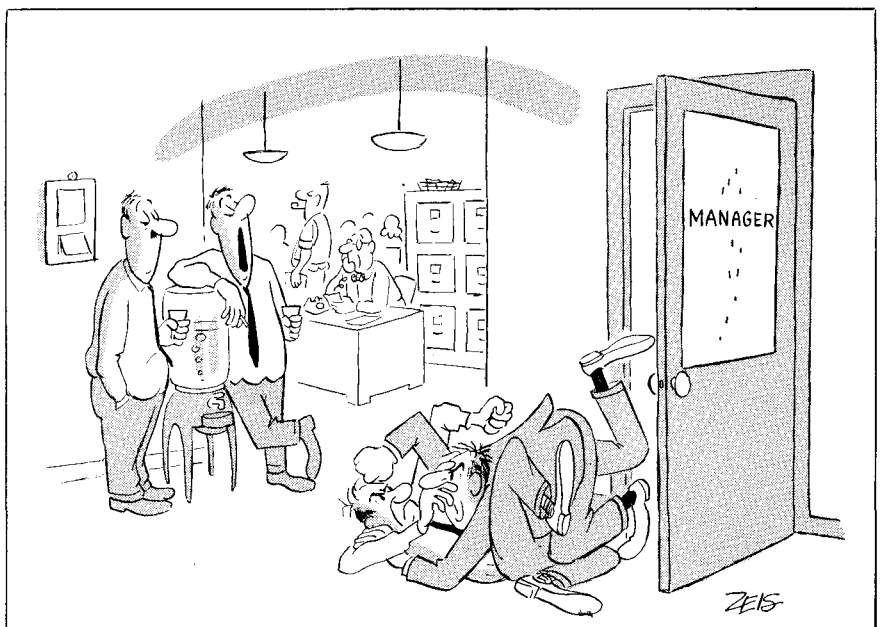
"Oh, you wouldn't do that, Sam," I said as sweetly as I knew how.

"I certainly would," he growled, and I could see he meant it. So I picked up a book of matches from the table.

"See these matches?" I said, waving them in front of his nose. "If you stand up I am going to light these and hold them under your coattails.

"You wouldn't dare," Sam said, not quite sure whether or not I was serious.

"Oh, wouldn't I?" I answered, glowering just as fiercely as he was. That did the trick and he burst out laughing. And that was the end of that.



"He's certainly having a tough time firing Higgins."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I've been interested in politics for more years than I like to recall. I started going to national political conventions with my father, William B. Skirvin, when I was in my teens. In Oklahoma politics father was a Republican and was always busy behind the scenes. In national politics he was a maverick, and we attended Democratic as well as Republican conventions. It was not until 1928 that I became active in political work on my own.

After the nomination of Charles Curtis as Republican Vice Presidential candidate in 1928, I was asked to organize the young Republicans in Oklahoma. Curtis was from Kansas, and I had met him several times when he visited Oklahoma City. I became state chairman of the Hoover-Curtis Junior League and had charge of a staff of organizers who went out to colleges and towns throughout the state, enlisting voters to our cause. Hoover carried Oklahoma by a good majority, and I have always liked to think that our campaign had something to do with it.

In 1936 I was visiting in the Bartlesville home of the late Frank Phillips, Oklahoma's No. 1 oilman, at the same time Alfred Landon was a house guest there. The men let me join them in a poker game thinking I would be an easy mark, but I won eighty dollars. Later in the evening they retired to another room for a while. When they emerged Frank Phillips announced, "Alf has decided to run for President."

I attended the Republican Convention in Cleveland where Landon was nominated. After the convention I went to Oklahoma City to campaign for him. In those days I was scared to death of getting up and making a speech, so I decided the best way I could influence voters was through their children. I had hundreds of cookies baked day after day and passed them out at every little town that had so much as a drugstore or gas station. I took along my sister's ten-year-old daughter, Betty, to help pass out the cookies to the children. Betty would repeat a carefully rehearsed vote-for-Landon slogan, while I handed out campaign buttons. I figured that if we gave cookies to the children, they would tell their parents that Alfred Landon had nice friends and was a good man and should be President. This was what little Betty told them as she passed out the cookies.

I had no doubt in my mind about the outcome of the election. On election night I was in New York City and was at the theater with my sister Marguerite. I told everybody around me—even tapping strangers on the shoulder—that Landon would win easily. At intermission we went outside, and the newsboys were selling papers with headlines that Landon was losing. I refused to believe it and went back into the theater, telling those around me not to pay any attention to the papers—Landon would still win.

There are times when a trait of stubbornness makes one look extra foolish, and this was one such time. As you know, it was a landslide, with Roosevelt carrying forty-six states. He even took Oklahoma by more than two to one, despite my ardent efforts for Mr. Landon.

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The Chair—Barcalo's new TV Barcalounger, model 300.

The TV—RCA Victor's new Benfield, with "Wireless Wizard."

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282 SQ. INCH PICTURE . . . 23" TUBE OVERALL DIAGONAL

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Only RCA VICTOR brings you all these quality advantages!

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Complete control ease from "Wireless Wizard" remote control, with 5 functions including exclusive *complete off*.

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25% brighter picture, even in fringe areas . . . from new high-power 20,000-volt chassis.

No more fiddling! Tune each channel *just once*. "One-set" tuning *keeps* it tuned!

Longer tube life! Tube Guard and chemical fuse protect against overload.

All-wood cabinets in seven handsome models. They're slim, compact, fit flat against your wall. At your RCA Victor dealer's now.

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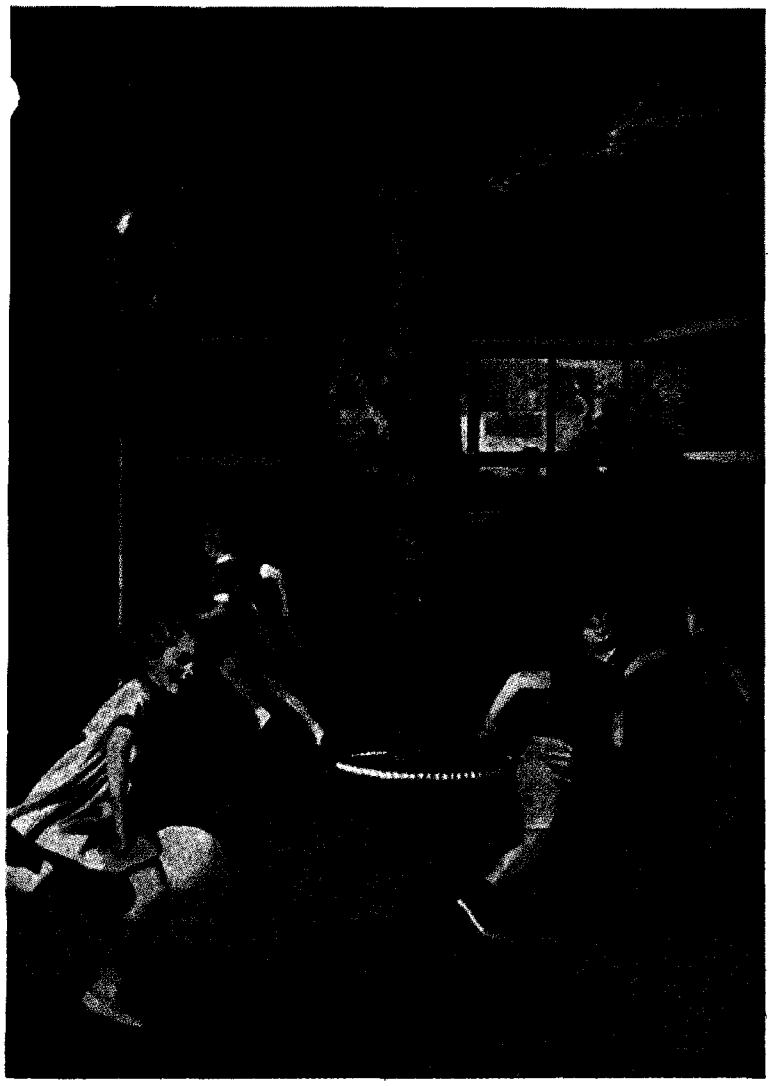
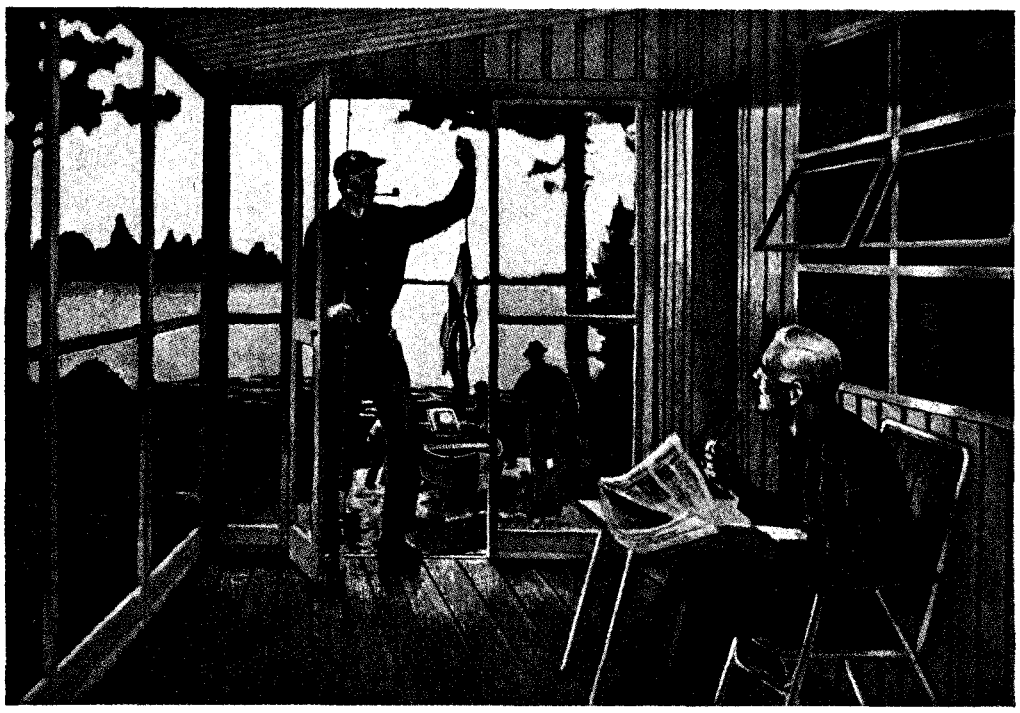
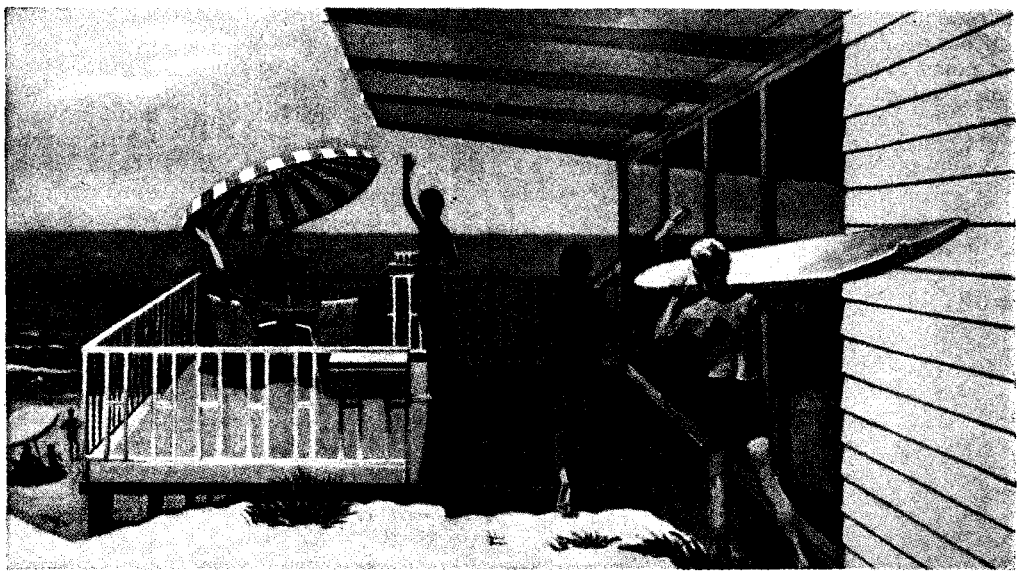


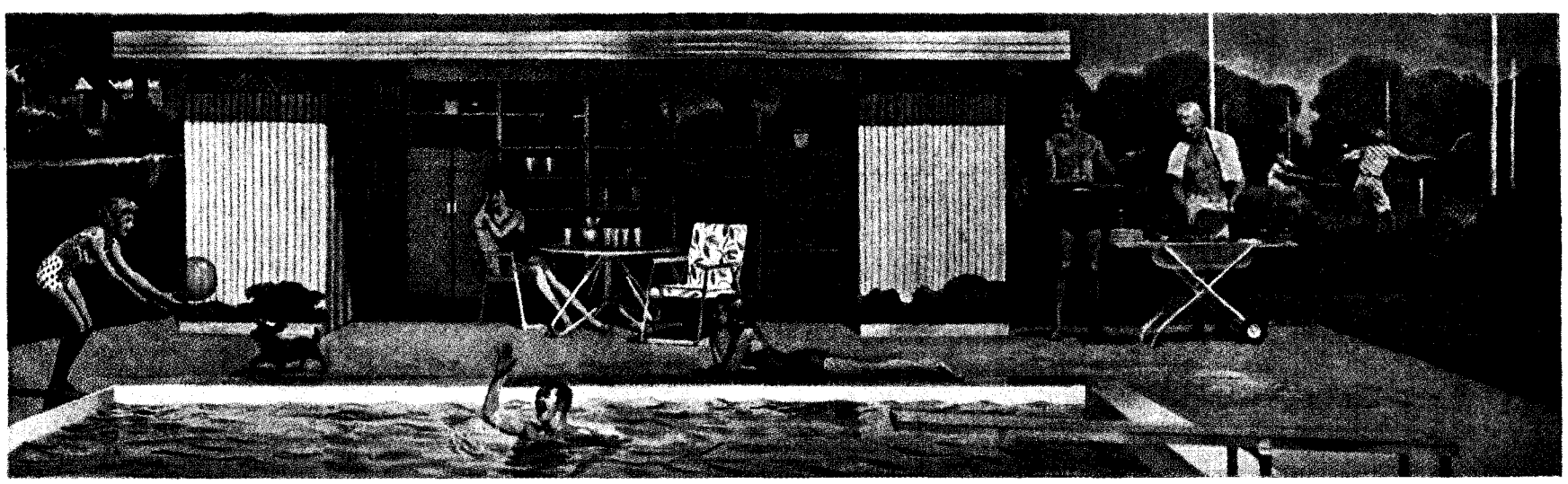


Lakeside retreat . . . with no spring chores. It needs less "fixing up"—leaves you more time for fun. Everything that could rot or rust—roof, sidewalls, porch railing and posts—is made of maintenance-free, fireproof aluminum. In the fall, aluminum windows button up the place in a jiffy—safe for winter, but ready for quick spring fishing. In "Homeowner's Guide to Better Living," you'll find out how *you* can own a summer house for as little as $2300!

Up in a hurry and up for keeps. No more toting when you keep your outboard where you keep your boat . . . right at the dock! Or put up a tool shed where it's handy to the garden—or a "clubhouse" for the kids in an out-of-the-way spot. With aluminum building products, outbuildings and storage sheds go up in a day. And once up—they're up to stay!



Holiday house for sun lovers. Here's a house that's built for loafing in luxury. To let the breezes in—or keep them out in rough weather—the front is made up of sliding glass and aluminum panels. Aluminum siding is sand-tight—even on the windiest days. Attractive aluminum roofing in color tops it all—overhangs the spacious deck to give you a choice of sun or shade. As an extra dividend—*this* roof reflects heat, too . . . keeps the house cool on the hottest days.



Aluminum carport makes a pool cabana. Carports are turning up everywhere in this modern age of aluminum. You can buy them packaged—pre-fabricated, all ready to set up. Attach one to the house to shelter the car. If you're lucky enough to own a pool, you can set one up there, add quick-change rooms with colored aluminum panels, and you have a cabana. Screen in the center for an away-from-the-house porch. Add lights, a barbecue, and running water and you have a home away from home. "Homeowner's Guide to Better Living" tells you how to have all the fascinating structures you see on these pages . . . gives you dozens of other aluminum ways to put more fun into *your* summers. For your free copy of this exciting introduction to a new way of gracious living, just fill out the postage-free card and mail.

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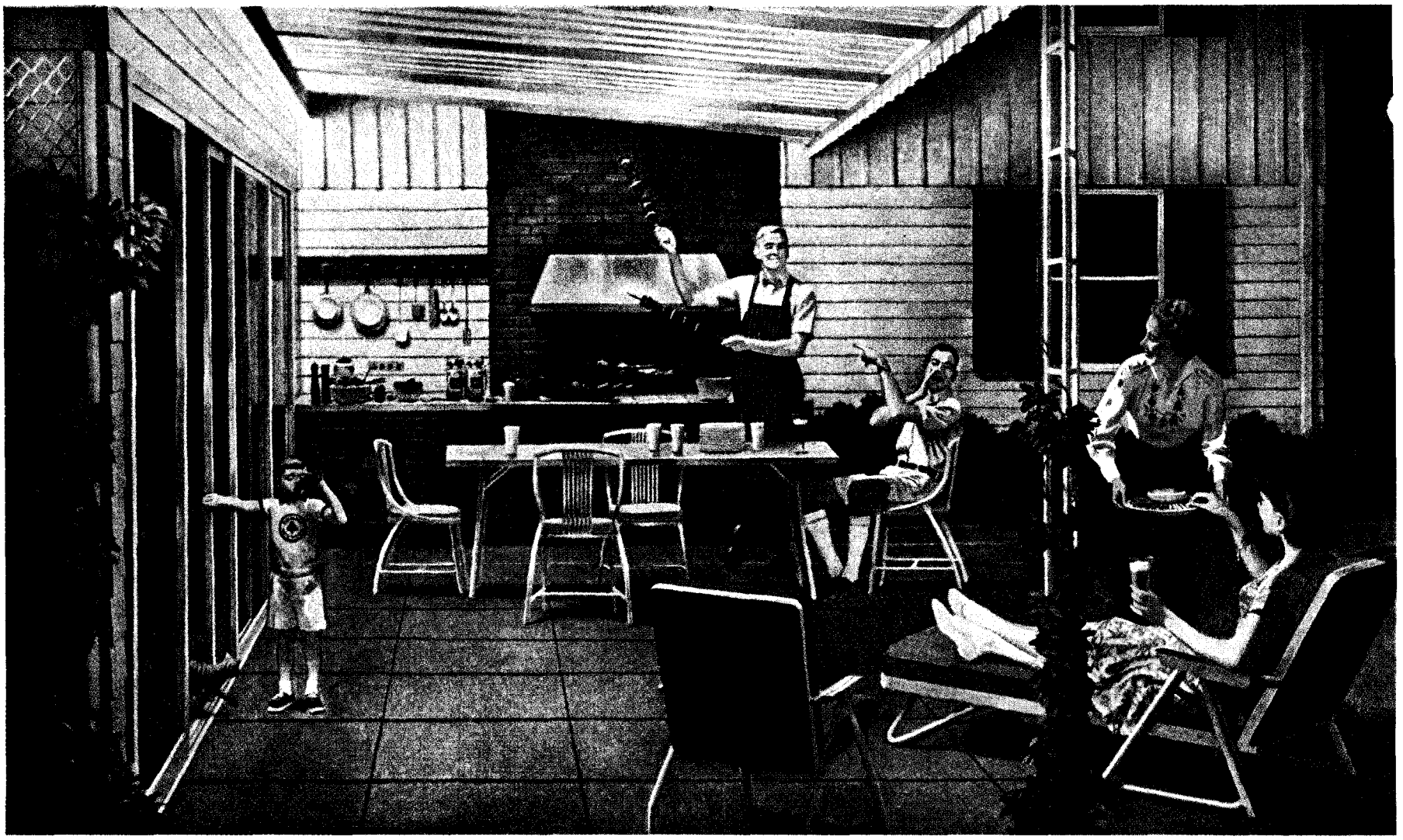
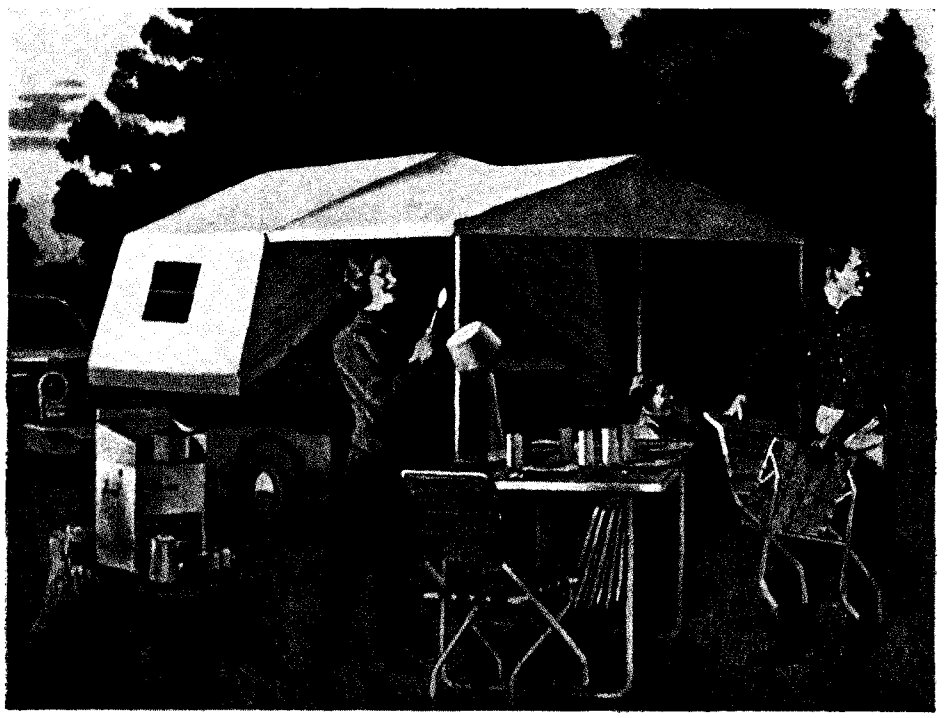


How to enjoy fun-filled leisure living *through Aluminum*



You can carry your "cottage" with you . . . when it's aluminum. Come spring—millions of Americans will take to the road towing everything from camping trailers to houses on wheels. Most of them—and the equipment in them—will be made of aluminum because aluminum tows easily . . . stows easily. To learn more about the pleasures of a nomad life—on the road and on the water—send for the free booklet offered on these pages.

Aluminum has a knack for making life easy and gracious. Inside and out, it works for you in dozens of ways to cut down chores and keep expensive maintenance to a minimum . . . to let you enjoy life *more*.

In a fascinating new booklet, offered here, you'll find exciting, new ways aluminum can help *you* take it easy. Thirty-six full-color pages show dozens of work-saving, time-saving, money-saving products brought to you by America's leading independent aluminum manufacturers.

Illustrated on these pages, are some of the products these skilled craftsmen make. To learn about more of these products . . . to find out new ways to cook . . . new ways to garden . . . new ways to make life more fun and less work—just fill out and mail the attached, postage-free card—or write direct to Aluminium Limited Sales, Inc., Box 408, New York 46, N. Y. Just ask for "Homeowner's Guide to Better Living." Your free 36-page, full-color booklet will be mailed promptly.

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For example: Gen Tel engineers have developed improved "carrier-current" equipment that enables the rapid expansion of telephone service, by making separate phone conversations ride piggyback on one pair of wires.

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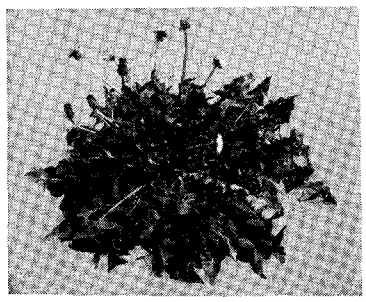
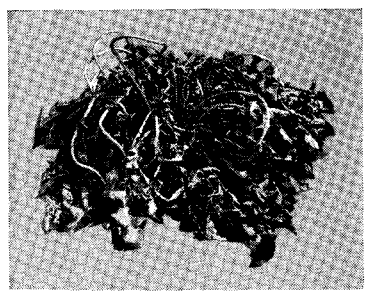
Stop ugly lawn weeds fast with

WEEDONE

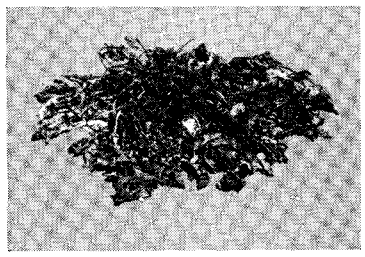
... the back saving chemical that can tell the weeds from the grass!



This strong, healthy (and ugly!) dandelion has been Weedone-treated—its days are numbered!



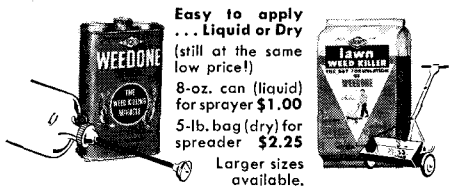
Only a short period after a Weedone treatment the weed wilts, shows definite signs of dying.



The dandelion is dead, from leaf top to root tip. The fast, selective action of Weedone did it!

WEEDONE can lick your lawn problems—because it actually *selects* dandelion, plantain and more than 100 lawn-scarring weeds, kills them, from leaf top to root tip—fast! Yet, WEEDONE won't kill fine lawn grasses.

WEEDONE enters the system of the weed, kills the whole plant! No chemical weed killer is more effective or safer to use. Get WEEDONE, it's been compounded specially for home lawns!



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8-oz. can (liquid) for sprayer **$1.00**
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Larger sizes available.

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They Call Me Madam (Continued from Page 25)

so I have been privileged to entertain old friends like Mamie Eisenhower, Sam Rayburn and Joe Martin; to introduce new political figures such as Nevada's Gov. Grant Sawyer; to recognize people in Government, industry or science who have done important things, like the missile expert Doctor von Braun; and to honor foreign representatives such as ambassadors Ardalan of Iran, Brosio of Italy and Peixoto of Brazil. And I enjoy show people; I have given recent parties for Judy Garland, Shirley Booth, Carol Channing, Celeste Holm and ballerina Maria Tallchief.

At times I have hired vaudeville acts, magicians or singers to entertain. But my most successful parties have been the ones at which the entertainment has sprung up spontaneously. I always provide live music—usually these days a five-piece combo. I never ask a guest to perform. When the setting is right, though, they frequently volunteer.

At one party Edgar Bergen, who had left Charley McCarthy at home, transformed his left hand into a delightful lady named Ophelia, supplied her with the voice of a tired vixen and kept us laughing for half an hour. Judy Garland once gave a whole show in my living room at three o'clock in the morning. The great opera star Rosa Ponselle more than once has filled the house with beautiful music. And often we have been favored by a performance from that distinguished Missouri pianist, Harry S. Truman.

Sometimes our entertainment comes from unexpected sources. One balmy evening last summer the wife of Korean Ambassador Yang kicked off her shoes and danced a graceful hula on the terrace. At my home in Newport Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt did a whistling duet with Washington columnist Betty Beale. They were good too. And a general called "Ike," who was soon to become President, rendered a baritone solo of Abdul Abulbul Amir without forgetting a word.

Having a good time is, of course, essential to a party. But I nearly always have some specific reason for bringing my guests together. For instance, last April I gave a dinner for Clare Boothe Luce. I have known Clare for many years, and while we are at odds politically, we are good friends. When I heard of her appointment as ambassador to Brazil and knew she would be coming to Washington to appear before a Senate committee, I telephoned her in Arizona. I asked if she would like to come to a dinner where she could talk informally with some of her old friends and others who might have information helpful in her new undertaking.

I wanted especially for Clare to get better acquainted with Brazilian Ambassador and Mrs. Peixoto. I also invited Sen. and Mrs. Bourke Hickenlooper—he is on the Foreign Relations Committee which passes on ambassadorial appointments—Senate Majority Leader and Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, Congressmen Joe Martin and Paul Rogers, the Wiley Buchanans (chief of protocol), the Charles Finucanes (an assistant secretary in the Department of Defense), Bob Gray of the White House staff and a few of the Luces' close friends, such as Alice Roosevelt Longworth and Margaret Case of *Vogue* magazine.

About six o'clock the evening of the party Lyndon Johnson phoned to say he might not be able to come, because the Senate was still in session on the Kennedy-Ervin labor bill and it looked as if it would go on far into the night. I told him not to feel embarrassed; that what he was doing was far more important than my dinner. But both Senators Johnson and Hickenlooper managed to break away from the Senate session just before eight o'clock when many of the other senators were ducking out for dinner. While we were at the table, Senator Johnson was called to the phone and was informed that a roll-call vote was being held on an amendment to the bill. He and Senator Hickenlooper, who were on opposite sides of the issue, agreed to "pair" their votes—one for and one against the amendment—and they managed to stay long enough to finish their main course. Then they excused themselves and went back to work while the rest of us had dessert.

A hostess has to be prepared for anything. But I must admit the request I had from Alice Longworth that evening was one of the most unusual I have ever had. Alice, who is one of Washington's most august social figures, asked me where I kept my television set. She said there was a program at ten o'clock she didn't want to miss. You don't say "no" to Alice Longworth even when you have known her for thirty years, as I have. But my TV—which I rarely use—was out of order. So we asked my maid, Mattie, if we could please borrow her set and take it to the small drawing room. Alice got three of the men to join her in watching—of all things—a prizefight! About an hour later she emerged from the drawing room looking a little disgusted. The fighter she was pulling for lost the fight, and Alice lost a dollar bet to Wiley Buchanan.

While the boxing fans were glued to the television set, the rest of us started dancing. I even got Henry Luce to rumba with me, although he said he hadn't danced in years. And Clare ended up the evening learning some new samba steps, which she thought she was going to need in Brazil.

It is almost impossible to keep a Washington social event, no matter how nonpolitical, from being linked to partisan politics. A few days after the Clare Luce party, columnist Fulton Lewis Jr., commenting on the Senate debate on the Kennedy-Ervin labor bill, wrote: "Both Republicans and Democrats were angry because Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson had kept them on the floor all night while he partied it up at Mrs. Perle Mesta's."

One thing I'd like to make clear right now. I have never laid claim to any political power or influence. I may have been indirectly responsible for accomplishing some things by bringing people together at parties. I have done a good bit of fund raising at different times for both Republicans and Democrats. And I have lobbied for years in the interests of equal rights for women. But sometimes people get the mistaken idea that I wield some secret influence.

Shortly after the start of the Eighty-sixth Congress in 1959, I received a phone call from Republican Congressman Bill Ayres of Ohio, asking me to lunch with him at Washington's La Salle du Bois restaurant. Ayres, I discovered then, was one of the group trying to oust Joe Martin from his post as minority leader of the House.

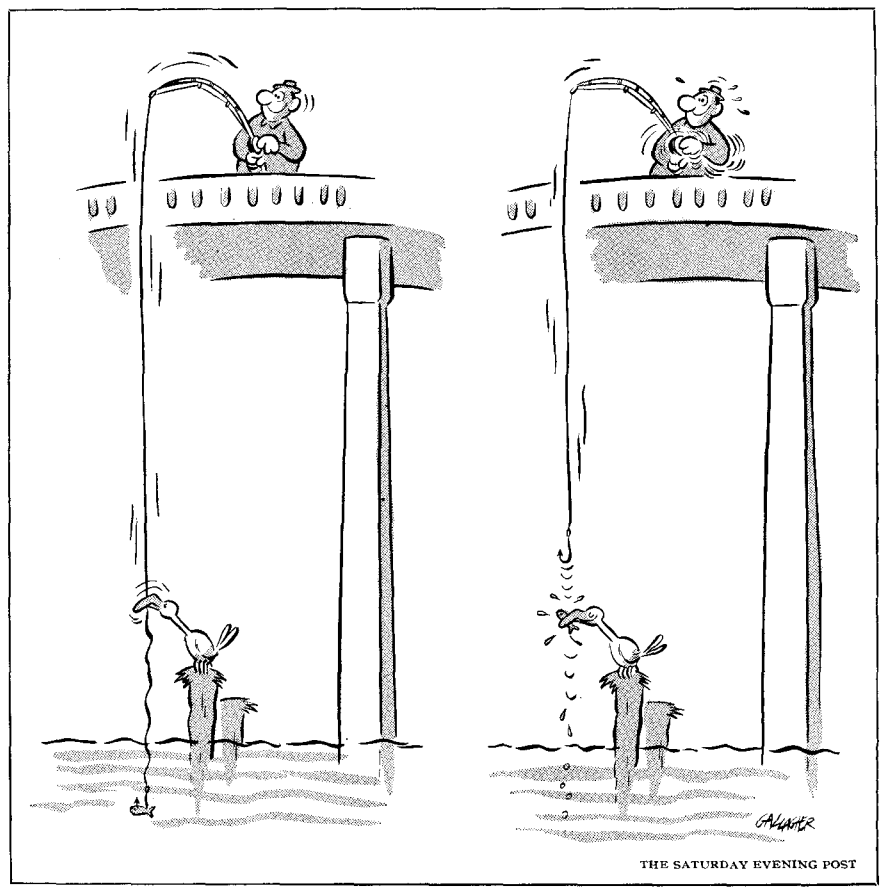
"You are a great friend of Joe Martin's, aren't you?" Congressman Ayres asked me.

I admitted I was. I'm a Democrat, but I'd do almost anything to help Joe Martin.

"Well, if you are such a good friend of his, you should go and tell him he had better resign," said Ayres. "I know you wouldn't want his feelings hurt. But if he doesn't resign we are going to put him out and we have the votes to do it."

I told Mr. Ayres I thought he was wrong, both in what he wanted to do and the way he was doing it. I said I never had tried to influence Joe Martin, even in the days when I was a Republican. And I certainly would not be a party to any of their behind-the-scenes intrigue.

For a few minutes, I was furious. I love Joe Martin. He is one of the best friends I have in the world. His word is gold. No minority leader and speaker of the House ever worked better together than Joe Martin and Sam Rayburn, because they had implicit confidence in each other's word. I could not conceal my fury from Mr. Ayres and I never have reconciled myself to the shabby way in which he and his group ousted Joe Martin. However, now that (*Continued on Page 70*)



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(*Continued from Page 60*) places. The civilians in Western Europe heard them go—the *Luftwaffe*. By the mere threat of its existence it had changed the course of history in peacetime. It was because of the *Luftwaffe* that the French and Belgians and Dutchmen, who had been free men less than two months ago, were now the helpless slaves of an irresponsible and reckless tyrant whose casual word could condemn them instantly to forced labor, hunger, or death. The tyrant had only one enemy left in the world; the civilians who heard the passing of the *Luftwaffe* could have no doubts as to where its blows were due to fall an hour hence. Few among them had any hope; despair was reaching deep into the hearts of all men on the European side of that strip of water.

Perhaps their children's children might win back to freedom; they felt that they themselves would die slaves.

On the far side of that strip of water were men who had never thought of losing hope. Some of them were gazing with unflagging attention into strangely illuminated screens, magical apparatus which could reveal danger as it advanced over the horizon. The machines themselves were still crude and comparatively insensitive; the men who sat by them were still inexperienced, almost untried in war. There were less than fifty machines; there were only a few hundred men responsible for their maintenance and handling. The impulses which actuated those machines were so infinitesimal that scientists of twenty years before would have laughed at the thought of their being of any practical importance whatever. Yet it was upon the proper interpretation of those infinitesimal impulses as received by those crude machines that the destiny of the world hinged.

Even then it seemed as if all the efforts of a thousand scientists and the planning of a thousand officers were directed toward a trivial object. Danger could be detected as it rose over a distant horizon, many, many miles away, but so rapidly would that danger approach that in twenty minutes it would be overhead. Twenty minutes from the first vague appearances on the screen. Twenty minutes for them to be noted and reported; for the right conclusions to be drawn from the reports; for decisions to be reached, based on those conclusions; for orders to be issued, based on those decisions; for those orders to be received and acted upon; for defenders to climb into the sky to meet the approaching danger. But that twenty minutes meant the difference between disaster and victory.

With those first appearances on the screens counter measures began. Warning bells were pushed; voices spoke into mouthpieces, and drill and discipline left those voices steady and clear despite the surge of excitement in the breasts of the speakers.

Over the converging wires the messages began to stream into the operations room, between whose walls—as the designers had well known—the command would be exercised in the battles for the air. As the bearings were reported, symbols began to appear on the vast transparent map, put there by sober-faced men and moved in accordance with the new information as it came in. Vastly senior officers stood to watch the chessboard on which they were about to play a game whose stakes were not such trivial matters as life and death, but slavery and freedom.

"It looks like everything they've got," was the comment of one watchful officer to the other, as the reports flowed in of the immense air forces heading for England.

In the dark days of Munich, international relations had been dependent on one single factor—the thought of a massed attack by the *Luftwaffe* upon helpless cities. Imaginative people had tried to picture a rain of bombs falling on London, dropped by an air fleet of only vaguely known potentialities. It was that picture which had contributed to the ruin of Czechoslovakia, and which had caused the authorities in London to store up a hundred thousand cardboard coffins so that the sight of the dead being carried through the streets should not discourage the few still living. It was a long-standing tradition that the air war would begin by a massed attack of this sort. London might well be the principal point to be defended, and that seemed the more likely as it appeared certain that the *Luftwaffe* had put into the air every plane that could fly.

There could be no means of guessing that the objective of this enormous force was a tiny section along the sea of agricultural England, sheep pastures and shingle, ten miles long and five miles deep, containing no town of any importance and only an inconsiderable harbor.

The defending planes were standing by, with some few in the air, when the telephones began to ring and a flood of reports came pouring in to make it certain that the German eagle had swooped upon this minute objective at the farthest edge of the area to be defended.

This was a Sunday morning, the morning of June 30, 1940. It was the end of almost the shortest night in the year, and darkness was just beginning to give way before the very first hint of light. Plodding along the lane where the wild roses grew in the hedges was a group of a dozen men. They all wore the brassards of the Local Defense Volunteers, but only eight of them carried firearms. They were returning home after a night on duty, a night of discomfort, voluntary and unpaid—half a million men like them were at this moment doing the same. They stopped when they heard the distant roar of a thousand airplane engines, and peered tensely up into the sky. The roar grew louder—louder—louder, so it was no longer possible to hear the dawn chorus of the little birds all round them, even if the birds continued to sing in that frightful din. The sky overhead was still faintly pink with the dawn as the planes came over to darken it.

Then the sergeant, looking up, saw the air thick with specks, and then he saw the specks suddenly burst open, burgeoning out like flowers suspended in the air, hundreds of them. They would have been beautiful against the sky if an indifferent eye could have seen them.

"That's them, boys," said the sergeant. "They've come."

Even the sergeant, an old soldier, stood transfixed for some seconds before he could act. The planes had swept away, and the parachutes, each with its dangling figure, were perceptibly nearer before he spoke again.

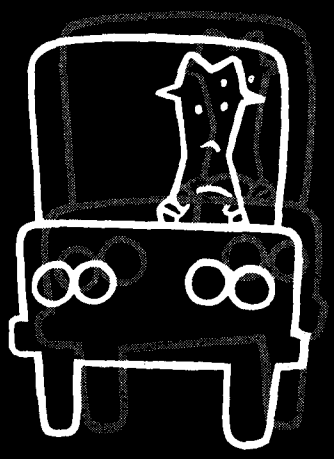
"You two," he said. "Run like the devil to the village. Get on the telephone. Wake up the postmaster and the bobby. And you two. Find old Stiles the verger and tell him to ring the bell. Ring the bell and go on ringing it. Come on, you others."

He led them at a trot for a quarter of a mile before he pulled up and issued orders that spread them out along the bank. He slid one of his ten cartridges into the breech of his rifle and took aim. The first shot of the Battle of Britain echoed across the field just as the church bells began to ring solemnly over the quiet countryside, bells here and bells there and soon bells everywhere, calling the country to arms against the invader. And telephones began to ring as well, and excited neutral correspondents ran wildly to telegraph offices.

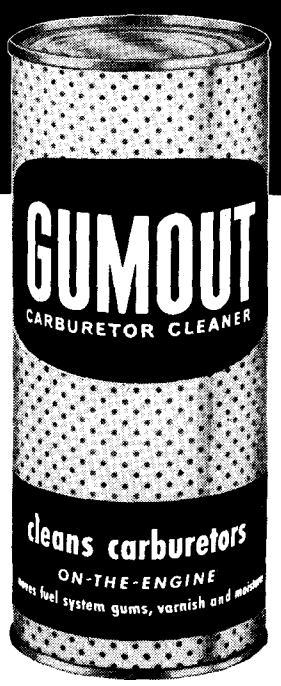
The dawn that came up over New York five hours later saw newspapers for sale in the streets, each with a headline covering half the front page—ENGLAND INVADED!—and, as the day wore on, those headlines appeared in the streets of a thousand cities. ENGLAND INVADED!

TO BE CONTINUED

All "shook up" by a rough running car?



Clean your carburetor with GUMOUT



Ever notice that your car doesn't idle smoothly any more? Maybe it stalls sometimes. Perhaps it's harder to start. Or lacks pep and power. All because your carburetor is dirty . . . clogged with gum and varnish!

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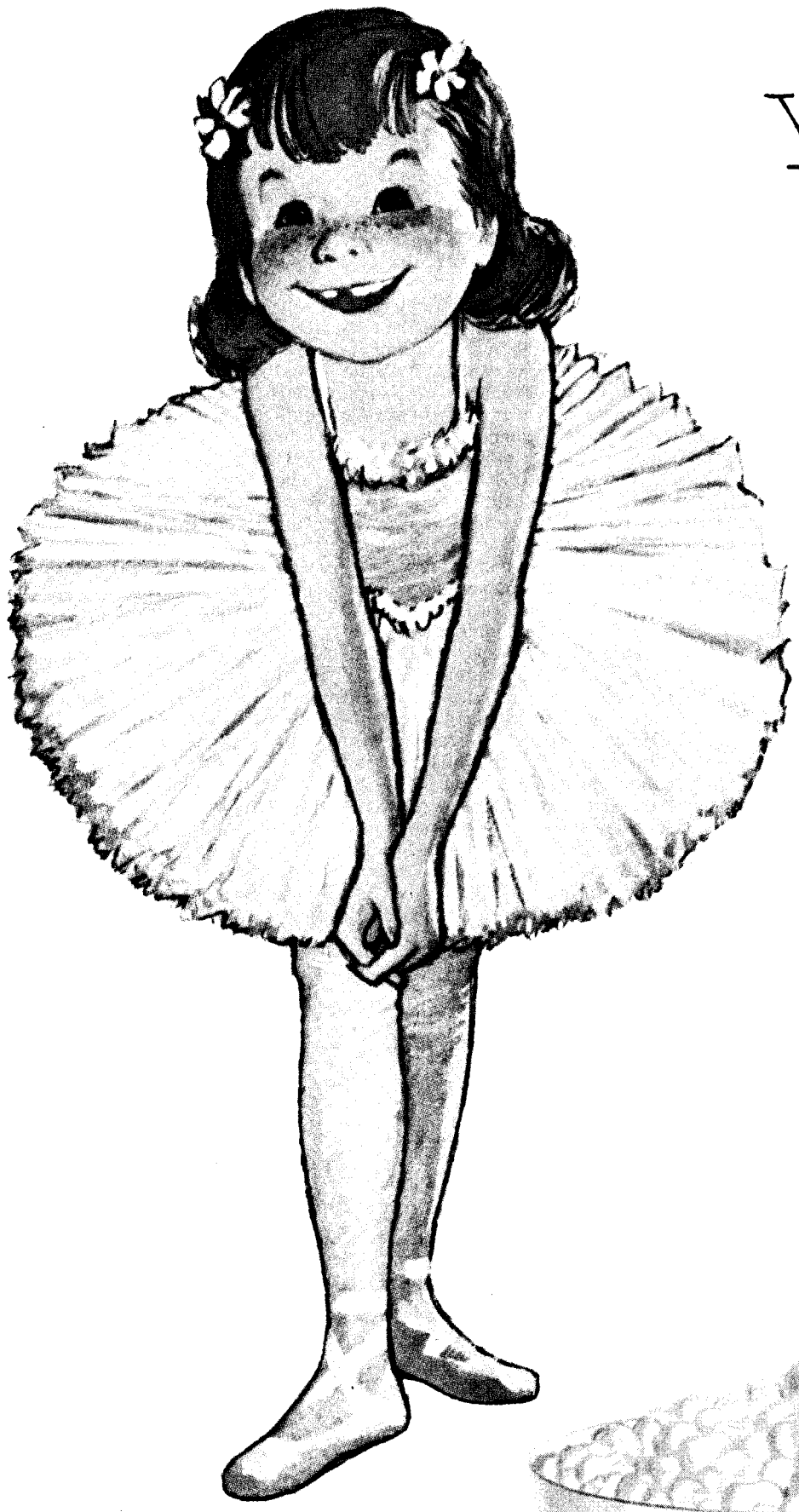

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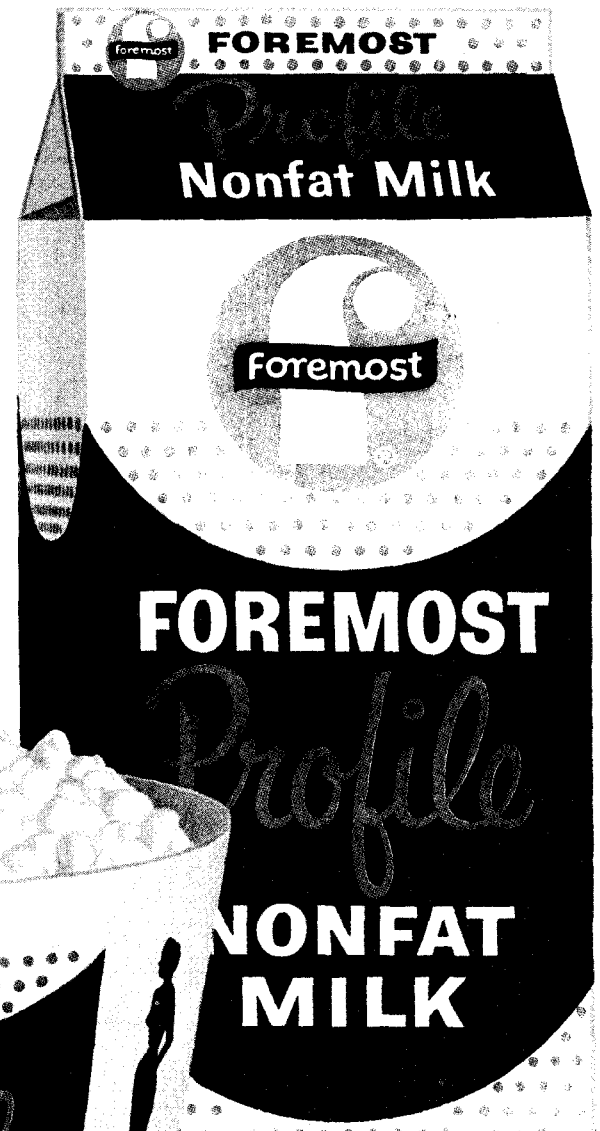
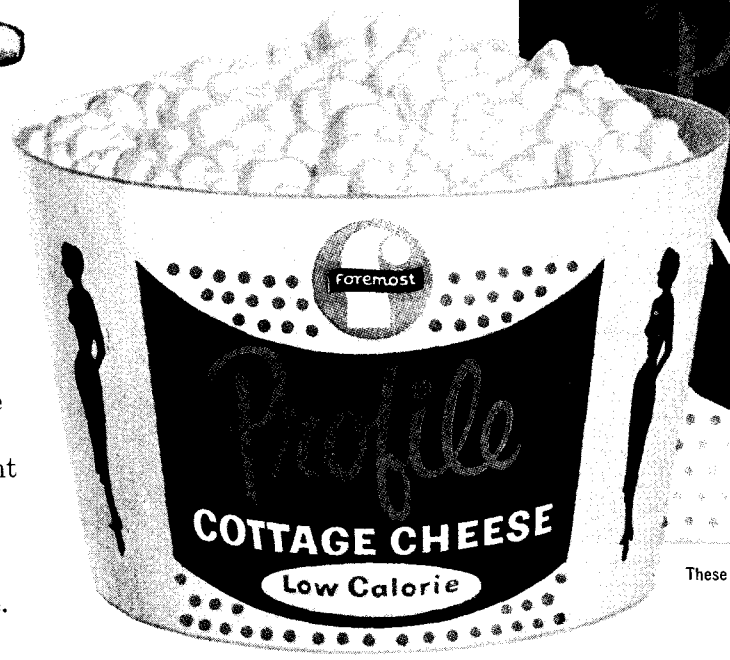
low calorie foods can be
until you try Foremost
Profile





Diet helpers are *delicious* when Foremost makes them. Profile milk and cottage cheese have a fresh-from-the-farm flavor that makes weight watching a pleasure. Stay slim and enjoy it—with low-calorie, high-protein Profile.

These brands are FOREMOST, too: GOLDEN STATE, TASTEMARK, MEDOSWEET, HAGE'S, SUNNY BROOK and WESTWARD HO.

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ROBERTA PETERS
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"Anyone who has a busy public appearance schedule learns all the tricks for looking their best even when tired. Murine is one of the *pleasantest* 'tricks' I know." You'll agree and wonder why you haven't tried it long ago. Any time your eyes feel tired, soothe them with Murine and so relax tension.

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which was revealed when the chief of staff took the orders away. The road to London; there were strange foreign names upon it, Hawkhurst and Lamberhurst, Tonbridge and Sevenoaks— stepping stones on the road to victory, like Warsaw and Liége and Reims.

Motorcycle dispatch riders were already hurtling at speed over the roads of Holland and Belgium and Northern France; they pulled up with a clatter, hurled themselves from their saddles to hand over their sealed envelopes to waiting officers. It took only a second for those officers to read the entire message inside—SEA LION. Sea Lion—Sea Lion—Sea Lion—on airfields and at ammunition depots, in railway stations and in field bakeries, in Calais, Brussels, Cologne, Berlin those words were heard, and the Third *Reich* gathered itself for its boldest leap of all.

As darkness closed over the little harbors excitement mounted. Frenchmen and Belgians and Dutchmen, confined to their houses by a strict curfew, lifted their heads to hear, in each little port, a sudden tonk-tonk-tonking as the diesels started up in their hundreds. Mooring lines were cast off, and barges began to nose their way toward the entrances. There were misunderstandings and minor collisions. The orders that had until now been given in quiet executive tones were now being bellowed through megaphones, as if the officers concerned had suddenly realized that there was, after all, no danger of arousing England from her sleep across the water.

"Keep them moving! Keep them moving!" shouted the naval officer in charge of the embarkation into his telephone as the reports came in. It was his business to get as many loaded vessels out to sea as could possibly be managed while the tide served. No one knew better than he did the difficulties of the operation he was directing.

The fat captain of the *Fritz Reuter* spun his wheel urgently to avoid a dark shape looming in front of him. Beside him a young naval officer, no more than a boy, stared down at the faintly illuminated dial of a compass—a very new fitting in the *Fritz Reuter*—and stammered orders.

"Thank heavens!" said the young naval officer suddenly, the relief in his voice contrasting oddly with the apprehension in the fat captain's mind. "There's the light. Follow it."

It was the faintest red glow, shining back from the stern of an invisible motor gunboat. There were good navigators on board her, and she was detailed to show the way to as many self-propelled barges as could keep her light in sight. The two lectures that had been given to the young naval officer had laid stress on the difficulties of the crossing. It would take a long time to get all the vessels out of the crowded harbor, and during that time the tides of the channel would sweep them eastward and then westward, scattering them in all directions if they did not cluster behind their allocated leaders. It might well happen that any of the young officers would find himself alone, responsible for his own navigation.

"In that case," the German naval commander who had given the lectures added, "no captain can be far wrong who lays his ship on the beaches of Dungeness."

The *Fritz Reuter* went tonk-tonking over the quiet sea. It was a calm night, as the meteorologists had predicted. The little waves over which she wallowed and plunged were small for the channel, although far larger than anything she had ever encountered before. The wind was no more than a gentle breeze from the southeast—nothing compared with the icy blizzards through which the fat captain had often steered the *Fritz Reuter* along the Elbe and Havel.

A big harbor tug was following them; the captain of the *Fritz Reuter* could see her silhouette clearly, and faintly behind her he could see the barges she was towing—huge lighters strangely diverted from their usual business in Hamburg. A few minutes later he saw something else away out to starboard. He did not recognize it at first for what it was; it was only after the ship herself became visible that he realized that what had caught his attention was her white bow wave. She was coming along fast, running down-channel, picking her way through the myriad craft that dotted the surface of the water. She passed close astern of the *Fritz Reuter*, between her and the harbor tug, and the fat captain saw plainly the upper works and the guns that marked her as a fighting ship. There was another one following her closely behind.

"*Emden*, light cruiser," said the young naval officer with a gulp of excitement, "and that's *Nürnberg*."

They passed as quickly as they had come; within a few seconds the *Fritz Reuter* was wallowing in quite terrifying fashion in the steep wash which they left behind them. The passing of those two ships gave an added quality of harsh reality to the strange, nightmare night.

Five minutes later they saw a sudden winking light appear ahead of them. It only endured for a second or two, and then they saw jets of red flame stabbing the darkness, and tiny pinpoints of flame replying from the point where the light had been seen.

There were red threads which the fat captain told himself were tracers, and a sudden burst of flame extinguished almost immediately, and then nothing, except for a second or two the sound of the firing still traveling back to them, in a higher key that made it audible to them over the bass tonk-tonking of the diesels all round them.

It was several minutes later that they heard the cry, a loud call from the surface of the water.

"Keep on!" said the young naval officer.

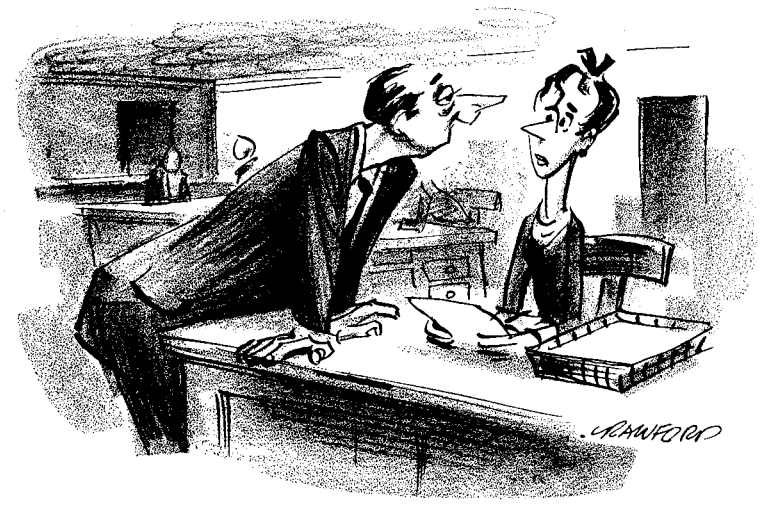
The cry was repeated again and again, louder each time. Only fifty feet away, on the starboard bow, they could see who was calling; someone floating, probably in a life jacket.

"Keep on!" said the young naval officer, and they saw the dark spot on the sea pass astern of them, and they heard the cries gradually grow fainter.

For all his inexperience of war the fat captain could guess what had happened. Some tiny patrolling vessel out there had sighted the approaching flotilla, had challenged, and had been instantly overwhelmed by the fire of a motor gunboat or torpedo boat ahead. The fat captain, tense at the wheel, wondered how much of an alarm the enemy had been able to send off first, but he was interrupted in this train of thought by a new sound. At first it was almost inaudible among the muttering of the diesels, but the ear caught it plainer and plainer as it mounted in volume. It was the noise of airplane engines, by the hundred, by the thousand, louder and louder and louder, coming from astern, until overhead the din was deafening. Looking up, the fat captain was aware that the sky was already brighter, and against it he could see the planes faintly silhouetted, myriad flecks against the sky, racing over his head to the harsh music of that tremendous chorus, while the young naval officer capered with excitement, waving his arms as the things passed over them.

"Not long now," he was saying, his young voice rising to an excited squeal.

The roar of those engines had been heard in many (*Continued on Page 62*)



The Perfect Squelch

Betty, usually well groomed and immaculate, arrived at work one Monday morning slightly bedraggled after a long weekend entertaining some energetic girl friends who stayed up until all hours. Before she could powder her nose and tuck away a few stray strands of hair, the office playboy spotted her. Having had an exceedingly rough weekend himself, he greeted Betty with a mock sort of companionship.

Winking a bleary eye, he said loudly, "Hiya, pal? You look a little fuzzy this morning."

Calmly Betty replied, "Is that my fault—or yours?"

Walter G. Anderson

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some time before by a German naval captain and a *Luftwaffe* colonel.

"These mine fields which they persist in laying. They indicate an intention to seal off a section of the channel for their own purposes. Yes? And the most likely purpose is invasion?"

"I can't think of any other reason," said the naval member.

"And the German Navy—the three big ships and most of the destroyers—is at Wilhelmshaven with all leaves canceled."

"They might be planning a massed sortie into the Atlantic."

"Or they might be intended to screen an invading force. Yes?"

"Yes," said the naval member.

"Every barge in Germany," went on the chairman, "pretty nearly every one at least, is moving to the channel coast by one route or another. Coal's already short in Berlin. Can that mean anything except invasion?"

"No," said the naval member.

"Trawlers and mine sweepers and tugs," added the chairman. "All moving down the Dutch coast. Invasion?"

"Certainly," said the naval member.

"These air photographs. The channel ports are full of barges already. Antwerp, Ostend, even Calais, and more waiting their turn. Any possible explanation except invasion?"

"None," said the naval member.

The chairman picked up another folder. "These army divisions. More than a dozen of them, with three or four good armored ones among them. They made no appearance during the fighting in France. Why not?"

"A strategic reserve?" suggested the military member.

"Some of them marched directly away from the fighting. We have this one—the Eleventh—definitely located at Ostend. If you were Hitler, would you line up your strategic reserve along the channel coast?"

"No," said the military member.

"The Third Air Fleet took no part in the fighting either. It's been taking over the airfields in Holland and Belgium and Northern France."

"That could mean anything," said the air-force member. "Sooner or later they're going to attack us."

"But they'd be necessary there to give air cover for an invasion?"

"Oh yes, certainly."

"These raids we've been having in the southern counties. Reconnaissance? Testing? Or just plain nuisance?"

"I wish I could be sure," said the air force member. "But they'd do their best to conceal their object in any case."

"But are they consistent with invasion plans?"

"They're not inconsistent, anyway," said the air-force member cautiously.

"There's a parachute division and at least one air-landing division, and we've heard nothing from them since Rotterdam. Any comments?"

"There are enough planes to transport the whole parachute division at a single drop—say six thousand infantry with mortars and a certain amount of equipment," said the air member. "The air-landing troops would have to follow, mostly. A few instantly and the rest in a second wave—three hours later, say."

"Enough to be a nuisance."

The chairman turned back to the naval member. "How many can they transport by sea?"

"Depends entirely on how much equipment they bring with them. They might carry forty thousand infantry at one lift, to land on an open beach. Armor would reduce that number. But on the other hand, I wouldn't like the job of landing armor on an open beach. You want a port with quays and cranes for that, and *those* ports"—the naval member stabbed with his finger at the map—"are not only defended but prepared for demolition in case of accidents."

"Special landing craft?"

"A few experimental ones only. We'd have heard if they'd started building in large numbers."

"So some armor might be landed?"

"No doubt. A division possibly, although it's hard to believe it."

"Very well, gentlemen." The chairman looked at the clock. "We are agreed that invasion can come at any moment."

It was while the chairman was gathering his papers together—at that very same moment—that at the headquarters at St. Omer the chief of staff laid the final orders before the colonel general for signature. The colonel general turned the pages over with one hand while he held his fountain pen ready in the other. He scribbled his signature.

"The code word has gone out, sir," said the chief of staff.

"Excellent," said the colonel general.

But he was enough of a romanticist to spare a glance at the map on the table

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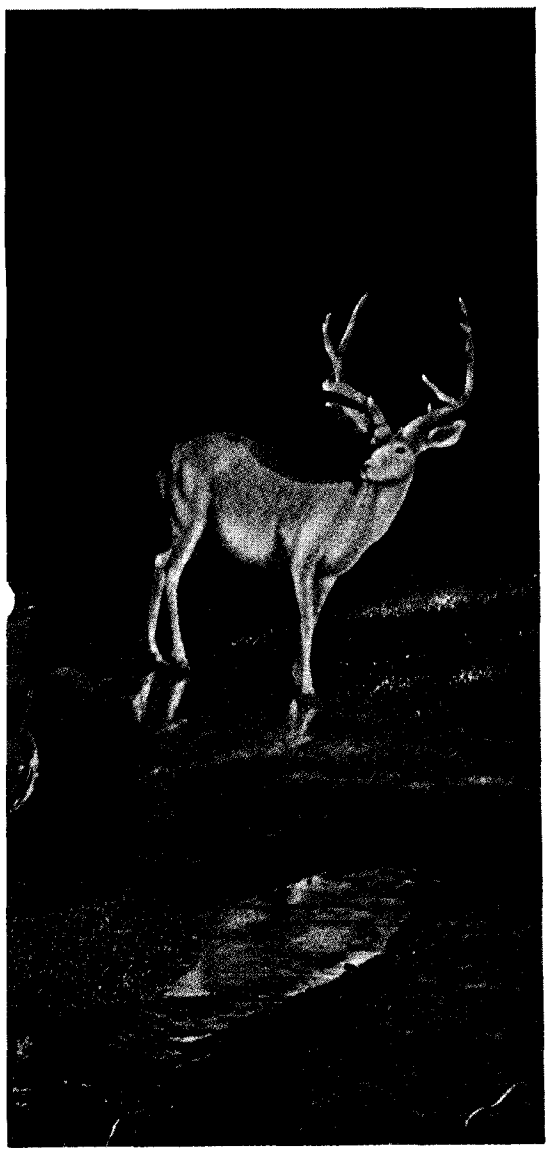

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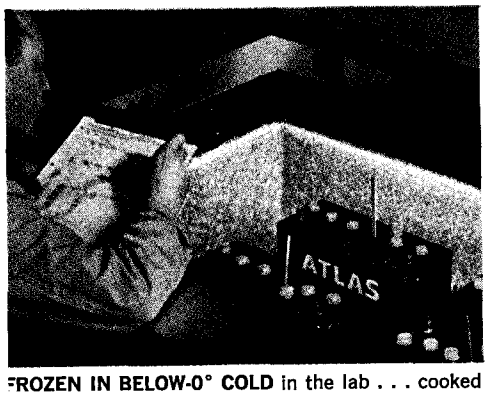

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(*Continued from Page 56*) newspapers via Dublin. The British began to take urgent anti-invasion measures several weeks ago, and the parachute attacks on Eben Emael and Rotterdam have hastened them. It is now forbidden to leave any motor vehicle unattended without first removing some necessary working part. Church bells are not to be rung except in case of invasion. There has been a general roundup of people suspected of favoring our cause, including some of our best friends."

"But what about troops, man?"

"Not so easily discovered, sir. It appears obvious, I am afraid, that they have just brought back most of their First Armored division with their equipment. It may be back in its old area near Portland. There is a Second Armored division, not fully equipped nor trained, believed to be in the Lincolnshire area. There are about sixteen infantry divisions, including Canadians, in various stages of training, probably all short of artillery."

"We shall be short of artillery as well, according to this scheme," said the colonel general, tapping the folder of typewritten sheets before him. "What else?"

"The British have been for some time preparing a muster of all civilians in case of invasion. They are to assemble on the first alarm, armed with old rifles and shotguns and cavalry carbines. They are called the L.D.V.—Local Defense Volunteers." The intelligence officer said these last three words in English and then added a German translation. There was an apologetic note in his voice—for wasting the colonel general's time over such trifles.

"They might cause some loss to the parachute troops," said the air general. "If so. . . ."

There appeared no need to finish the sentence.

HITLER STATES HIS TERMS, said the headline. But the very day that headline appeared, the terms were already agreed to. At Compiègne Hitler had his greatest hour. With the ceremony over Hitler strode out again. He halted by the monument with its inscription. Goebbels was there and handed him some typewritten sheets.

"The full translation of Churchill's speech of June eighteenth, *mein Führer*. There is a summary attached."

Hitler flipped through the pages and called Goebbels' attention to a sentence. "The whole fury and might of the enemy must very soon be turned on us." Then there was another one. "If the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will say, 'This was their finest hour.'"

"He will eat those words," said Hitler.

It was only a subcommittee which sat considering the accumulated intelligence—half a dozen men, by no means of the highest rank—and yet the conclusions they were going to reach might affect all mankind through all subsequent history. In consequence they had to be men of steady nerve and yet men of imagination—nerve at the right moment and imagination at the right moment. It would not do to dwell too imaginatively on their responsibilities, to think about the colossal results of errors on their part. A single bad mistake, or a chain of minor ones, could mean that midsummer would see a triumphal march of *Panzers* and *Bersaglieri* along the royal route from Buckingham Palace to the Mansion House; certainly that did not bear thinking about too much. But imagination had to be used; thousands of items of information had to be sifted and examined, and decisions reached as to whether they had any significance or not, and then further decisions as to how and by whom action should be taken.

This subcommittee was holding its meeting in one of the rooms in the war headquarters—one of the scores of rooms composing the labyrinth that stretched underground from Storey's Gate to Trafalgar Square, corridor below corridor, with the sewer pipes and waterpipes and gas pipes of London twining through them amid a tangle of electric mains and telephone cables and air pipes. Dante could have fittingly described that war headquarters, from which the war could still have been conducted even if the city of eight million lay in ruins above it.

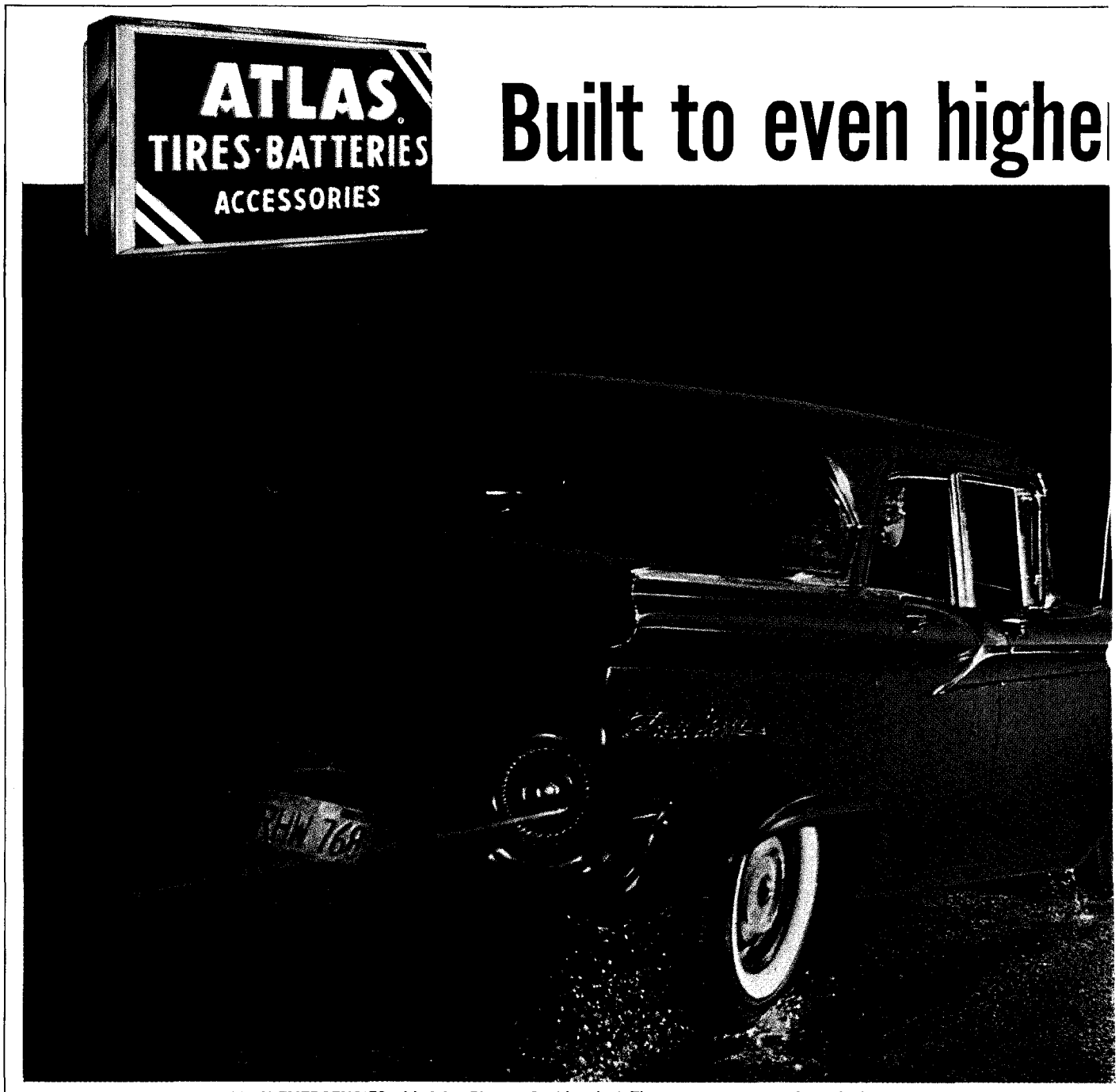
Inside this particular room the air-conditioning system struggled valiantly against the tobacco smoke that threatened to fill it. There were orderly banks of files against the walls; there were folders in plenty laid out upon the table round which the subcommittee was seated.

"Well, gentlemen," said the chairman, "it looks as if the pieces are fitting together."

His rapid gaze shot round the table. Each pair of eyes met his in turn. There was something more than tobacco smoke in the air; there was a tension and an excitement even more noticeable.

"I shall need an appraisal to present to the War Cabinet this afternoon," went on the chairman. "That shouldn't be difficult."

He glanced down at the chart of the English Channel that lay before him. On it were drawn two converging lines—the same two lines as had been drawn on a similar chart which had been discussed



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In 1940 I thought Willkie was the man of the hour. His acceptance speech at the Philadelphia convention was one of the most stirring things I had ever heard in my life. He knew the pulse of the people and seemed to reach the heart of every American. He wanted the Republican Party to become more liberal, which was exactly the way I felt. I remember shouting myself hoarse for Willkie. On the way out of the convention hall I ran into Pennsylvania's Sen. James Davis, Secretary of Labor under Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, and an old friend from Pittsburgh.

"Isn't it wonderful," I whispered through my hoarseness. "We'll surely beat Roosevelt with Wendell Willkie."

Senator Davis harumphed and looked at me with disdain.

"You have rooted for Willkie and got him," said Davis. "But I'll tell you right now that we [meaning the Old Guard Republican machine] don't want him and are not going to support him."

I was so stunned I almost forgot to lose my temper. But I managed to tell off Senator Davis. This made me determined to work to my limit for Willkie. I spent a few days in the East soliciting contributions for the campaign. I remember going out on Long Island to see Will Coe, a New York financier and then one of the richest men in America. I had dinner with the Coes and spent the weekend. Before I left I had Coe's check for $12,000 for the Willkie campaign.

Then I headed west for Oklahoma City and persuaded Marguerite to bring along her family to help out in a town-by-town tour of Oklahoma, Kansas and eastern Colorado. I had overcome my stage fright enough to be able to give one carefully rehearsed short speech, which I would give at women's clubs or wherever I could get together an audience. Not having any children of my own, I would pass off my sister's three youngsters as "my family." And still using the theory that the way to the voters' minds is through their children, I would have Marguerite's children pass out literature and Willkie buttons to every child we saw.

We started out with our car full of buttons and folders. Marguerite's husband, George Tyson, a stanch, lifelong Republican and a thrifty Boston investment broker, would caution, "Now just one button to each person." But when I would see a child I would say, "You must have some brothers and sisters and friends." Then I would fill the child's hands with buttons. Needless to say we had to wire headquarters to send more campaign fodder before we had been on the road three days.

As we got into the flat country of eastern Colorado the weather turned hot, nearing 100 degrees every day. Neither Marguerite nor I can take intense heat, but we were too imbued with the Willkie spirit to quit. I had heard somewhere that it is cooling to hold on your lap a block of ice wrapped in newspapers, so the next morning we bought a large piece of ice. I started out with it on my lap, but as the sun got higher, the ice started melting pretty fast. So I shifted it to Marguerite's lap. After a while she gave it to George, and then it went on down through the children and back to me. George kept getting more and more angry each time he had to hold the ice. He finally blew up.

"I'll be damned if I'll hold this ice one more minute, even for Wendell L. Willkie!" he shouted. That evening he and the children took the train to Denver, where they sat in a cool hotel room and waited for Marguerite and me to finish our "foolishness."

As we went through those small Western towns in late August, I began to notice a waning of enthusiasm in the response we received. From the speeches we were hearing on the radio, it seemed to me that Willkie was changing some of his ideals and becoming more conservative. I felt he was losing the common touch that had made him so popular at the convention only two months earlier. When we reached Denver I phoned Joe Martin, who was running Willkie's New York headquarters, and told him I wanted to see him. I got on a plane that afternoon, arrived in New York at six o'clock the next morning and got to Joe's apartment at the Roosevelt Hotel an hour later.

"Something has happened, Joe," I said. "Willkie has changed, and the people can feel it." The Republican House Leader told me that Willkie was so busy he couldn't write his own speeches.

"I can tell that," I said. "It looks to me as if the Old Guard is trying to make him over in their image."

After we had talked awhile Joe said he would telephone Willkie on the campaign train and give (*Continued on Page 73*)

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out-next, doo-dad [illegible]

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There are *two* kinds of tube replacements. Some are New . . . others merely rebuilt. If the tube is New, its Warranty tag will say so. If the tube is rebuilt, the tag may, or *not* say so. So, don't be a Vidiot! Before you buy a television tube replacement, follow these rules:

1. Decide whether you want to replace your present tube with an All-New tube or merely a rebuilt one.

2. Make sure your dealer carries All-New replacement tubes.

3. Compare the price of All-New tubes to rebuilt ones.

4. If you decide to buy the All-New tube, *first* check its Warranty tag. If it doesn't say the tube's All-New, chances are it's merely rebuilt.

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(*Continued from Page 71*) him my report. It was only shortly after eight o'clock when I left.

"If anyone sees me coming out of your apartment at this hour of the morning, what will they say?" I kidded.

"And to think we wasted our time talking politics!" Joe laughed as he showed me to the elevator.

I went back to Oklahoma and continued working for Willkie to the bitter end, although I had lost much of my enthusiasm. I felt he was neither being true to his principles nor was he being convincing to the conservative Republicans. I was disappointed, of course, when he was defeated. But this time I had seen it coming.

After my disillusionment over Willkie, I took one of the most important steps of my life. I decided to become a Democrat. It was not an easy choice, as I always had been a Republican. But in the '30's I had found myself more and more impatient with the actions of the Republican Party. Now, I'm no deep student of political philosophy; but it seemed to me that the Democrats were doing a lot more to meet the needs of the people than were the Republicans.

I didn't approve of everything in the New Deal program. But I had seen the slums right behind the Capitol—and elsewhere—and I was an advocate of Federal Housing programs both for slum clearance and for helping people with low incomes to buy homes of their own. I had also seen conditions in some steel mills in Pittsburgh, that made me feel that the workingman should be helped. I guess I was just fed up with Republican conservatism and wanted a change.

I debated a long time before making the switch. It was especially difficult because I didn't want to risk losing the many good friends I had in the Republican Party. But in the early 1940's I took the step and registered as a Democrat. I was then a resident of Arizona, having bought a cattle ranch near Prescott several years earlier.

In 1944 I was named an alternate delegate from Arizona to the Democratic Convention in Chicago. I spent most of my time working for the National Woman's Party in its equal-rights-for-women campaign. I was too new a Democrat to have overcome all of my anti-Roosevelt feelings and was not in favor of a fourth term—nor a third for that matter. But I was heartened by the nomination of Harry Truman for Vice President. During the early part of the war I had come to know and like Bess and Harry Truman. And when Senator Truman went to Oklahoma in 1943 for a Democratic rally, I gave a reception for him at the Skirvin Hotel, then owned by our family.

During the 1944 campaign I was living in Arizona and was not very active politically. When I returned to Washington early in 1945, I planned a party for Vice President and Mrs. Truman at the Sulgrave Club. I invited ninety people to dinner and a hundred more to come in after dinner. It was the first large party given for the new Vice President. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, who rarely attends social functions, honored us with her presence, as did Rosa Ponselle and author Louis Bromfield. Other guests included Speaker Sam Rayburn, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard, Senators Owen Brewster, Claude Pepper, Homer Ferguson, Theodore Green, C. Wayland Brooks, Happy Chandler, Joe Guffey, Pat McCarran, Chapman Revercomb and Alexander Wiley and former Sen. Henry Ashurst. I also had a Republican contingent led by Joe Martin and Christian Herter, who was at that time a Congressman from Massachusetts.

Margaret Truman, then attending George Washington University, was greeted by her parents with mock formality as she went through the receiving line.

I held my breath a little when Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bromfield arrived with Columnist George Dixon. The Bromfields and I had been longtime friends, but he had recently become rabidly conservative and anti-Democrat, and I wasn't quite sure what he might say to Mr. Truman. And as for George Dixon, you never can be sure what he will say or write. I greeted the three with enthusiasm—"Oh, so nice to see you"—and then while still smiling, I added under my breath to the men, "One false move out of either of you and you'll be thrown out."

Everyone seemed to be in a gay mood at dinner. I remember someone mentioning to Margaret Truman that former Sen. Henry Ashurst could name the entire roster of Vice Presidents. And Margaret, who was sitting next to Senator Ashurst, said impishly, "I didn't think there was any man in the United States silly enough to fill his head with such useless information."

Louis Bromfield poked a little fun by saying, "You know, the Vice President doesn't have to come to parties like this. The Constitution says he only has to preside over the Senate and cast a vote in case of a tie." And then writer-farmer Bromfield complained that there were too many city slickers in Washington.

"I'm an honest farmer," said Louis. "Or, anyway, a farmer! I just told a fellow I met here that he ought to quit this life and get back to the land. But he says he can't because he is Secretary of Agriculture."

Although I had an orchestra and a ventriloquist hired for entertainment, two of the guests provided the feature show of the evening. Rosa Ponselle sang a few arias and then persuaded the Vice President to accompany her as she perched on top of the piano and did an impersonation of torch-singer Helen Morgan. Egged on by the guests, Mr. Truman followed with a solo performance—to the surprise of those who had not known of his musical talent.

While the Vice President was playing, one of the guests who knew of President Roosevelt's weakening physical condition whispered to me, "Harry had better have his fun now. He may be President before long." A little more than a month later Roosevelt was dead and Harry Truman was President.

That fall, with the war over, Washington social activities came back to life. I found myself giving more and bigger parties than ever before. Some of them were arranged at the request of Administration officials who felt that by bringing a certain group of guests together, difficult situations might be smoothed out. And the Trumans departed from the tradition of the President's not attending parties at private homes—outside the Cabinet—by coming to my house at least once or twice each year. It was a gay and exciting period of my life. But I'll tell more about that later.

The night before Truman was nominated at the 1948 Democratic Convention in Philadelphia, I gave a big party. I held it at the Barclay Hotel and called it a Victory Party. But the press treated it more as a "wake" and laughed at my optimism. I received even more derisive treatment when I started to campaign among my friends at Newport, Rhode Island, where I had had a summer home for many years. My brother-in-law, George, wouldn't have anything to do with me when I showed up at a lavish Newport party wearing a great big TRUMAN FOR PRESIDENT button on the front of my formal gown. I soon realized I couldn't get anywhere with the rock-ribbed Newport socialites, 99 per cent of whom were Republicans anyway. So I went in to other areas of New England to do my campaigning.

One night in September while attending a dinner party in Newport I received a long-distance call from Washington. Louis Johnson, then in charge of fund raising for the Democratic Party, told me that the national committee was in dire straits. Or to put it more bluntly, it was broke. It didn't even have enough money to keep the campaign train going, and the President had asked if I could help out.

When I hung up I told my hostess I would have to leave and made my farewells, explaining I was leaving immediately to help out the President. As I put on my wrap a wealthy Republican businessman twitted, "I hear you are going to join Trembling Truman's train." He later was to rue that remark.

That night I got a plane out of New York and joined the Truman train in Gainesville, Texas, heading east. I was given a compartment at one end of the Trumans' private car, and soon had worked out a "battle plan" with the President. I would telegraph ahead to wealthy friends of mine along the route and say I was on the Truman train and that the President would like to see them.

When these oil millionaires and others boarded the train, I would see them first and tell them how much the country needed Truman and how awful it would be if Governor Dewey were elected. If I saw I was getting no response, I wouldn't call President Truman in, but would just introduce the man to the President as we passed his compartment on the way out. However, if I thought my prospect worth while, I would have the porter ask the President if he had time to join us.

Sometimes, if I felt an added push was necessary, I would start to cry a little as I explained how hard up the Democratic Party was. Then I would dry my eyes when the President came in. I would ask President Truman to answer the questions the man had asked me. Truman was terrific. He knew just what to say at the right time.

I kept saying to everyone I met that Truman was going to be elected. My confidence wasn't based just on hopefulness, as it had been with the Landon campaign. I could tell we were winning when I saw the reactions of the crowds whenever the train stopped. I would get off the car and go around to the platform where the President was speaking. By this time he had thrown away his prepared speeches and was "giving 'em hell" with wonderful spontaneous talks that matched the mood of each crowd he met.

After the train trip I continued with fund raising. About half of my contributions came from Republicans. Of course, I realized that a lot of them were giving me $1000 and probably giving the Republicans $5000. They thought Dewey was going to get in, but they wanted to cover themselves—just in case.

On the night of the election I stayed home, while Marguerite and George Tyson went to a Republican victory party at a Newport club. I had told George that he might as well be prepared for Dewey's defeat because of what I had seen on the train.

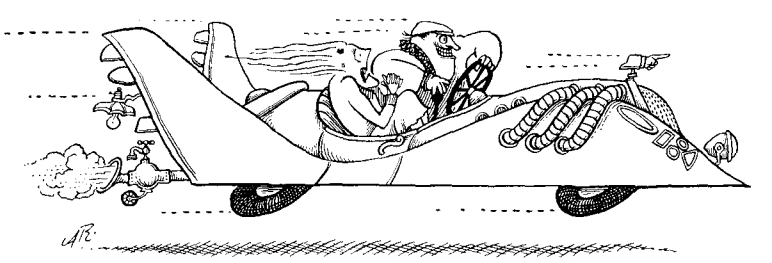
"You don't know what you're talking about," George insisted. "You are just saying that because you like the Trumans so much."

Their party broke up early in the morning when it became evident that Dewey had lost. When George tried to sneak to his room, I heard him. I poked my head out into the hall just long enough to crow, "Now will you believe me?"

"Yes, dammit!" George muttered and slammed his door.

Next week, in her second article, Mrs. Mesta tells how she plunged into a whirlwind of extravagant living in order to forget the sudden death of her millionaire husband.

—THE EDITORS



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Bertha accepted Joe's invitation for a ride in his latest hot rod. Soon Joe began going too fast for her. Bertha begged to be let out. Joe laughed and stepped on the gas to show off his car. On a sharp curve the car turned over. Bertha, seriously injured, later sued Joe.

"As Bertha was a guest of the driver, she can't recover a cent under state law," Joe's attorney argued, "unless Joe was reckless. At most, he was simply negligent in driving too fast."

"Bertha ceased to be a guest when Joe virtually held her prisoner in the car against her will, while he speeded," Bertha's lawyer replied. "Joe should have listened to her, but he didn't."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Bertha?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Bertha won. The court ruled that "when a guest passenger protests against negligent conduct of the driver and demands to be let out of the automobile, and the driver refuses such demand and fails to heed the protests to his conduct, the status of the guest is changed to that of being a passenger against his or her will." That being the case, Joe was responsible for Bertha's injury.

Based upon a 1958 Florida case.

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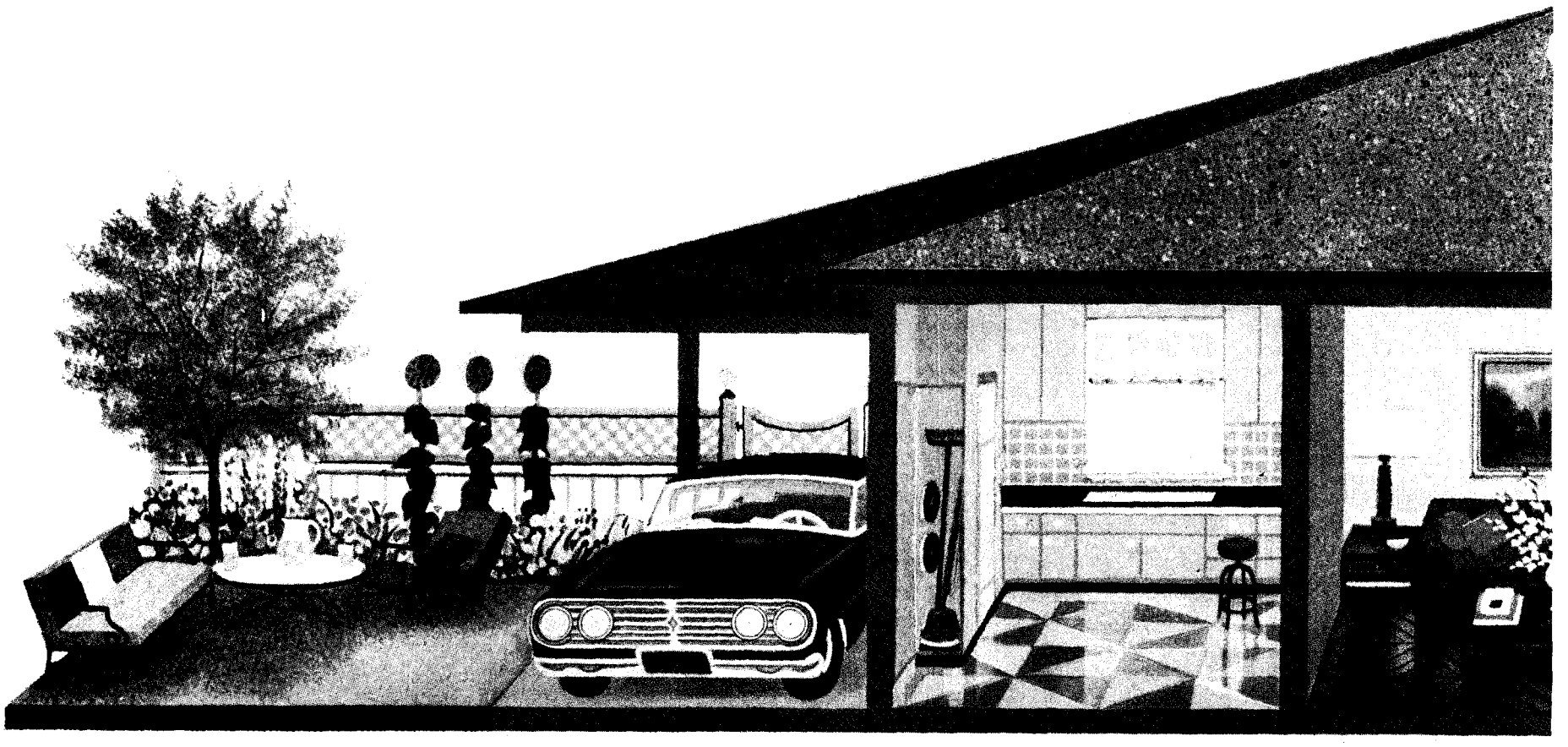

Things brighten up when the Johnsons come around
(but did you know how many things?)

Pesky insects steer clear . . . of Johnson's OFF!, the repellent that keeps them away for hours . . . RAID House and Garden bug killer destroys insects indoors and out.

Take a real shine to your car . . . with Johnson's new HOLIDAY, the deep-cleaning car-washing cream . . . or Johnson's INSTANT J-WAX that cleans, shines, and protects.

Your kitchen floors will gleam . . . with Johnson's self-polishing GLO-COAT — won't stain, spot, or scuff . . . Johnson's JUBILEE cleans and shines at the same time—ideal for kitchen surfaces.

Life can be l
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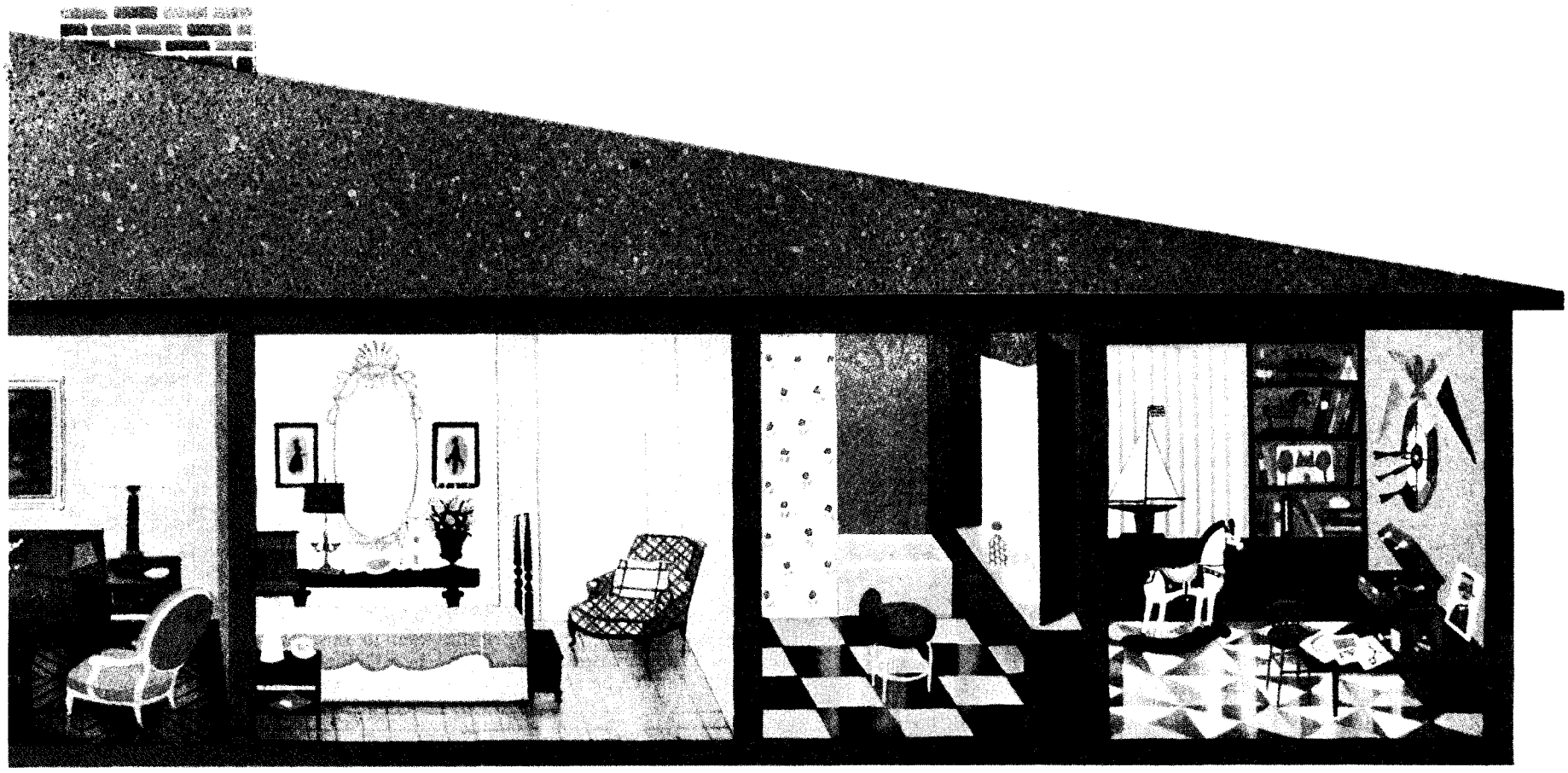

Match the rooms above with the products below—and you'll see!

Bet you didn't know there were special Johnson's Wax products for all these uses. That's why we worked out this way of getting you to know about them. We figured you liked the way the ones you already use protect and beautify. (Most women do.) And we thought you'd like to try some of the other ways Johnson's can make your valuable things look better and last longer.

THERE'S A JOHNSON PRODUCT TO PROTECT ALMOST EVERYTHING YOU OWN!

JOHNSON'S WAX

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Your furniture will glow with . . . PRIDE, Johnson's famous furniture wax . . . and JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX that protects and beautifies as nothing else can.

Fresh as all outdoors . . . that's how indoor air seems when you use Johnson's GLADE air freshener . . . Johnson's self-polishing STRIDE protects your floors like Paste Wax.

Company coming? Look on the bright side! . . . Johnson's KLEEN FLOOR removes old wax from floors, quickly and thoroughly . . . Johnson's KLEAR floor wax is ideal for your light-colored floors.

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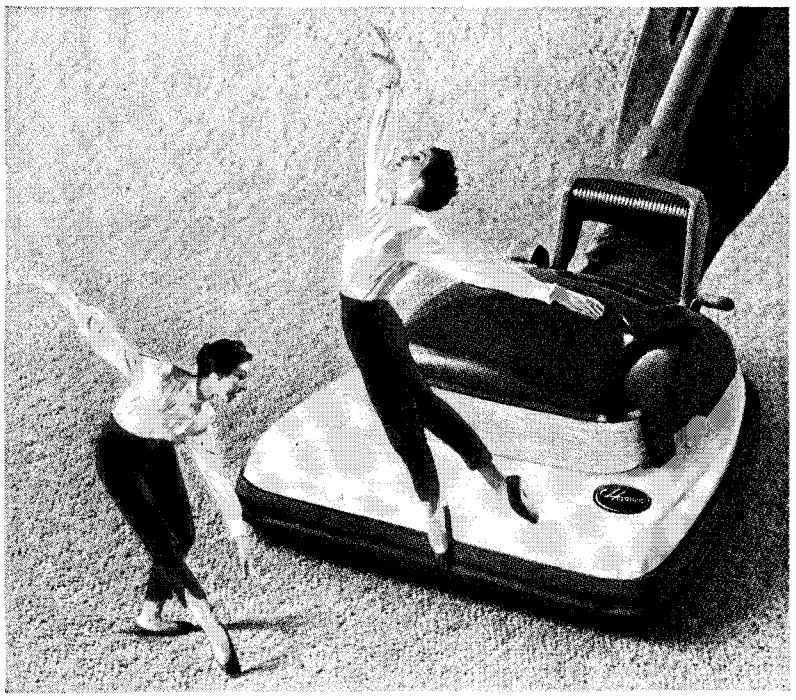
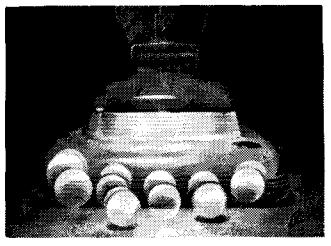
"Dances" out deep-down dirt!



Hoover's exclusive vibrating action gets the dirt that damages rugs

The new Hoover Convertible Cleaner literally dances out the deep-down dirt in rugs with a gentle vibrating action no other cleaner has. It "beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans" to preserve the beauty of your rugs and lengthen their life. And the new Hoover Convertible gives you extra power for attachments. Just "click" in the converter and the motor automatically shifts into high to give you 50% more power for all your above-floor cleaning. So for the beauty, for the life of your rugs—and to keep your home really clean—get the new Convertible for '60. At your Hoover dealer's now.



Bouncing ping-pong balls illustrate how Hoover—and only Hoover—gently vibrates the rug on a cushion of air to bring the deep-down, fibre-cutting grit to the surface. Revolving brushes and suction then whisk it away with other litter.

NEW SLIM SILHOUETTE

Hoover® Convertible

HOOVER FINE APPLIANCES
...around the house, around the world®

The Tewksbury Feud (Continued from Page 51)

"No, it ain't all right," the old man said heavily. "Don't seem like nothin' turns out right these days. So awful bad for Josie. And now I've lived to see the day shame is laid onto my own kids—in my own house! Shame I brung onto you and you apayin' for ——"

"Pa, don't take on—it's past and done."

"No, it ain't done," Jonathan insisted. "It ain't ever gonna be done, either. God knows Josie couldn't help the blood runnin' in her veins, but she's dead, my poor, little sweet soul—and in a miserable, shameful way—and here I set! You wa'n't to blame. But it was you who killed a man—you had to take the brunt of it."

"Pa ——" Breed hunted for a way to ease the old man. "If I had it to choose, I'd do the same again."

The shaggy head bowed assent, "I know, son, and you done right. But it should have been me that done the killin', for it's of my makin', back years ago when I was a half-brained, heedless youngster—nothin' on my mind but what I wanted. And I wanted a woman of my own."

Breed stayed still and quiet, letting the old man talk out his pain. "Them was rough times, durin' the gold rush," he said. "White women were scarce in Californy. Your mother was a mission-raised Indian and decent. I had to marry her to get her." Jonathan looked up as he made this bald confession. "I ain't excusin' myself none—that's how it was—I wouldn'ta married your mother if I coulda got her without. Not then, not at first. But by the time you come along, I knew her—my Josephine—and I'd not a traded her for any woman that walked the earth!" There was a surging, remembering silence. "I'll be glad all my days I done right by her. She was a rare, sweet soul, my Josephine, and I'd be married to her yet and glad of it, if the Almighty had seen fit to let her live."

"I know that, pa," Breed said. "You didn't have to tell me. I remember how good you were to her. She was happy ——"

Jonathan nodded, "I just wanted you to know that I was never ashamed of your mother—nor her kids. I was proud of her and of you and Josie. But it's turned out so bad, a man don't know which way to turn. What can you do but set helpless before what folks think?

"And now—the woman I give my name to, brought into my house—she calls down shame on Josie and my grandson and on you! She has from the start!" He stared at his clenched fist as if seeing it for the first time; he was remembering that he had struck Lydia—the only time in his life he had struck a woman. The thought of it made him feel sick, and he rose from the table to pace about the room. "But that's done with!" he declared. "She can go or she can stay—I don't give a damn! But if she stays, she will keep her nasty tongue still and get over judgin' who is better than another! I was patient ——" He was goading himself into a relieving flood of anger. "I put up with her foreign notions and high-falutin' ways. I watched her make my old friends feel they wasn't wanted. I even let her drive my sons from under my roof!" He turned about, and his stare was cold and full of venom like a caged eagle, "But that's done with—I'll have no more, no more at all! This night she insulted my Josie and laid shame on my grandson. And that will be the end of it, for, from now on, my sons and my grandson live here with me in their own home!"

Breed's regard was open and full of affection for his father, but he was shaking his head. "No, pa," he said, "don't add more trouble to what we already got. I'm leavin' and takin' little Jonny with me. I aim to raise him as mine, away from here." Jonathan was aghast and was about to erupt into speech. "Now, hold on, pa," Breed said, "wait a minute and take a good look at it: There's those that know I went to see about Josie. And when George Graham turns up missin' they ain't gonna be long figgerin' it out. I don't think Tom Graham would make trouble—but, if anythin' comes of it, I want it off'n your doorstep. I want it took up with me, for the boys are too young for this kinda mess."

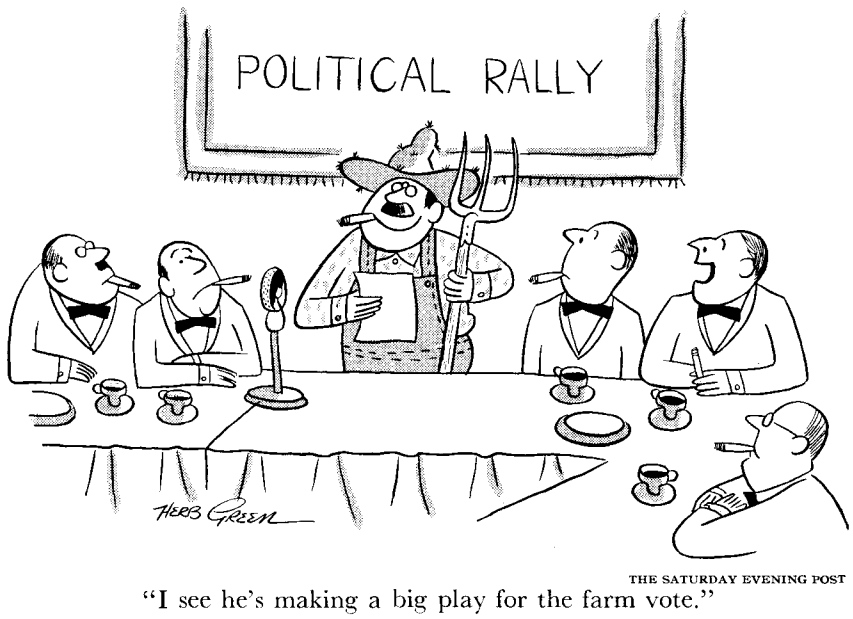
"It's my mess, too, son."

Breed nodded, "But you got your hands full, pa—with the womenfolk and the boys and the new youngun. You got all them to see to." He paused and ordered his arguments. "It's best if I take Jonny away, for he shows more breed than either Josie or me did. And I promised Josie, the last words we had, that I'd see to him myself. I aim to take him and live with people that don't spit on you for what your folks done."

"What people would that be?"

Breed's half-smile was wry. "The people? The tribes," he said softly, using the Navajo word *dineh*. "They're agin mixin' blood, too, but they ain't mean about it. Even the 'Paches understand about it—better than civilized folks."

Jonathan had ceased his pacing. Now, stricken, he lowered himself into his chair. He placed his forearms on the table his embittered stare fixed unseeingly on his clenched (*Continued on Page 80*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I see he's making a big play for the farm vote."

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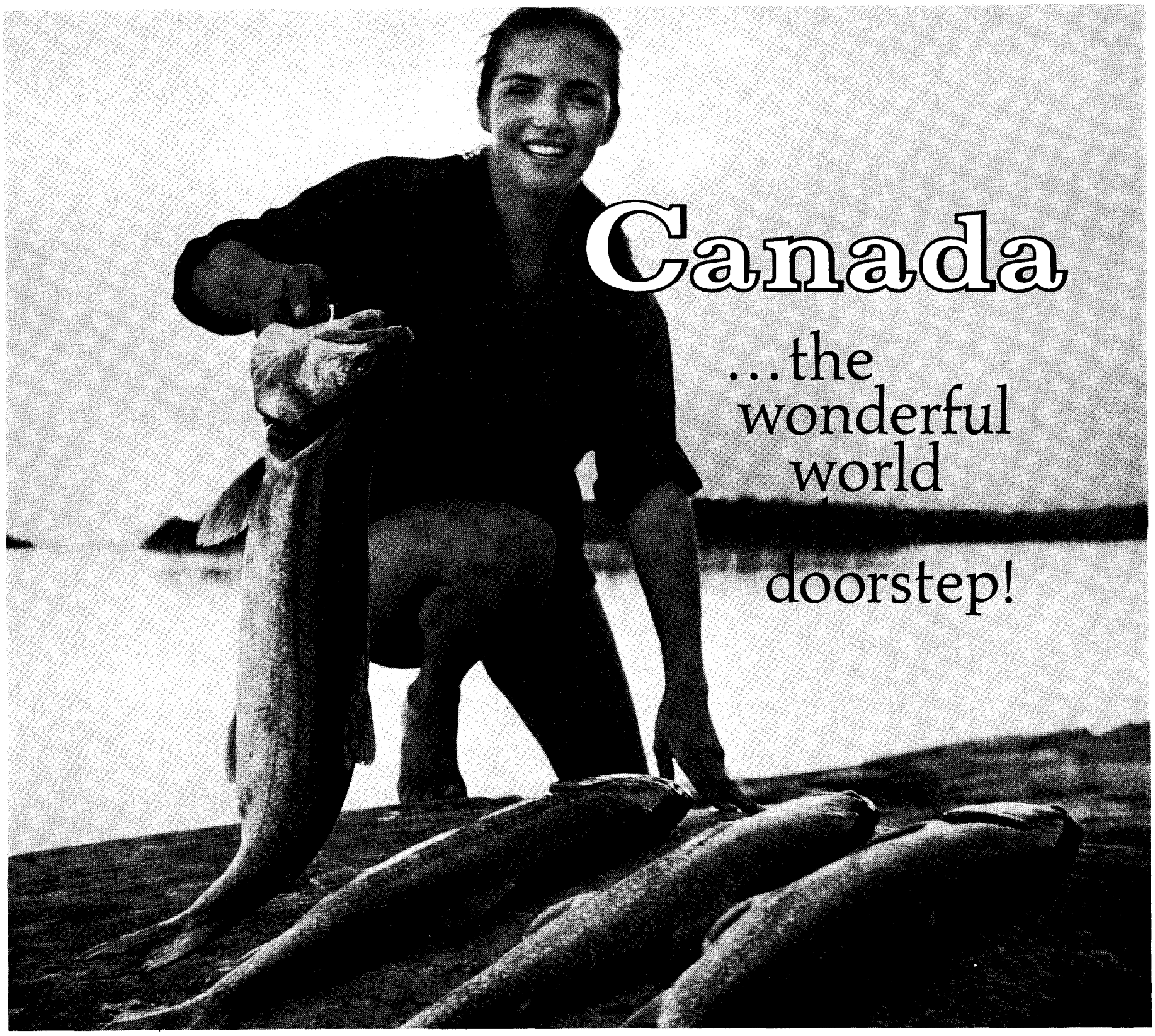

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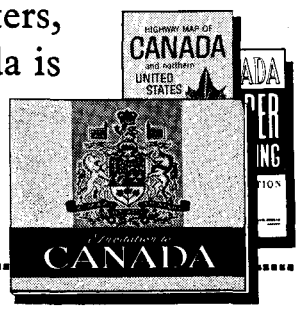

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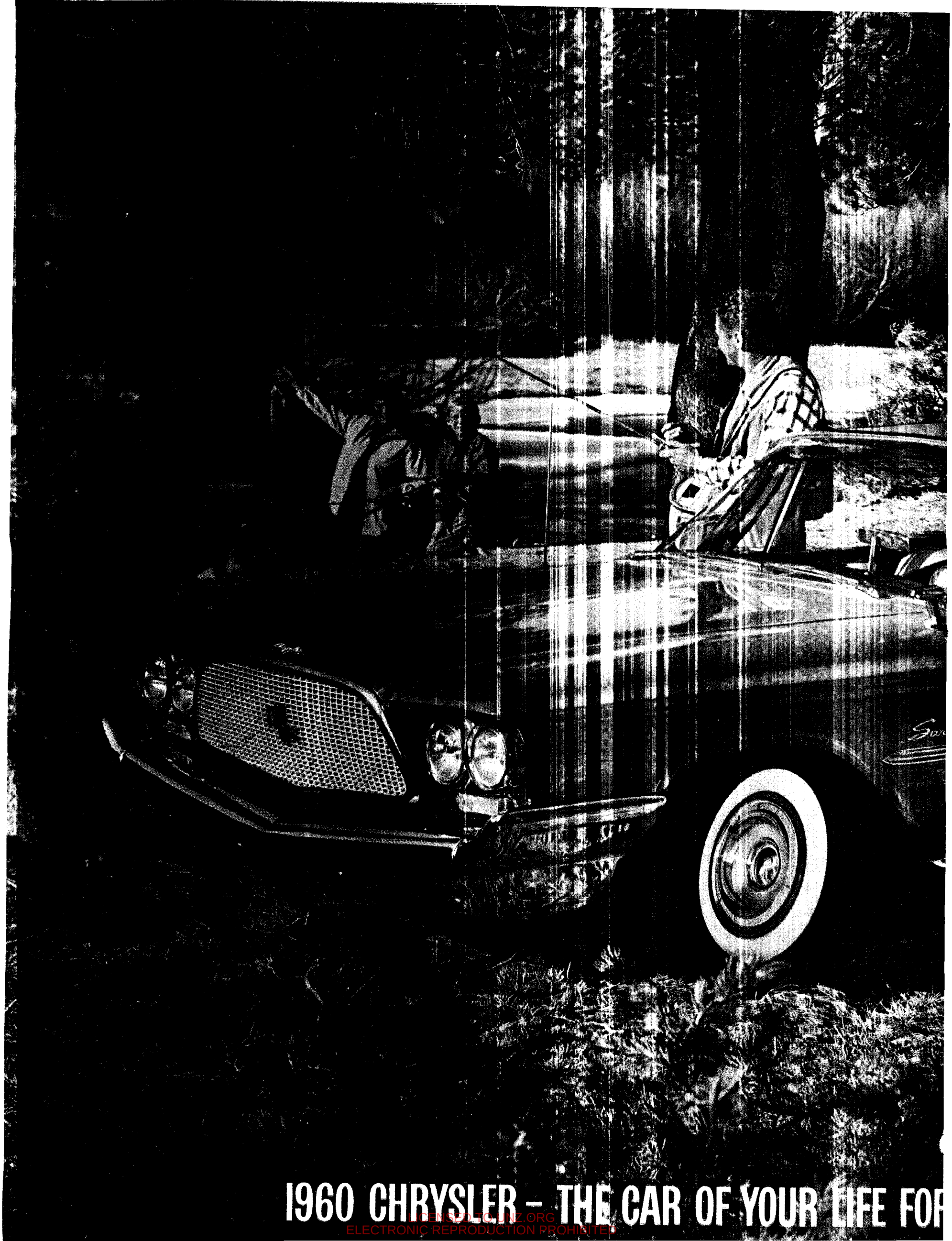

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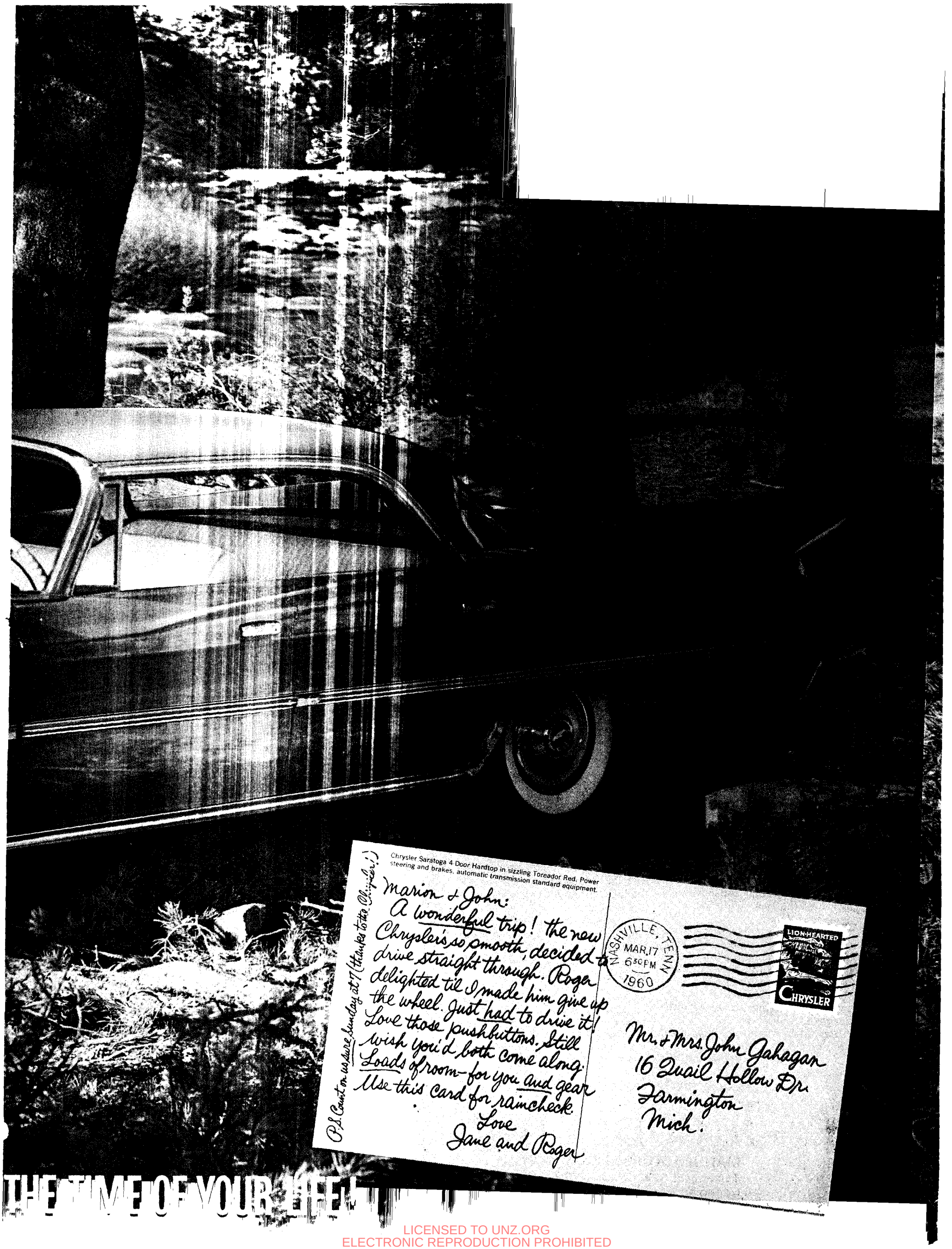
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(*Continued from Page 76*) hands. It was a long time before he raised his head and nodded. His look yearned over his son, who had sat waiting, his dark face compassionate but set in firm decision.

"All right," Jonathan said, "all right, but"—his voice gathered force—"but you'll not leave here like a saddle tramp, skulkin' off. As my son you'll go proper fitted out and with a bag of hard money to set yourself up decent! Cattle, horses, a business—whatever takes your fancy! And a share for Jonny, my namesake! A good sum, proper to set you both up good!" The old fiery vigor and drive were in the rumbling voice.

Breed rose, smiling with relief to see his father rally from his grief and revert to blustering command once more. He laid a hand on Jonathan's shoulder. "All right, pa," he said, "however you want it."

Breed rode out the next morning, and when he returned a week later he drove a covered spring wagon. On the seat beside him was a plump and comely young Navajo woman, and behind the wagon a strapping Navajo buck rode one horse and led two others.

Breed pulled the sturdy draft team up before the tie rail and was knotting the tie rope when Stella ran from the house, the fuzzy gray pup bumbling hastily at her heels. She came close to him. "Breed," she said, "your pa said you're going away—to stay. Take me with you, Breed. Let me go with you and take care of Jonny!"

He was startled and shocked by her plea. He looked down at her, his heavy brows meeting in consternation. "I got Mary there," he said, gesturing toward the wagon, "to take care of Jonny."

Lydia had come from the house, her pale glance swift to take in the wagon and its occupant. "It didn't take you long, did it," she asked, "to find you a squaw?"

"No, ma'am," he said soberly, "it didn't take long to find a squaw willin' to mother an orphan baby. Her name is Mary," he added, "and her husband there, his name is Chee." The brawny young Navajo had slid from his mount and stood holding the reins of the three horses. When his name was spoken he smiled, showing a flash of big white teeth, nodding acknowledgment.

Lydia stared at each of the young Navajos in turn. She seemed affronted at their presence and more so at Breed's rejoinder. "Come into the house, Stella," she commanded and, turning, stalked inside. Stella did not obey, but turned to Breed again.

"Best do what your ma says," he advised.

Her eyes searched his face, which had become masklike. "I—you said"—she faltered—"you said to give it a couple of years. Remember? But now there's no time and I—if I can't go with you I'll wait, Breed—if you'll come back."

"No." His voice was flinty, but he was unable to retain the harshness. "No, Stella." He did not try to mask the regret now. "Don't waste your time thinkin' about —— Put it outta your mind."

Her eyes glimmered with tears which spilled slowly over and rolled down her cheeks.

"You're just a young'un, Stella," he assured her anxiously. "I couldn't begin to tell you how bad it might be."

She wiped the tears from her face with her hand and childishly rubbed it on her dress; her shining gray eyes never left his face, and she tried to smile, but her mouth was shaking. She came very close to him and stood on tiptoe. Reaching with both hands she brought his head down and kissed him on the lips, leaving the taste of her tears on his mouth. "You *have* to come back." Her voice was a whisper, but it was determined. "I'll be here—and I'll be waiting." She smiled now at his consternation, and her chin lifted rebelliously. "If you don't come when I'm grown," she stated, "I'll come after you!" Breed stood staring down at her as though in a trance.

"Stella!" Lydia's shriek from just inside the door was near to frenzy.

Breed touched the girl's thin shoulder. "Good-by, Stella," he murmured, and the way he spoke her name made her breath catch. He raised a finger and smoothed away a new tear. His eyes roved, memorizing the narrow face with its tender young beauty in the delicate bones and wide eyes, the thick lashes wet and star-pointed now. "Thanks, Stella, thanks for ——" He was having trouble with his voice. He looked toward the house and added, "I want a word with your ma—you stay here a bit."

It's a Free Country

Dear to our hearts is the
knowledge that we
Can say what we think
without shrinking,
And dearer yet is the fact
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Thomas Usk

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He strode to the door and entered, looming suddenly huge and dark within the room, his spurs clinking across the floor. Lydia was startled. Drawing herself up and back as from an expected attack, she stood stiff and white-faced, clutching at her dignity for support.

Breed removed his wide-brimmed hat and held it in one hand. He was in trail garb—beneath an open vest his heavy shoulders bulged the seams of the dark calico shirt; his powerful legs were encased in leather brush chaps, dark and creased from long wear. The butt of a Colt protruded from a holster low on his right flank. A red bandanna was knotted at his throat, and the high-heeled boots added to his already considerable height, making him seem, to Lydia, alarmingly huge and threatening. His face was somewhat wooden as his strange, dark eyes examined her. She felt overwhelmed, but she stood her ground, returning a cool, hostile stare as if he presumed. But when he spoke she was almost shocked by the grave courtesy of his words and manner.

"Ma'am," he said, "I'll only take a minute of your time and I'd be right grateful if you could feel you can take my word for a coupla things." He paused and looked down at his hat while he searched for words. "I've told pa—and he knows it's so—that I'm not leavin' because of any feelin's in the family. I'm goin' because it's best for Josie's boy, and because if there's trouble over George Graham, pa and the boys won't have it on their hands."

Lydia's face had changed imperceptibly, and her eyes were baffled. "About Stella." The woman stiffened. "I know," he went on, "you got upset about a thing or two. You don't need to fret on that score. For one thing, I'm nigh onto ten years older'n Stella—and she's just a youngun yet. What there was of it was like how it was when Josie, my sister, was here. I saddled Jerry for her and I fetched her a coupla kittens. But that's all there's been. It's just that she's been lonesome." Breed was not at all troubled that he lied because he did so to reassure this apprehensive woman—and to protect Stella from her mother's worrisome nagging.

Lydia was surprised to find herself abruptly reversing her opinion of the man. As she stared at him and saw only strength and an odd gentleness—and no threats toward her daughter—she began to realize that she had erred. Her gaze lowered and, when she spoke, her words were uncertain and low. "I am grateful," she said, "that you have told me these things. I had no right to expect consideration from you." She lifted her eyes and he saw that they were blue, without the usual hostile ice. "I have wanted to apologize for the inexcusable things I implied about your sister. I am sorry, but I was terribly shocked and upset that night."

Breed nodded grave acceptance of her apology. Lydia spoke again, "I will admit I—thought it best when your father said you were leaving," she said. "But now I'm not at all sure ——" She paused and swallowed with difficulty. "If you should care to reconsider, I should be pleased to have you remain."

Breed stood mute, off balance at her about-face. "Jonathan needs you," Lydia went on quickly. "He depends on you a great deal, I understand. He has made it very plain to me what value he places on you—and on me, *now*."

Breed nodded. "Pa's upset, sure—Josie's death and now me and the boy leavin'. But he's a fair man, pa is, and he don't hold his temper after he's spoke his piece out loud a little."

"Perhaps"—Lydia pursued it uncertainly—"perhaps a short time away and you may reconsider—what is best for the family, I mean." Her voice had a pleading note. "Your father is no longer a young man, Edwin, and your help has been a great comfort to him." Breed was astounded; Lydia had addressed him by name, disdaining the nickname, to be sure, but in a restrained way she had tried for a more personal contact with him. Something of dismay and fear was betrayed in her face—she looked thin and piteous—and Breed responded, gentling to her need.

"Jim and Johnny—they're near man-size now, ma'am," he said, "and Jim Roberts is the best hand anybody could want. Don't you worry none about pa—he's got a sight of good years in him yet." A grin crooked at the corners of his mouth. "I wouldn't gamble on tanglin' with pa, myself; I expect he could stlll whip his weight in wildcats."

Lydia understood that he was trying to reassure her. "Yes," she said, "I know. However, I'm sorry ——" She did not pursue her thought as she went on, "Let us hear from you, Edwin. I shall be pleased to write to you from time to time myself." On this surprising note she gravely offered her hand, which he as gravely shook. Then he strode from the room.

For once Lydia gave no thought to her carpet and whether his boots had soiled it. As she watched him go it seemed to her that her tight little walls crumbled away, leaving her helpless and exposed. She clutched at the consolation that she had brought about an understanding, a truce between them. She had smoothed a path for his return. The forlorn prayer that it would be soon, became the brittle crutch on which she now leaned.

(*Continued on Page 86*)

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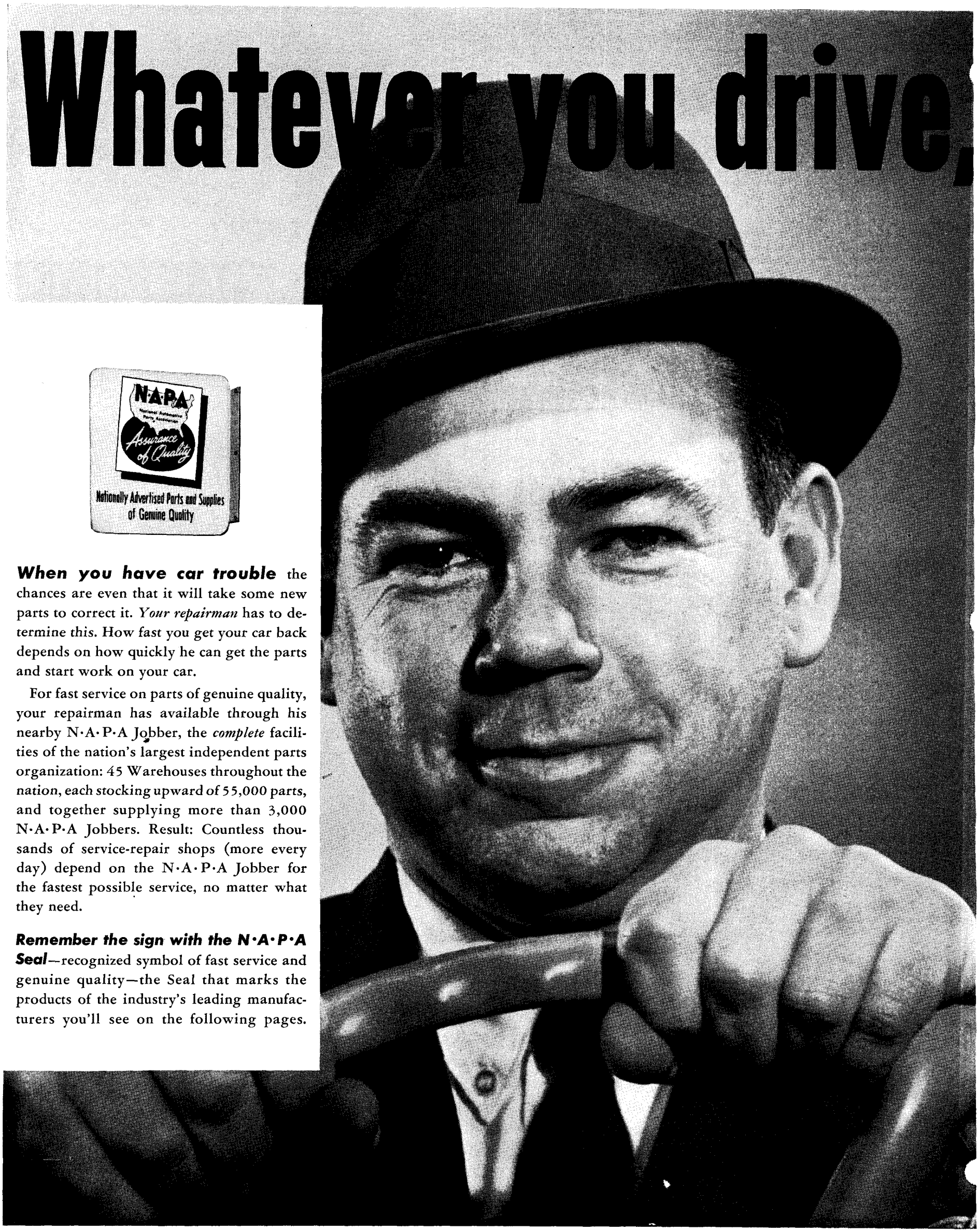

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When you have car trouble the chances are even that it will take some new parts to correct it. *Your repairman* has to determine this. How fast you get your car back depends on how quickly he can get the parts and start work on your car.

For fast service on parts of genuine quality, your repairman has available through his nearby N·A·P·A Jobber, the *complete* facilities of the nation's largest independent parts organization: 45 Warehouses throughout the nation, each stocking upward of 55,000 parts, and together supplying more than 3,000 N·A·P·A Jobbers. Result: Countless thousands of service-repair shops (more every day) depend on the N·A·P·A Jobber for the fastest possible service, no matter what they need.

Remember the sign with the N·A·P·A Seal—recognized symbol of fast service and genuine quality—the Seal that marks the products of the industry's leading manufacturers you'll see on the following pages.

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wherever you go...

N·A·P·A is there to help you, through your repairman

(for a partial view of the N·A·P·A "Parade of Parts," read all of these four pages)

Soundmaster

This is the season! Now is the time to replace that winter-weary exhaust system on your car . . . with Soundmaster . . . the only muffler chosen to bear the N·A·P·A Assurance of Quality seal. Stop at this sign of *sound* service . . . and really enjoy the fun-driving ahead.

THE KOVEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN

Famous Hand Tools

The professional Tools Mechanics choose for Automotive, Aircraft and Industrial repairs and services.

THE NEW BRITAIN MACHINE COMPANY
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

Get New Car Performance

No tune-up job is complete unless your Contacts, Condenser, Coil, Distributor Cap, Rotor and Voltage Regulator are thoroughly checked and replaced when needed. You can pay less or you can pay more . . . but you can't buy better Ignition Parts than ECHLIN!

THE ECHLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
BRANFORD, CONNECTICUT

BRIGGS Shock Absorbers

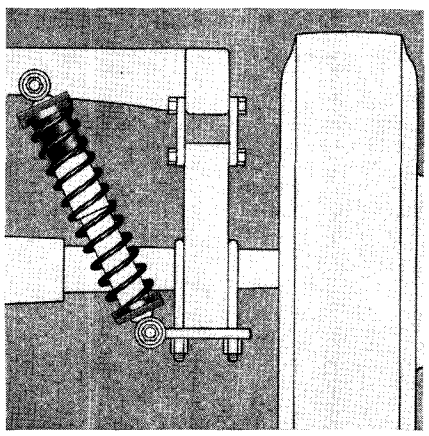
Briggs Imperial *Adjustable* Shock Absorbers provide easier steering, better handling—smoother, safer ride. Shocks should be replaced every 20,000 miles. For safety's sake, get a free inspection today. If replacements are needed, insist on Briggs.

THE BRIGGS SHOCK ABSORBER COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Don't Gamble

our car's safe steering and handling depend n the condition of these chassis parts. When placements are needed, insist on a brand ame you *know* . . . Allied. You can put your ith in the rigid standards every Allied part ust meet to carry you safely.

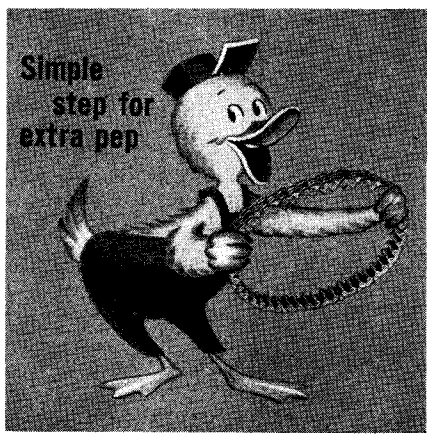
LLIED AUTOMOTIVE PARTS COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



Cure Spring Overloads

The economical, effective answer to rear end overload on your car is Balkamp Shock Springs. Installed over your present shocks, they maintain level ride, stop sway on curves. Can also be used on boat trailers and many pick-up trucks.

BALKAMP, INC.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



SIMPLE STEP FOR EXTRA PEP

DUCKWORTH® Timing Chains

Worn timing chains can cut engine performance—increase oil and gas consumption. A simple step for maximum pep is to always check the timing chain on every overhaul job. If the chain is worn or stretched, replace with a new Duckworth Monoflex Chain.

CHAIN BELT COMPANY
410 PLAINFIELD ST. • SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS.

Trico Wiper Blades

Off goes the rain! Off goes the grimy film! No more blur. No more smear. You'll see a big difference when you snap new TRICO Wiper Blades on your windshield—FOR SAFE DRIVING VISION REPLACE YOUR BLADES ONCE A YEAR.

TRICO PRODUCTS CORPORATION
BUFFALO 3, N. Y.

National Automotive Parts Association, Chicago, in behalf of the thousands of independent

N·A·P·A JOBBERS

who supply the automotive repair trade from coast-to-coast with these—and many other—nationally advertised brands of quality automotive parts and supplies.

Turn the page
The N·A·P·A "Parade of Parts" continues

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The N·A·P·A "Parade of Parts"®

—Continued From Preceding Page

Soundmaster

This is the reason! With Soundmaster you get *sound* engineering for full range sound control without power loss . . . plus rust resistant materials wherever needed, *both inside and out.* Look for the red, black and yellow Free Muffler Inspection sign of Soundmaster.

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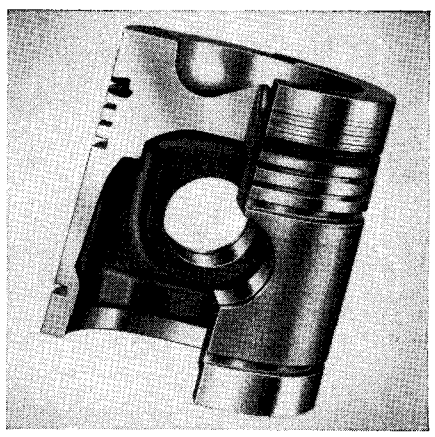
RACINE, WISCONSIN



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THE ORIGINAL EQUIPMENT LINE

Expertly engineered pistons make a big difference in efficiency and upkeep cost. Pistons by Zollner are the dominant choice of fleet owners. Over 70% of all makes of trucks and buses are Zollner equipped.

ZOLLNER CORPORATION
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

VICTOR Gaskets and Oil Seals

Prevent Power and Lubrication Loss. Only a tightly sealed engine can deliver its maximum power . . . and only tightly sealed bearings can perform at their best. That's why most service shops rely completely on Victor *quality* replacement gaskets and oil seals for all cars, trucks, buses and tractors.

VICTOR MANUFACTURING & GASKET CO.
P. O. BOX 1333 • CHICAGO 90, ILLINOIS

Monmouth Engine Bearings

For trouble-free installation and maximu performance, specify *Monmouth* Engine Be ings—original equipment in most makes engines. Monmouth Bearings are prefer for replacement by all who seek the high quality and the best service.

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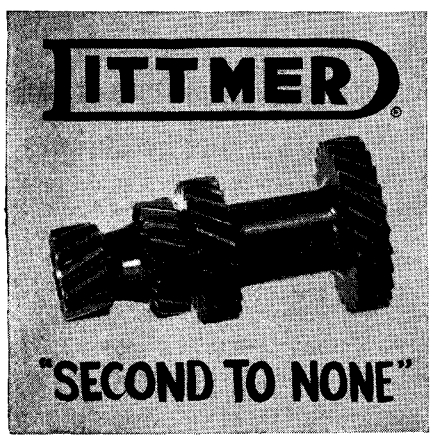

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Whether for car or truck, your repairman is supplied by his N·A·P·A Jobber with the most complete line of standard transmission and overdrive parts in the replacement field. His Dittmer Gears, Shafts and Overdrive Parts are truly "Second to None."

DITTMER GEAR DIVISION
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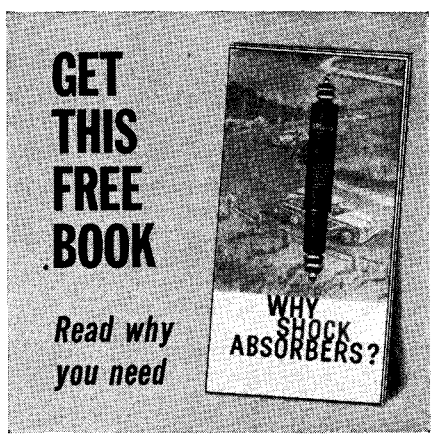

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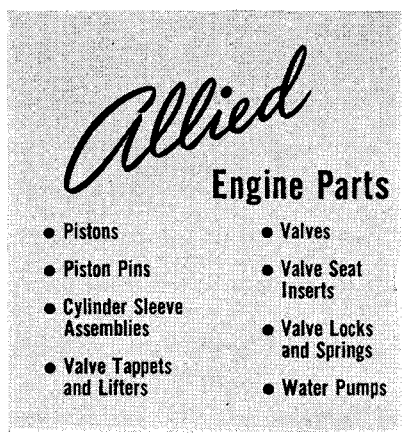
Read all about the importance and function of shock absorbers. Learn why worn shocks cause accidents through loss of control. Takes only 5 minutes' reading time—time well spent. Write us today for a free copy of "Why Shock Absorbers?"

THE BRIGGS SHOCK ABSORBER COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Modac Fan Belts and Hose

Modac Belts and Hose are made with top-quality materials and workmanship to give you top protection against costly and annoying road breakdowns. For long, dependable service, insist on Custom-Engineered Modac Belts, Radiator Hose and Heater Hose for your car.

NATIONAL PRODUCTS, INC.
DENVER, COLORADO



Engine Parts

The rigid demands of today's high-powe engines can't be compromised. Repairs quire, above all, precision parts. So ask yo repairman to use nationally-advertised All parts. All meet the industry's high standards for both materials and precisio

ALLIED AUTOMOTIVE PARTS COMPA
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Handy Aerosol Sprays

B★K Engine Degreaser removes oil and grease deposits from auto engines, power mowers, outboards. Just spray on, let soak, rinse clean. B★K Sealer is ideal protection for ignition systems, chrome and tools . . . against rust, tarnish. B★K Fire Extinguisher smothers fires up to 10 ft. away.

B★K SERVICE PRODUCTS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

PERFECT MATCH EVERYTIME WITH

MARTIN SENOUR Paint Spray

- For cars—all popular colors available
- For farms—ideal for tractors and equipment
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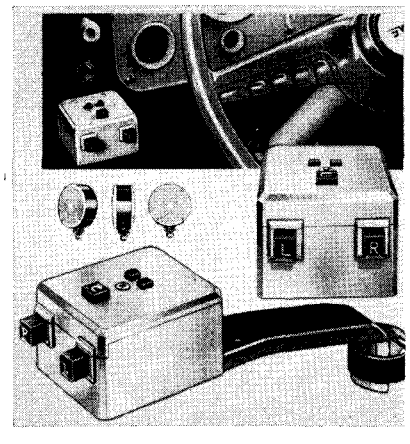
- Plus new high visibility fluorescent colors

MARTIN SENOUR PAINTS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MAC'S-IT KIT

. . . consists of a pint of cleaner and a 4 oz. can of tough durable glaze that will protect your car's finish from scratches and weather oxidation for over a year . . . Try it and you too will say—"Don't Wax It, Mac's It!"

MAC'S SUPER GLOSS CO., INC.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
CINCINNATI, OHIO



New Type Switch Gains Acceptan

Visall's 628 Push Button Switch proves its in performance and efficiency. Operates tu signals, provides four-way flashing and st light control. Dash or steering column mou ing. Lifetime guarantee against signal swi trouble. For use with Visall's Class A competitive turn signals.

VEHICLE PRODUCTS COMPANY
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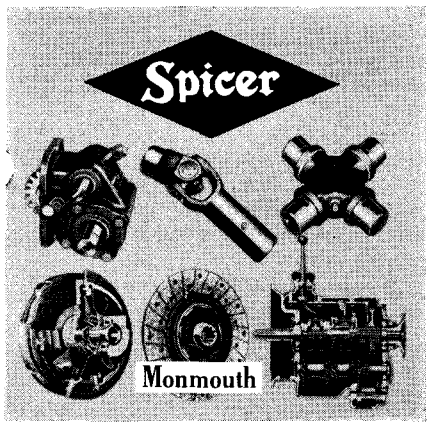


Dana Products

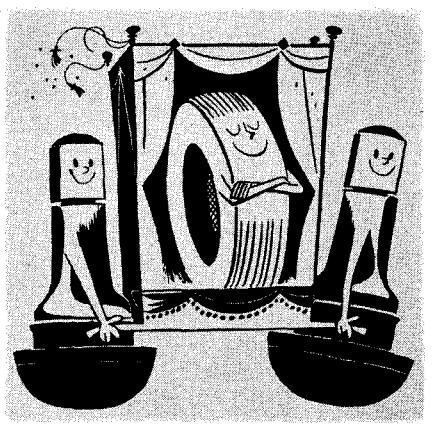
Just as practically all vehicle makers depend on DANA-made Products, you can depend on Spicer and "Mechanics-Type" Universal Joint Kits; Spicer Transmissions; Spicer Power Take-Offs and Joints, and Monmouth Clutch Plates.

DANA CORPORATION
TOLEDO 2, OHIO

MicroTest Timing Gears

For maximum performance for Heavy Duty Engine overhauls, Timing Gears should be replaced in SETS, as skilled mechanics will tell you. Ask your repairman to install MicroTest Gear Sets with Factory Preset BACKLASH.

MICROTEST TIMING GEARS
CLEVELAND, OHIO



Bridgeport Valves Help Tires Last Longer

because they're built to give you longer, safer service. They guard against under-inflation which shortens your tire life. Always ask your service man to install new Bridgeport valves with every new tire or recap. Bridgeport makes a complete line of quality tire valves and accessories.

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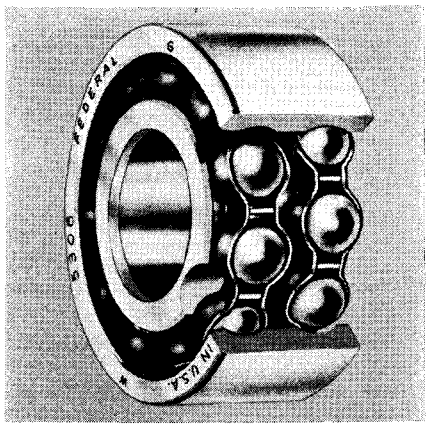


Federal Ball Bearings

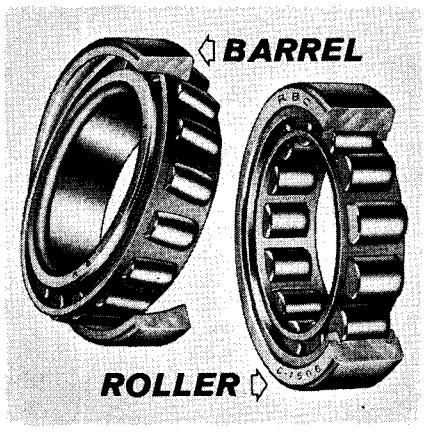
The safety, efficiency and smooth performance of the car you drive depends on *reliable* ball bearings! That's why millions of cars, trucks and tractors are factory-equipped with Federal Ball Bearings—why so many service shops keep 'em running with Federals.

THE FEDERAL BEARINGS CO., INC.
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

Choice of Car Factory Engineers

Thermostats are vital to efficient, economical engine performance in summer, and quick heating in winter. The advantage which Thomson "HP" Thermostats give in modern *pressurized* cooling systems, is confirmed by most car-factory engineers. *Thomson leads in thermostats for all systems.*

STANDARD-THOMSON CORPORATION
WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS



RARITAN Bearings

Raritan Barrel Bearings—Flexible and self-aligning—withstand the overloads imposed by shaft deflection and misalignment at today's higher power and speeds. When a barrel bearing needs replacement, replace with a Raritan—metallurgically superior and dimensionally correct.

RARITAN BEARINGS
WEST TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

Safe–Sure–Easy to Install

- **Battery Cables**
- **Spark Plug Wire Sets**
- **Cord Lights**
- **Extension Cords**
- **Cord Reels**

BELDEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

For Safety's Sake–UNITED

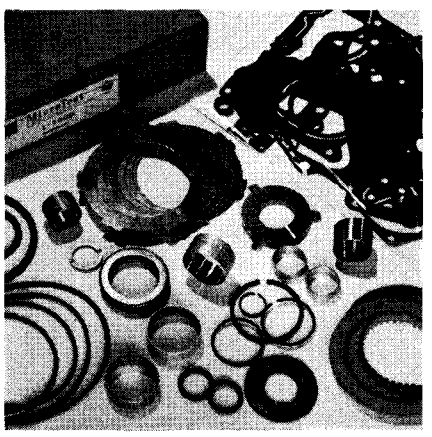
Hydraulic brake wheel cylinder cups must withstand severe heat and pressure every time you apply your brake. That's why United makes them of special HHR (High Heat Resistant) rubber which meets or beats all Government specifications as to quality. Be safe—insist on United.

UNITED PARTS DIVISION, CHICAGO, ILL.
ECHLIN MFG. CO., BRANFORD, CONN.

WEATHERHEAD POWER STEERING

Why take chances? Replace faulty power steering lines with Weatherhead hose assemblies. Sizes and types to fit every car—the most complete line on the market. Standard equipment on most U. S. cars.

THE WEATHERHEAD COMPANY
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA



MicroTest Transmission Parts

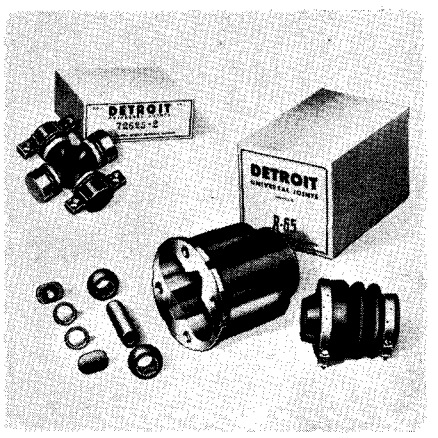
Automatic transmission trouble sometimes requires more than adjustment. When it does, ask your repairman to use MicroTest parts. You may save money because Micro-Test parts are all available *individually*, as well as in kit form. For all makes and models.

MICROTEST GEAR COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Safer Stops–Longer

Get the lining specified for many new cars—frictioneered for power or standard brakes. Improve the stopping power of your car. American Brakeblok dealers know brakes and give you a better job. Stop in for a complete inspection soon!

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK DIVISION
BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN



Detroit Universal Joints

eliminate "Spline Grunt" by transmitting the torque load smoothly and quietly, regardless of horsepower. Continuous use by vehicle manufacturers, for over 40 years, attests to their superior performance. Be sure to use genuine Detroit Service Parts.

DETROIT UNIVERSAL DIVISION
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

Nationally Advertised Brands for

CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS

All makes, All Ages

National Automotive Parts Association, Chicago, in behalf of the thousands of independent

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who supply the automotive repair trade from coast-to-coast with these—and many other—nationally advertised brands of quality automotive parts and supplies.

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(*Continued from Page 81*) Breed's little caravan pulled out on the heights in late afternoon where they paused on the crest of a ridge to breathe the horses. He dismounted and stepped to the cliff edge, which overlooked Pleasant Valley.

It was near sundown; the air had begun to cool and was pungent with the sharp sweetness of pine and juniper. A hazy green stillness was over the valley below. The velvety dark green of the forest circled the lighter-hued meadow floor, which was striped by irregular lines of the tules and willow trees growing along the streams. The meadows were notched about by deep canyon openings, shadowed and mysterious now, their craggy openings rising steeply to the forbidding passes. And beyond surged the dark sea of the forest, which seemed to roll on and on, mounting at last onto the slopes of yet another, far-away snow-crested mountain range, dim and pale against the horizon.

From the colossal rim on which Breed stood, the valley appeared to be uninhabited. Unless a man knew where to direct his gaze, he would have missed the houses concealed by tall trees, and the valley would have appeared to be the same as when it was the heart of Apache hunting grounds.

The valley must also have had a welcoming look for "Grandpa" Handy, long years back. Grandpa, the first white settler in Pleasant Valley, had come in alone except for his burrow and dog—blandly ignoring the danger of the fierce, marauding Apaches, who, above all, respected courage and boldness. They were puzzled by Grandpa and for a time stalked him with unstinting suspicion. But they discovered that his door was unlatched to all men—and a friendly fire and food were warmly shared with all who came.

Salmann—friend—was the name Grandpa earned from the Apaches, and they did not steal from him as they did other white men. For friendship's sake they even gave up the fun of shooting arrows into the hogs he fattened on the acorns in the oak thickets. Grandpa's sturdy rock house was hidden by the locust trees on a slope, but Breed knew where it nestled under the canyon rim, near the icy bubbling of a spring, which had its beginning in the rocks above, and its stream babbled off across the valley.

Bisecting the uneven circle of the valley was a line of cottonwoods following the banks of Cherry Creek, and almost in the center was a spreading cluster which sheltered Charley Perkins' store and saloon. This was one of the oldest structures in Pleasant Valley and was fortlike in appearance. Built of thick red stone and with rifle slots in each of its walls, it dated back to the days when swift-riding Apache war parties were not legends but a terrible and almost daily peril.

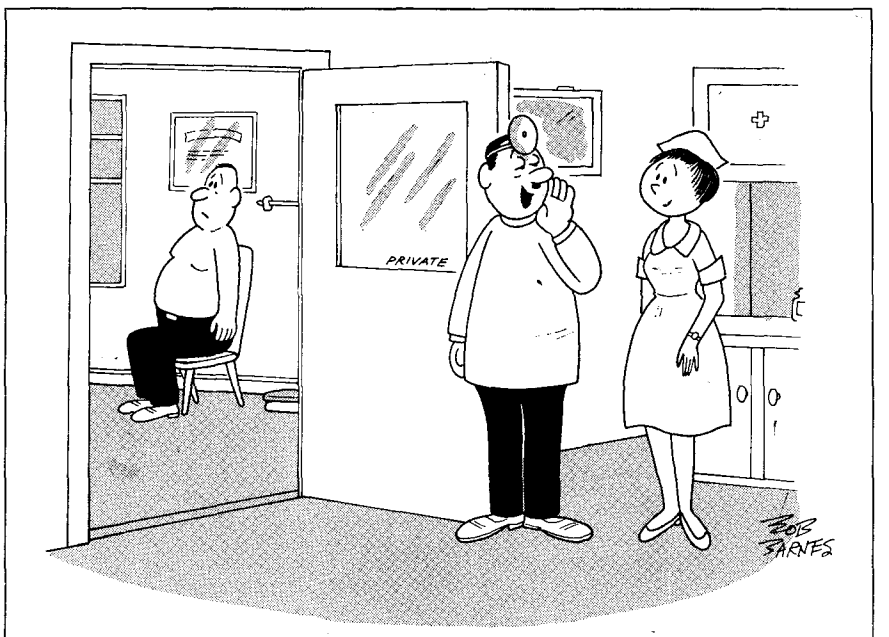
Just west of Perkins' crossroads store and not far away sprawled the Graham ranch buildings. And south, where Cherry Creek meandered near the mouth of a canyon which slashed back and up into the mountain looming behind, was the Tewksbury spread.

The silent man standing on the rim overlooking the valley felt the beginning of loneliness as he looked. But his mind's picture was not of the homeplace. It was of a crown of shining, coppery hair and a lifted narrow face with pleading gray eyes—and a kiss that left the taste of tears. He turned his back on Pleasant Valley and mounted his horse. But because of the things in his mind his hand was rough on the rein, his voice was harsh as he called, "Let's move!"

Chee released the heavy wagon brake and clucked to the team; the wagon rattled up the narrow, rocky trail. Mary crooned to Jonny, who was awake, and turned to check back of the wagon seat where the gray pup sprawled asleep and undisturbed by the resumed jolting.

Across the far-flung but still closely knit neighborhood of the Tonto Basin the word was passed that pretty Josie Tewksbury had died in some Godforsaken hole in the Superstitions, leaving a baby boy which Breed had fetched home. George Graham hadn't shown up any place lately, and there was much speculation as to his whereabouts. Many heads were shaken in dire prophecy: taking the brand swindle into account, they concluded that if George had also deserted Josie, he'd best make tracks out of the country—and take right good care not to run into any of the Tewksburys, especially Breed. When later word had it that Breed had left the basin, there were those who figured he was already on George Graham's trail.

At the bar in Charley Perkins' crossroads store, three men were involved in an effort to dig out the truth. The storekeeper, his bulging middle pressed against the plank bar and his fat face perspiring, was doing his best to prevent violence. "Take it easy, Andy," he protested. "You got the poor guy so scared he ain't able to talk."



"Get my stethoscope out of the refrigerator, and I'll show you something funny."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Join the "Personal Car" Set

IMPORTED

Metropolitan "1500"

World's Smartest Smaller Car

Here's ideal transportation for two people *plus*—with almost 50-inch front seat hip room. And the rear occasional seat is handy for smaller children, pets or packages. Comes in smart convertible and hardtop models.

Conceived and engineered in the U.S. to provide comfort you're used to, the Metropolitan "1500" is built in England to European standards of craftsmanship. The peppy 55 H.P. engine provides thrilling responsiveness with top economy—*perfect* for around-town driving or turnpike cruising.

Join the Personal Car Set soon. You'll enjoy owning and driving a car so appropriate for your *personal* motoring needs. Parts and service available coast to coast.

TEST-DRIVE THE "MET" AT YOUR **RAMBLER-METROPOLITAN** DEALER

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Andy Cooper's malignant stare was on the terrified Mexican in his grasp. Miguel Apocada's swarthy face was tallow-hued, his liquid, dark eyes were hysterical with fear. Cooper flung the squat man away from him so that he reeled back against the bar. "All right," he said. His yellow teeth clicked as he continued. "Give him a drink then, Charley. . . . Get aholt of yourself, Mig." He emptied his own whisky glass and added, "Drink up, dammit—and then you'll talk, and pronto, or I'll fill you so fulla lead you'll rattle when they tote you off to bury you."

There was tacit sympathy in Perkins' red face as he placed a full glass before Apocada and watched him take it up in a shaking hand and choke it down. *Poor cuss*, Charley thought, *he's in trouble if he talks, and worse trouble if he don't.*

Apocada wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and looked huntedly around, measuring the distance to the door. But Cooper's stare had the intentness of a cat at a mouse hole. "Don't take it into your greasy head to run for it," he warned. "I'll wing you and you'll speak your piece—before I let you bleed to death!"

Apocada cowered against the bar, his face had a drowning look as he sucked for air through his open mouth, which was rendered even more doleful by the wilted curve of his stringy mustache. The Mexican was a slovenly figure; a squat man whose short, bandy legs seemed inadequate to support the potbelly, which was exposed here and there through his ragged calico shirt. His pants, sagging below this overhang, were indeterminate in color and material, being slick with grease and stiff with an accumulation of filth. "I like for to tell you, *Señor* Cooper," he whined now, "but I have bad trouble if I do. I have make promise to *Señor* Graham—*Señor* Tom ——"

"You got worse trouble if you don't!" Cooper snapped.

Apocada's hopeless eyes beseeched Perkins, who tried to help. "Whyn't you see Tom, then, Coop?" he suggested. "You'd likely get it straighter ——"

"I did see Tom." Cooper's teeth made it seem as though he bit each word as it was uttered. "All he'd let on was that it was done—finished—and talk wouldn't help none. But a coupla days ago Tom said he didn't know where George was—now he says it's finished! So Mig, here, told him somethin', and I'm gonna know what it was, if I have to build a 'Pache fire and slow-roast Mig's brains outta his filthy skull!" He stared at the quaking Mexican with ominous frustration.

"I've knowed George Graham for a long time," Cooper went on, "and he's a man to ride the river with. Back in Texas we fought Kiowas and Comanches together, and George saved my hair for me once. And there's something funny around here"—the gunman's malignancy was fleetingly erased by an expression of honest concern—"for I seen George in Globe and he was just leavin' to check on Josie and her brat. But he was comin' right back—we'd cooked us a deal. I hung around in Globe, and when he didn't show up I rode up to his place." Cooper's eyes shot a worried glance at Perkins. "It was burned to the ground, and there's a grave with Josie's name on it: 'Josie *Tewksbury*' was carved on a cross." He nodded as Perkins' eyebrows rose in surprise. "So I doubt George was the one that buried her." Cooper shook his head over this and continued, "The pasture gate was down, the stock gone—and no sign of George. But if he lit out for somewheres, why didn't he let me know? He knows damn well I'd 'a' stood with him, whatever come up." He had been talking to Perkins, but now his gaze swung back to Apocada, and his lean body was taut as a bent spring. "Mig, here, was with George when he rode out to his place. And here's Mig—alone! And Breed Tewksbury fetched Josie's brat home—so he musta been the one that buried her. Now what I'm gonna hear right now"—there was a scraping jingle of spurs as a long stride brought him near the Mexican and his right hand slid to the butt of one revolver—"is what in hell happened and where's George at?"

Apocada's face ran oily beads of sweat, his eyes were paralyzed on Cooper's gun hand and he spoke in a strangled whimper, "*Señor* George—he'sa dead—he'sa burned up in shack ——"

Perkins' breath rasped loudly, his gaze fixed on Cooper, whose bony face became still and whose eyes went blank and then seemed to film over. He was quiet for a moment, and when he spoke his voice was flat. "Gimme another slug, Perk." The storekeeper hurried to comply, and Cooper added, "Fill Mig's."

Cooper sipped at the whisky like a parched and dehydrated man severely controlling his (*Continued on Page 90*)

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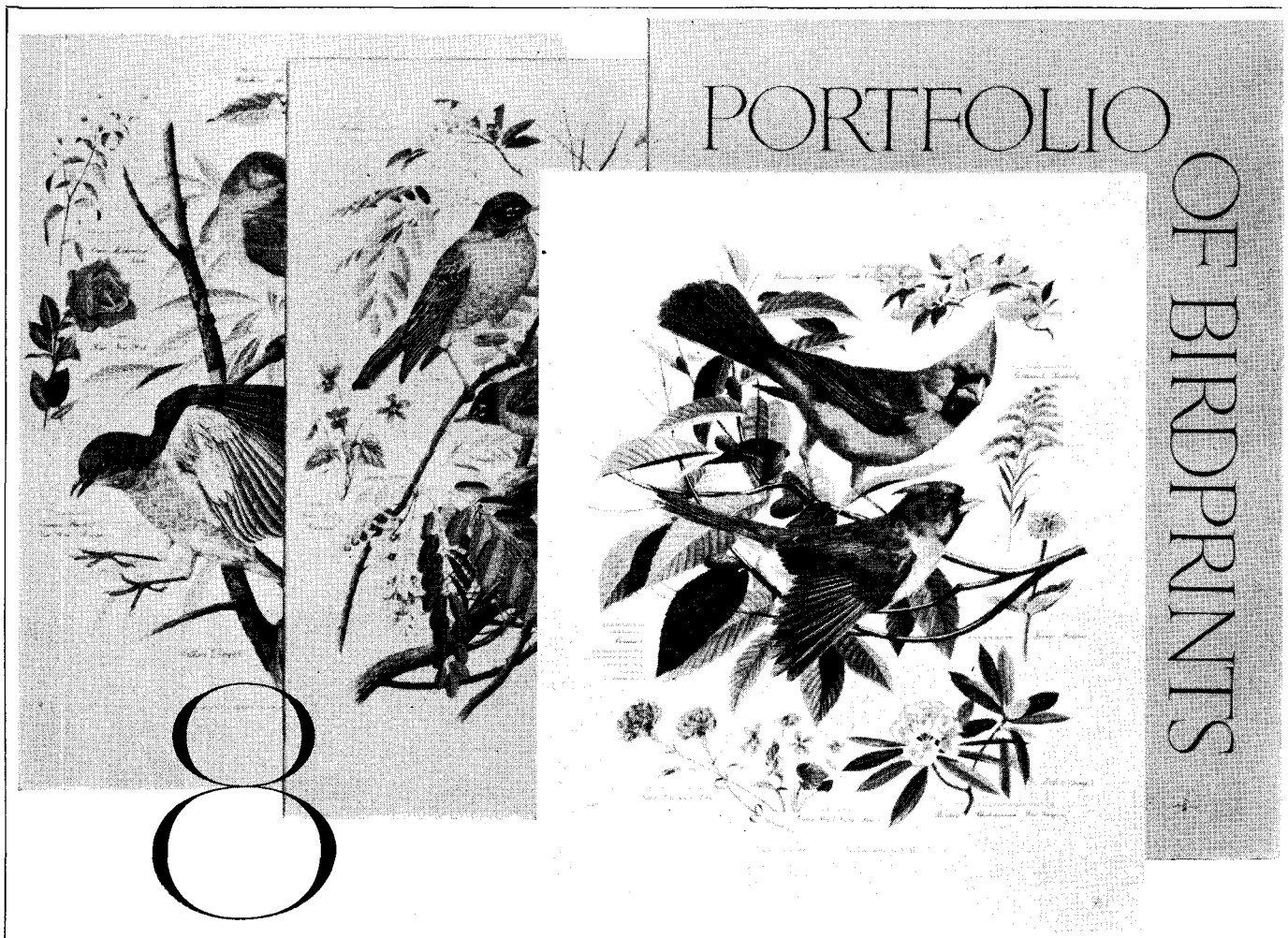

HANDSOMELY COLORED

BIRDPRINTS READY FOR FRAMING

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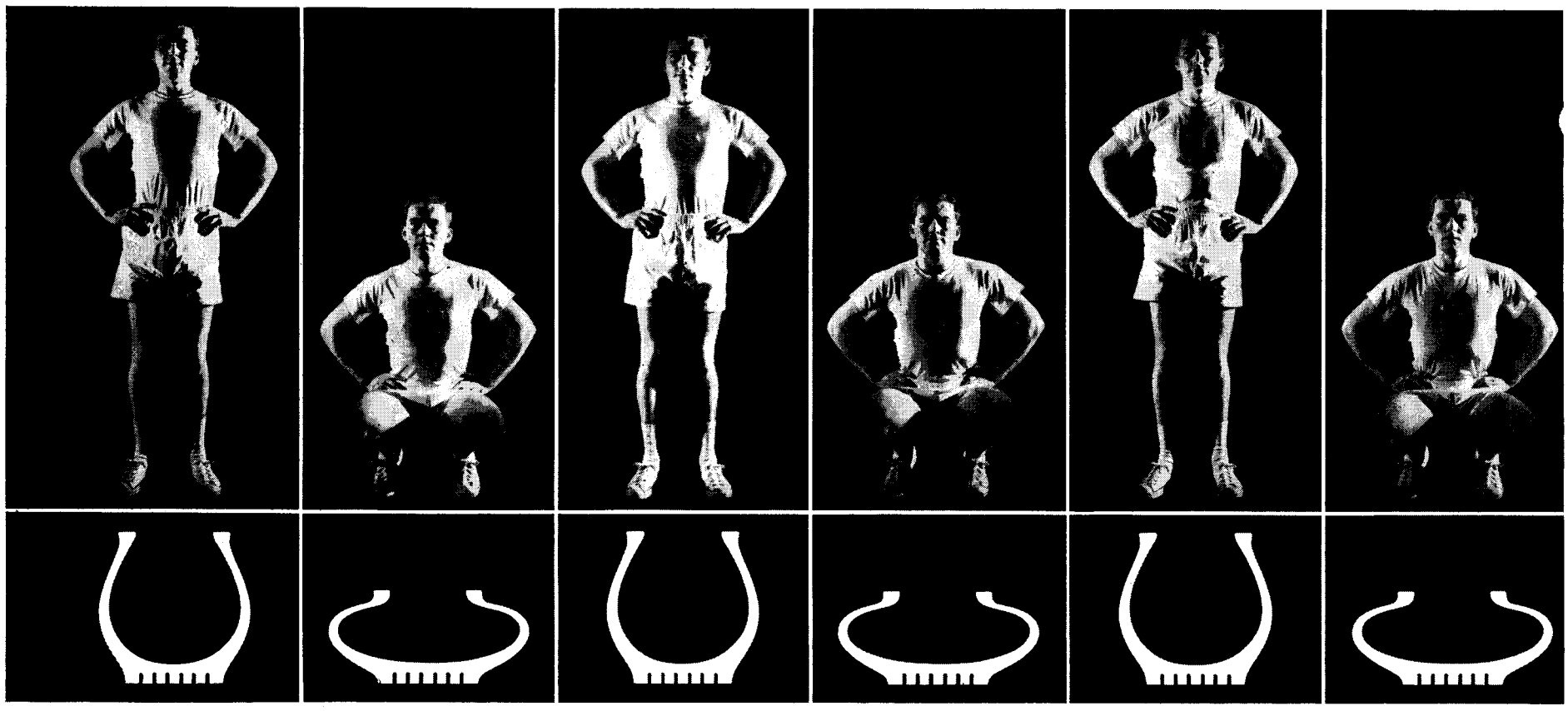

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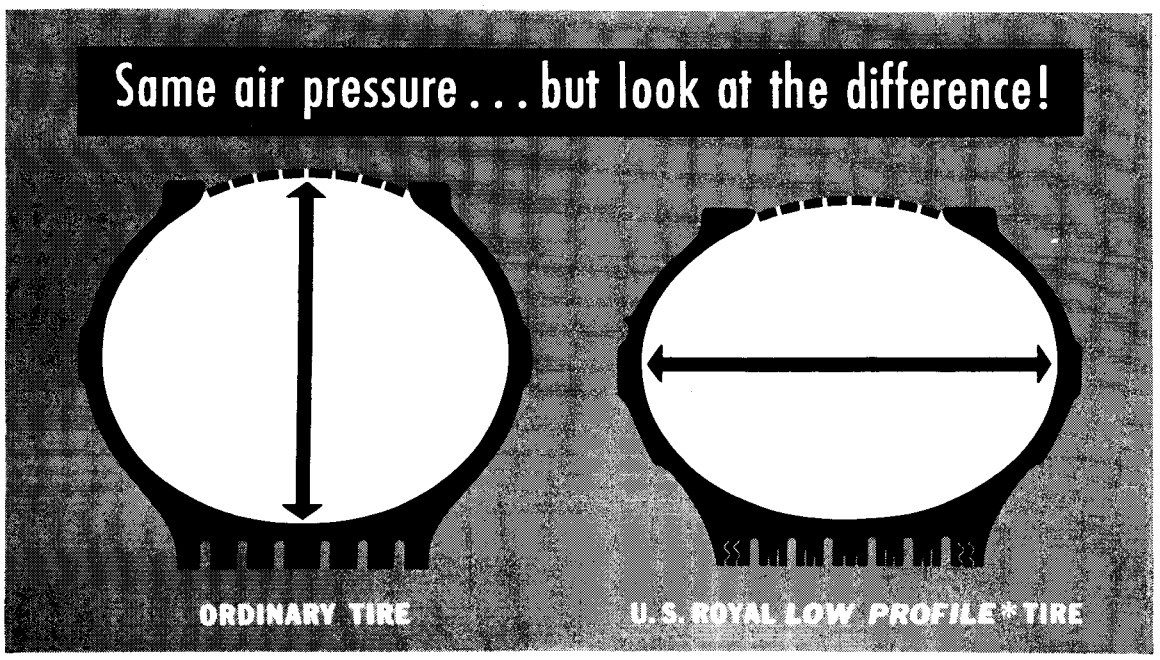

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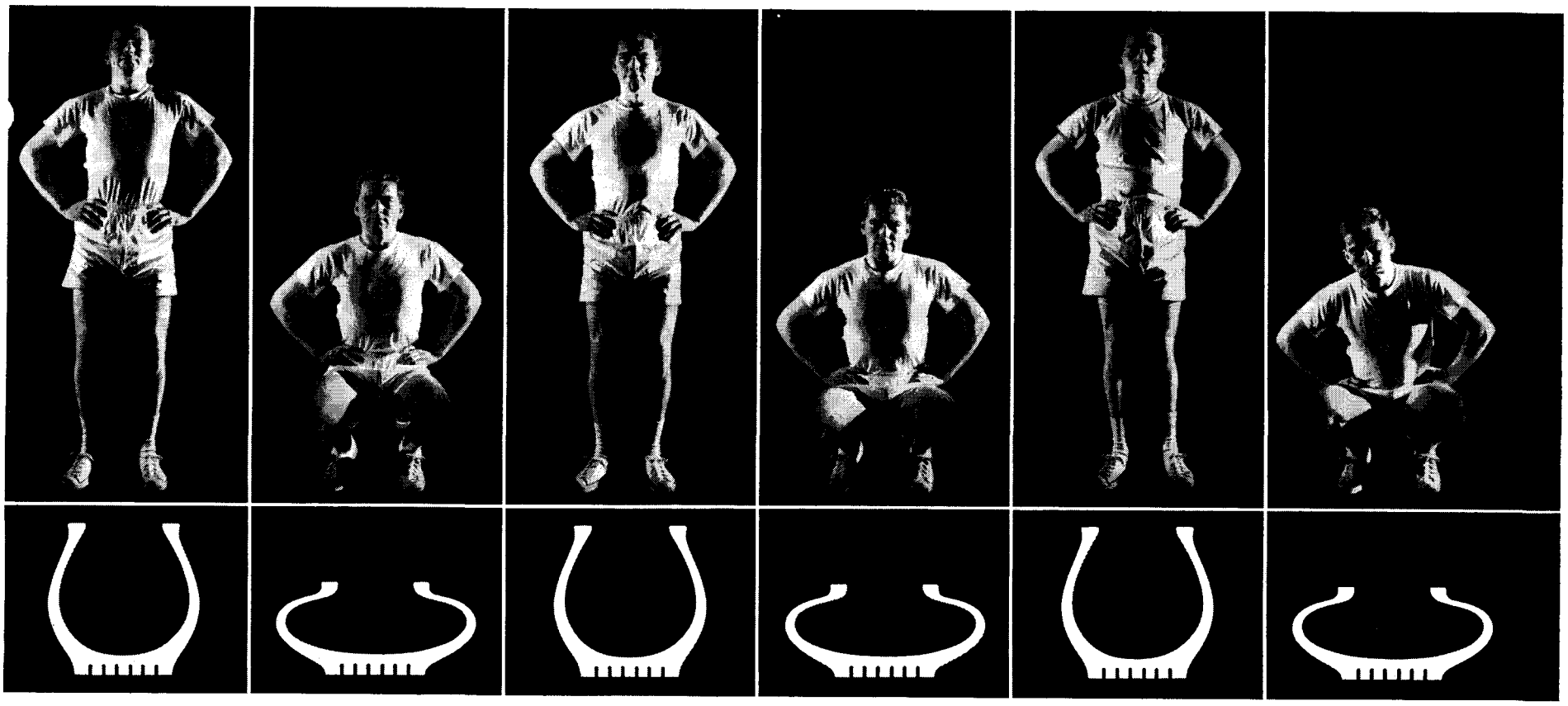

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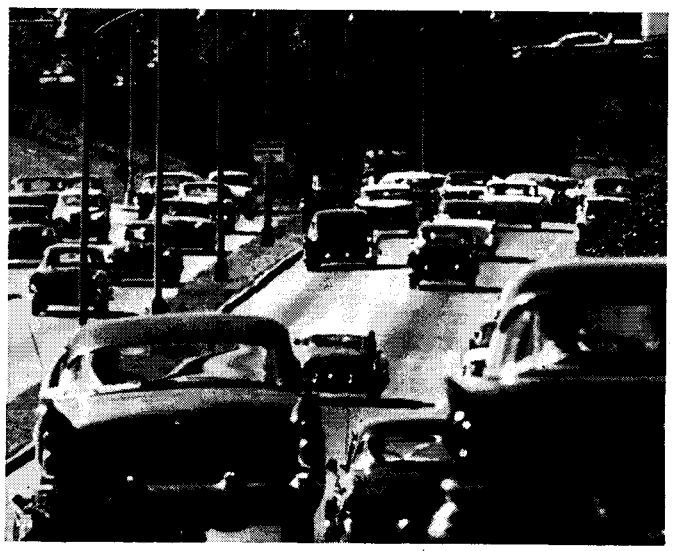

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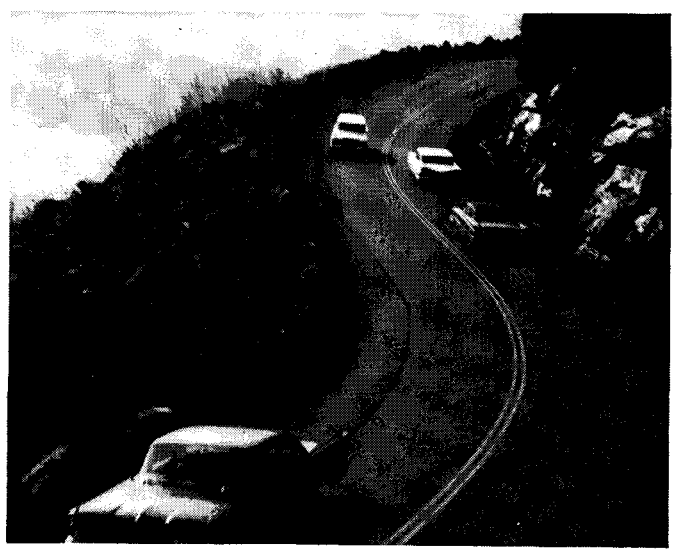

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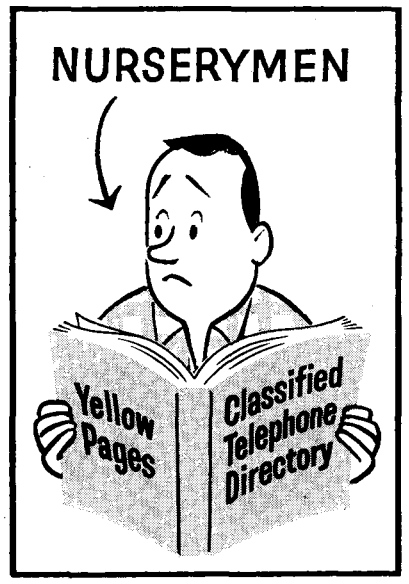

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(*Continued from Page 87*) quenching. Apocada downed his in a noisy series of strangled gulps. Cooper's only sign of agitation was that he gnawed at his mustache at the corner of his mouth, but his voice was calm. "Now, Mig," he said, "I want the rest—and quit frettin'. I'll square you with Tom."

Apocada squirmed. "It is not *Señor* Tom, only—I cannot ——"

Cooper's features set in cold, deadly lines. "The only thing you 'cannot' do, Mig," he warned, "is not spill it!" He looked to see if the Mexican understood. "Now get on with it. Start at the beginnin'—George and you rode out from Globe ——"

"*Si.*" Apocada's voice was hopeless, and he felt the need to hold onto the bar. "*Si*, I ride out from Globe with *Señor* George. It is long trail, very bad, much climb in rocks, last ways very, very bad. My horse, he'sa go lame; *Señor* George, he ride on, I follow, lead horse, go slow. I leave horse by water at foot of last ridge—I am coming up through trees by pasture when I see in front of shack"—he had trouble with his throat, and his breathing was labored—"*Señor* George and *Señor* Breed Tewksbury—they stand there." His voice failed again and panic conveyed itself in his twitching mouth; he was terrified by what he had to reveal.

"Keep talkin'," Cooper prodded; his eyes were narrowed and hard, as gray as lead for bullets.

The Mexican searched for his voice, found only a hoarse whisper. "*Si.* They do not see me—I am back in trees and I stop, watch. *Señor* George, he'sa off hes horse; *Señor* Breed, he'sa stand in doorway—have bucket in hand—he'sa not wear a gun.

"They talk—I am not close, cannot hear what it is they say. Then *Señor* George, he'sa back up a little, go for he'sa gun and he'sa shoot! He'sa hit *Señor* Breed—I see blood on his neck and hand after. But *Señor* Breed, he'sa leap like big cat! Take gun—throw it away! He'sa keel *Señor* George—slow—with hes hands."

As the whispering voice dwindled, Apocada's appalled eyes became drained and vacant, and his listeners leaned toward him to hear the last haunted syllables. "Afterwhile *Señor* Breed, he'sa stand up; put hand to neck and look at blood from there. Bullet graze him only, I theenk. He look long time at blood; he look long time at *Señor* George on ground; then he'sa spit on ground and wipe he'sa hand on pants and he move slow, walk away into shack."

Slack-jawed, the two men stared at the palsied Mexican. "You tellin' me," Cooper whispered, "that Breed Tewksbury wasn't packin' a gun—and jumped George anyway?"

Apocada nodded. "I tell true"—he crossed himself—"*Madre de Dios*," he whimpered, "esa true—and I not want for to tell. If *Señor* Breed know I see and tell—he keel me, like step on bug."

"No"—Cooper's weasel teeth clicked—"he won't, 'cause he ain't gonna live that long hisself!" He brooded sullenly for a moment. "How do you know George was burned in the shack?"

"I watch." Apocada's color was better and he appeared easier in his mind since Cooper's avowed intention. "I go move horse—hide him in draw off trail and I go back, watch. I theenk—when *Señor* Breed leaves—I will wait and follow, far back. I not want," he explained, "to meet up with him. *Señor* Breed bring baby out, put down, then drag *Señor* George in shack. In little while he come out and there is quick—whoosh!" He waved his arms, describing the sudden burst of flame. "He have use coal oil, maybe, burns very fast. It is very dry, not take long, roof falls in soon. Then he ride off. I wait, three, four hour—and I follow, slow. Horse is still lame, I walk."

Cooper laid a coin on the bar to pay for the drinks and strode out. A moment later the two inside heard his horse plunge into a gallop.

Tom Graham was at his corral, forking wild hay over the pole fence for the horses. He turned as he heard the rider approaching, and his pleasant, square-jawed face became sober as he recognized the man. Cooper flung himself from the saddle and dropped the reins; he stood with booted feet slightly spraddled, and his eyes were hard and accusing. Tom seemed undisturbed by his obvious hostility; his voice was unhurried and calm. "Scared it outta Mig, did you, Andy?"

"I don't like it, Tom," Cooper said disagreeably, "you bein' so close-mouthed. I had a right to know—me and George were partners."

"Maybe you did," Tom agreed, "but I figgered you'd get all riled up—just like you are. I was tryin' to keep you from proddin' off and makin' more trouble." He set the tines of the pitchfork in the ground and leaned both relaxed hands on its handle. "The way I figger, Andy, is that George got what he asked for—and I'd likely done the same as Breed, had it been any of my womenfolks."

Cooper's feral mouth snarled his surprise. "Over a half-breed? A squaw?"

Tom's voice did not reflect the anger he felt. "That's what put George where he is," he said, "that way of thinkin'. Speakin' for myself, I say Josie Tewksbury was a nice girl—and too good for George for sure—too good for the way he done her!"

"You can figger what you damn well please!" Cooper's fingers twitched and his eyes were evil. "No dirty half-breed can do in my partner and not answer to me! Breed Tewksbury's snuck off—but I'll bet my last dollar I catch up to him!"

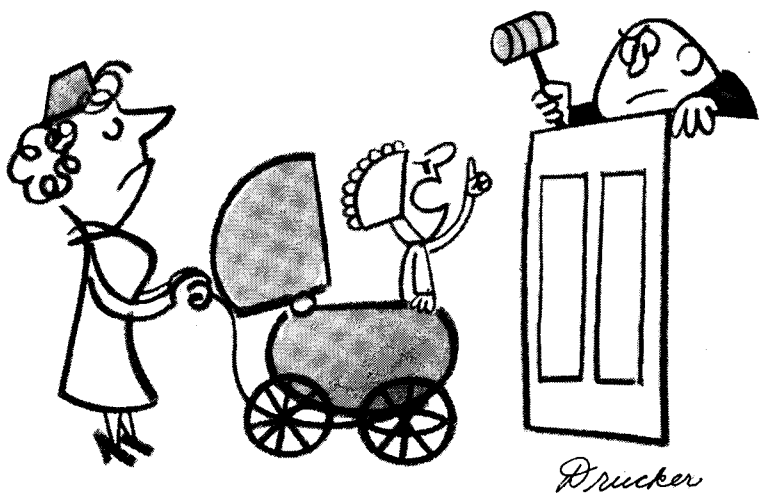
"I think you can find him easy," Tom said, "for Breed ain't snuck off. And if you're a mind to bet"—his voice had sharpened, his emphasis tight and significant—"I'll give you odds, Andy—I'll lay you ten to one—that the day you try cases with Breed, he'll down you!"

Cooper stiffened with shock at what he considered an insult; he was infuriated at the calm man before him. "That why you ain't makin' nothin' of it, Tom?" he sneered. "You afraid Breed's too fast for you maybe?"

Tom Graham did not allow the anger he felt to get the upper hand, for he talked with a purpose. "No, it ain't, Andy," he said. "I got no quarrel with Breed. That's why"—his glance was open but firm—"I say George had it comin'. And Breed taken care of it—and if there was any law in the Tonto or the Superstitions, you know they'd a figgered the same." Cooper snorted his contempt for this, but Graham disregarded it and went on, "Breed ain't as fast on the draw as some I've seen, but he drops what he's aimin' at—he don't miss."

"He'd best get in a little practice then!" Cooper gathered his reins and mounted.

(*Continued on Page 92*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Expectant Lois continued on her job as long as her doctor permitted. Then she quit and applied for disability benefits. No, came the reply, the law excludes disability caused by pregnancy. Lois thereupon sued on grounds that the exclusion was unconstitutional.

"My constitutional rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness include the right to marry and have children," Lois contended. "This financial limitation on my disability benefits because of pregnancy denies me equal rights with other citizens, namely, men, who get paid for all of their disabilities."

"The purpose of unemployment disability," Government counsel replied, "is not to bestow maternity benefits but to aid workers who lose their cash wages on account of illness."

If you were the judge, would you pay Lois?

• •

Lois failed to collect. The court said that the cost of including maternity benefits would impose an unfair burden on the majority of employees—men, and also women who did not become mothers—in favor of a minority consisting of expectant mothers.

Based upon a 1958 California decision.

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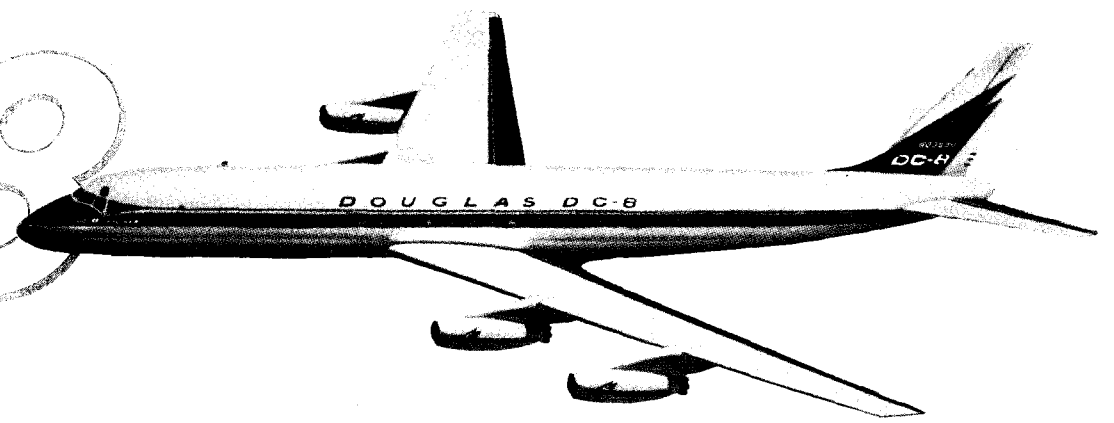

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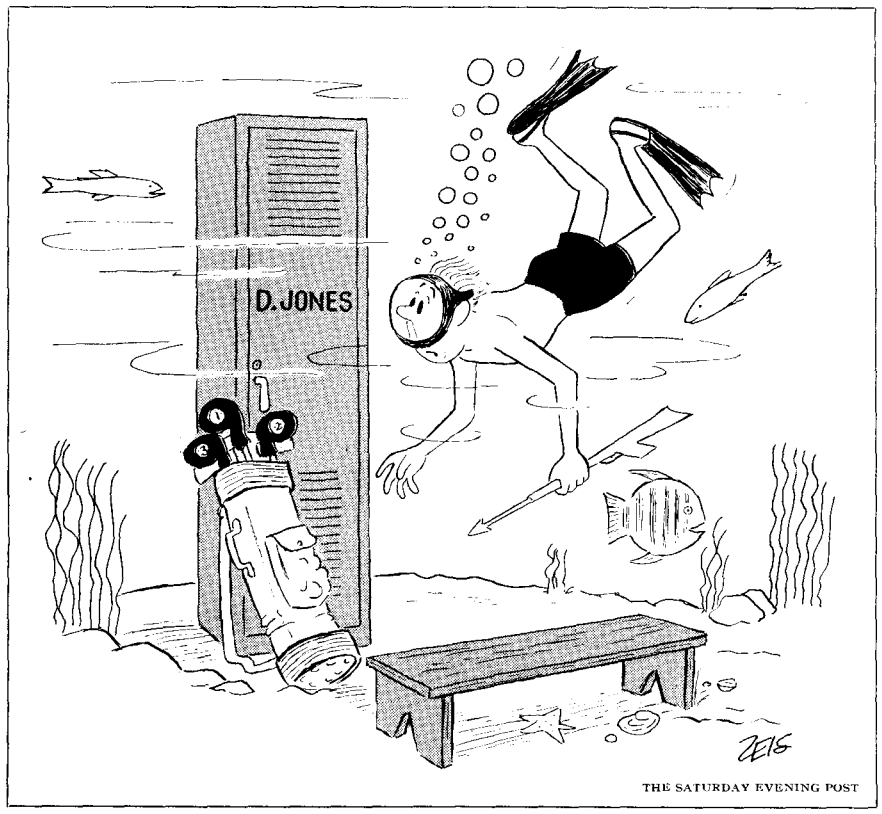
(*Continued from Page 90*) "Hold on, Andy." The calm authority in Tom's voice stopped Cooper, and he turned about.

"You're sore, Andy, and I don't blame you for that—George was your partner. But I want you to take a look at what you're a buyin' for yourself if you go after Breed. Mighty big trouble, Andy. For supposin' you do down Breed, that won't be the end of it. Them wild brothers of his would be on your trail 'fore the smoke clears—and old Jonathan too."

"You think an old coot and a coupla kids would worry me? Hell, they wouldn't amount to no more'n a coupla mosquitoes!"

Tom Graham smiled, but it was a cold smile. "You don't maybe know old Jonathan like I do, Andy," he said, "and this I know for sure: Breed done for George because he got to him first, but Jonathan woulda done it hisself if need be." Tom's eyes were interested in Cooper, calculating the effect of his words. "Don't misjudge the basin folks, Andy, because we're not Texas gunslingers—for in a fracas it ain't always pulled by your rules. And I'd bet on it that if George had downed Breed, instead of the way it was, old Jonathan and his boys woulda took up their rifles and hunted him down—and they wouldn'ta bothered to trade draws when they cornered him. They'd a gunned him down like a mangy wolf! And if you figger to go after Breed, you better figger on Jonathan and the boys right after.

"I know you're fast—greased lightnin' on the draw, Andy," Tom continued after a silence in which Cooper's angry discomfort was noticeable. "But, like I said, I'd give odds that even if you put a bullet in Breed, he'd get you too!" Cooper's thin lips closed over his teeth, his face was still belligerent, but his eyes had become



uncertain. He was unsure because it was the usually close-mouthed Tom Graham who was talking at such length.

"George was no slouch on the draw—you know that, Andy," Tom said. "But Breed got him—and he was unarmed! Breed's a queer one"—the tone was peculiar and thoughtful—"and he ain't ever been one to pick a fight. Fact is, I've seen him walk away from more than one. But when he didn't stand off, he never lost! There was the time him and Gilliland—feller that rode for Stinson—mixed it. Gilliland figgered he was fast—and he was. He got off the first shot and taken Breed's hat off. I seen this myself, Andy. Breed went for his gun, too, but he taken time to aim and he got Gilliland in the leg and then he kicked the gun outa his hand and warned him he'd kill him next time. I guess Gilliland believed it, for he hit the grit. What I'm gettin' at is this: twice now Breed has stood and took lead comin' at him—and still got his man! You wanta make the third, Andy—you go ahead."

Cooper's face was a mottled and furious red. He mounted his horse and sat slouched over the saddle horn, his frustrated, angry stare on the man leaning on the pitchfork.

Tom had a final word. "You think on it, Andy," he said, "for folks are apt to take sides—and a lot of people get all wound up in a fracas 'fore it's done. If the Tewksburys got you, your paw and brothers'd feel they had to take a hand. Hell, Andy, half the Tonto would be bucklin' on their guns. But you listen here—George was my kin and I say he earned what he got! And I'm packin' no grudge." Tom's expression was no longer calm; he was losing his temper, and his blue eyes were flint-hard and vastly unlike their usual temperate gaze. "You'll likely do as you damn well please, Andy," he said. "But I'm warnin' you—if I'm pushed into takin' sides, you'd likely find me ridin' with the Tewksburys!"

Andy Cooper was jarred, shocked out of his brassy composure. His horse sensed his disturbance and began to circle and dance, fighting the bit, trying to rear. Cooper hauled it in unmercifully. He looked down at Tom Graham. "You've spoke your piece," he said in a tone edged with dislike. "Now I'll speak mine, and it won't take nigh as long. All I got to say is, Breed Tewksbury better stay clear of the Tonto if he knows what's good for him!" He loosened the reins and drove in the spurs, his horse plunging sideways and then into a pounding run.

Tom Graham watched him go, wishing now that he'd gone up to Tewksburys and shook Breed's hand before he left and assured the man that, as far as he was concerned, there were no further axes to grind between the Tewksburys and the Grahams.

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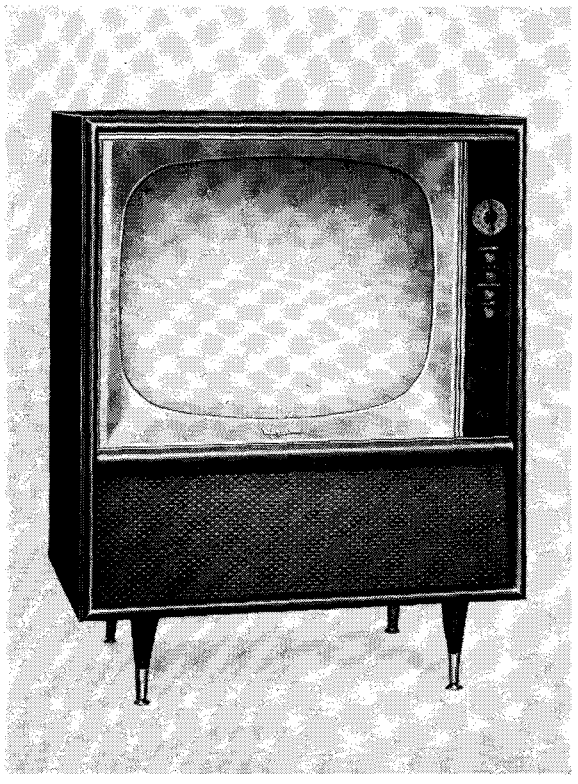

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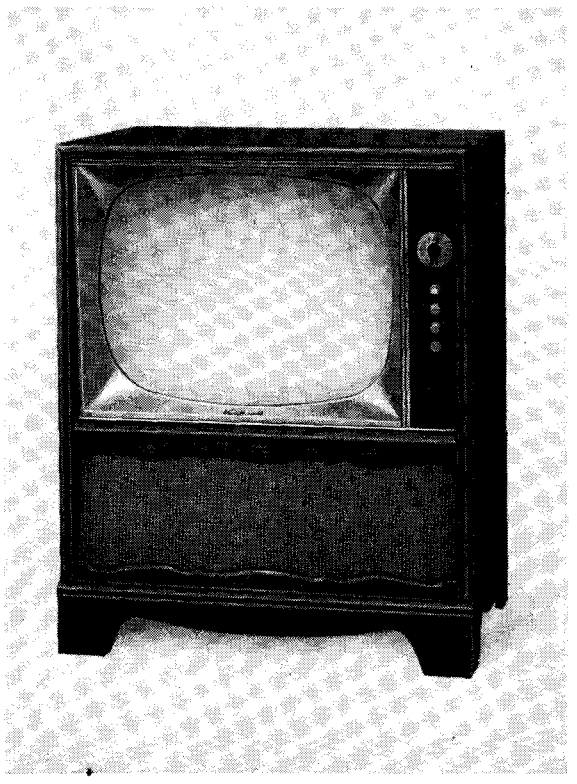

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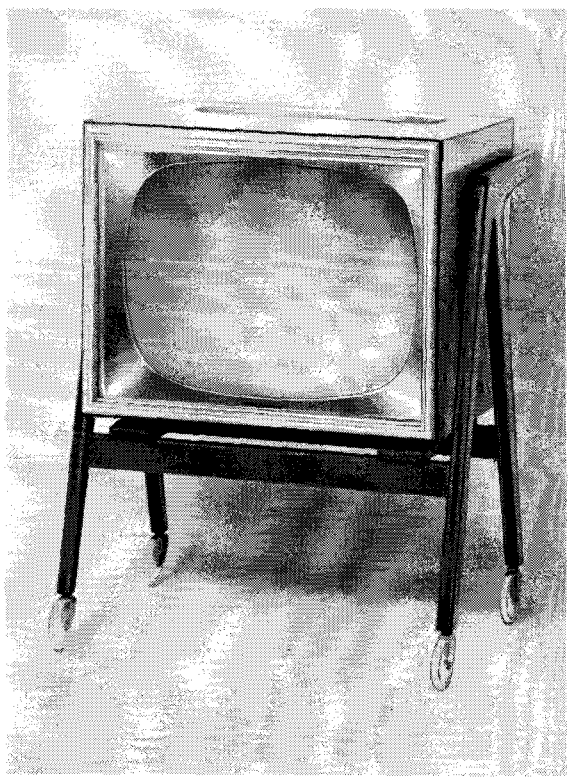

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The Ethics of Public Office

(Continued from Page 46)

sage advice. Penniless in 1660, six years later he reckoned his worth at £6200, though his salary was never more than £350 a year.

Should we then mark down the gentle diarist as a corrupt man? On the contrary, by the standards of his time Pepys was an exemplary public servant. He worked long and hard, and took great pride in the efficient and loyal discharge of his office. The fees he exacted and presents he expected were simply the means that made it possible for him to do his job, for Crown salaries often went unpaid, and in any event were wholly insufficient for a decent livelihood.

Herbert Spencer has vividly traced the social origins of gifts to those in power. Among primitive men the motive was propitiatory. The gifts symbolized submission to placate the tribal gods or chiefs. Their acceptance gave rise to no obligation to the humble donor; rather, it was an act of grace. To this day the propitiatory concept survives for presents to kings, presidents and other chiefs of state. By general custom the President of the United States may accept gifts in a volume and value that would raise a major scandal in the case of any other American public official. But these transactions are depersonalized by the high station of the recipient, which sheds reflected glory on the givers and is above the reproach of venality.

As civilization grows more complex, propitiation develops into tribute and later into taxes. The rudimentary leadership council becomes a governmental administration, with ever-growing financial needs. In time the idea of public service grows more sophisticated, as the evil public consequences of corruption become apparent. Spoiled food in warships and jerry-built weapons in the field threaten national survival. Sentiments of patriotism or royal allegiance emerge and spread. The governmental machinery is still primitive and erratic, but remedial justice and public efficiency are both improving. Official morality enters a transitional stage; in England it lasted nearly four centuries—through the Tudor, Stuart and early Hanoverian eras, and until the middle of the nineteenth century.

In such times bribery is regarded much as speeding or offenses against the liquor laws are today. There is constant and socially tolerated lawbreaking, and only flagrant violators suffer severe consequences. The case of the famous philosopher and jurist, Francis Bacon, is an instructive and vivid illustration. He became Lord Chancellor in 1618, at a time when it was still by no means uncommon for the parties to lawsuits to give presents to judges *after* the decision had been rendered, but gifts *pendente lite* were viewed askance. Whether because of greed, carelessness or a philosopher's inability to grasp the moral difference between gifts before and after a decision, Bacon overtrod the line. Suitors in chancery found his palm easy to tickle. In 1621 the scandal erupted, and in Parliament witness after witness told of gifts of money and valuables running to thousands of pounds.

Soon Bacon was driven to resign his office, and the House of Lords fined him £40,000 and sent him to the Tower. But King James I saw the matter as an "abuse of the times," not a stigma of moral depravity, for he promptly released Bacon from the Tower, remitted the fine and allowed an annual pension of £1200.

If judicial standards are generally higher today, it should not be concluded that ideals of public morality were first enunciated by the Founding Fathers or nurtured on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow. "Ye shall not respect persons in judgment; but ye shall hear the small as well as the great," said Moses, admonishing the judges of Israel that "a gift blindeth the wise and perverteth the words of the righteous." The prophet's law was not enough, for later the Lord, through Micah, denounces the "house of Israel" because "the heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money."

Thus, corruption is an evil which the mere passage of time does not cure. As Spencer puts it, bribery is one of "those many cases in which the survival of a lower state is mistaken for the degradation of a higher." Generally speaking, the ideal of office as a public trust is attained only by highly developed societies in which public service is honorific.

The United States became a nation at a time when the ethical standards of the English-speaking world were very low. With the Restoration Britain had entered upon an era of consummate, shameless corruption that carried over into the Colonial administration and marked and marred American government at its birth. Independence brought little improvement, and our second President, John Adams—a dyspeptic but shrewd observer of the passing scene—was driven to conclude that corruption is a necessary element of government, which can be held together only by "the cohesive power of public plunder." As for representative democracy: "Mixed in one assembly equal laws can never be expected; they will either be made by the numbers to plunder the few who are rich, or by influence to fleece the many who are poor."

Adams' words may seem to mock the exalted spirit of the preamble of the Constitution. However, he did not utter them cynically, and the ensuing century bore out their essential truth. To the great gentlemen of Boston and the Virginia dynasty, politics was a matter of *noblesse oblige*—a last flicker of aristocratic Enlightenment. But the wave of the future was the rolling frontier, and the temper of nineteenth-century America, as of any land of "boundless opportunity," was raucous, amoral and predatory.

Opportunity, by definition, can never be boundless, for then it would be worthless. In the time of Jefferson and Jackson an empire lay at every man's feet, but not all could be emperors. Here was public domain to be had for the asking, but who would get the most and the best? Who would get the invaluable rail, road and river charters and franchises? The land was a great treasure trove, but were these stupendous selections—who and how much—to be made in Washington by salaried clerks and impecunious legislators who had ventured nothing?

That is not the way the riches of this earth distribute themselves. Whether it be the India of Warren Hastings or the West of Leland Stanford, the course of empire is a trail of violence and venality, and if there is less of the latter there will be more of the former. The Washington of Grant's time was a most unlovely spectacle, but peaceful corruption is preferable to the law of fang and claw. Walter Lippmann has observed that, as a substitute for violence, corruption may rightly be regarded as an upward step on the ladder of civilization.

Bribery and violence are the tools of empire building, but empire guarding calls for law and efficiency. While America

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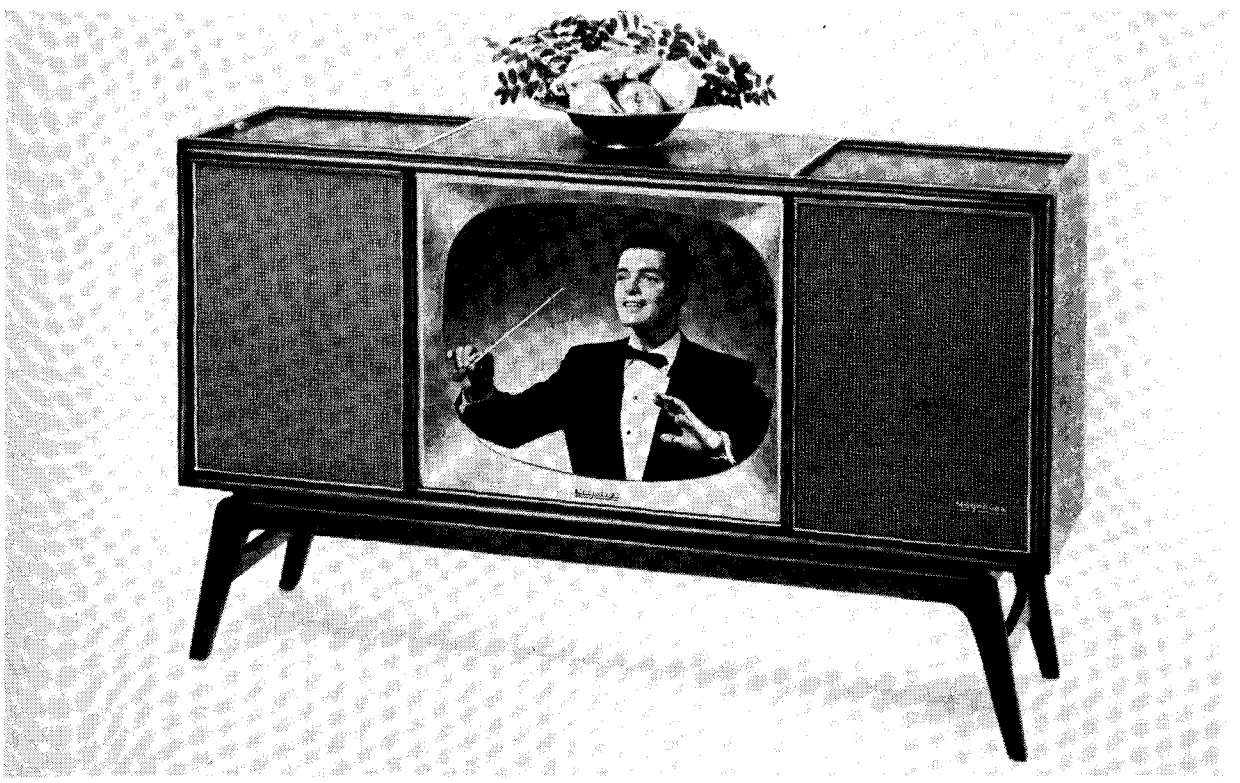

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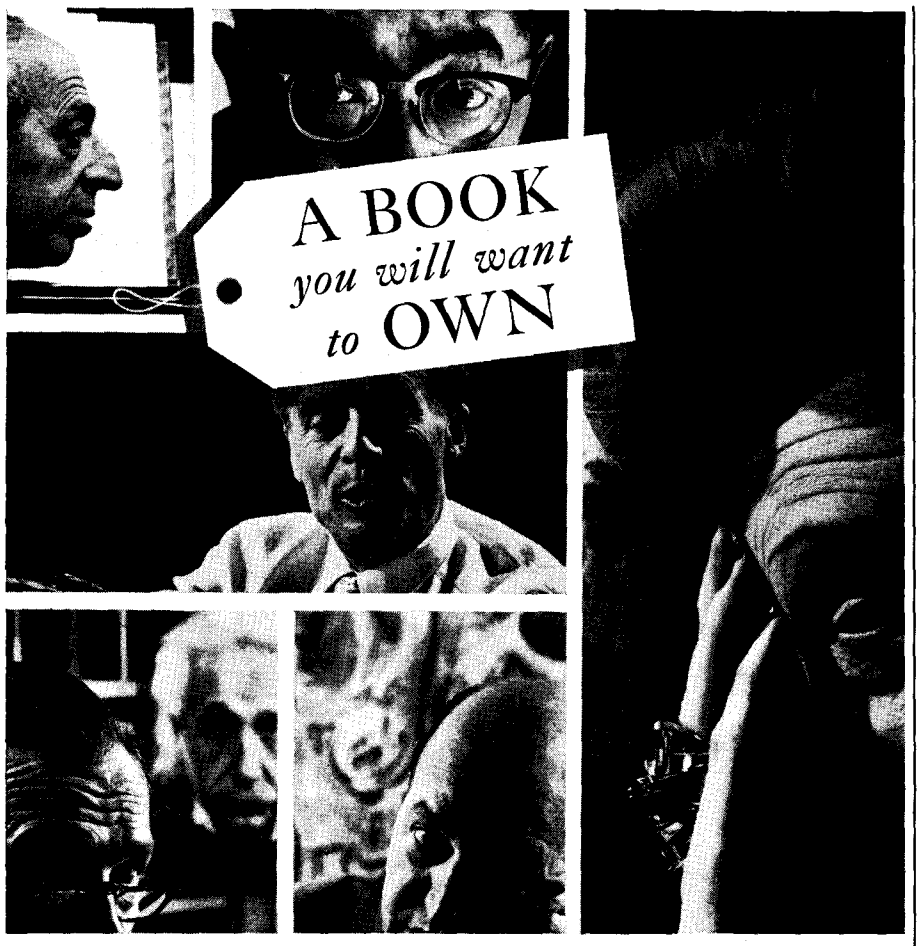

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wallowed in the muck that Lincoln Steffens, Henry Demarest Lloyd, and others were later to rake, in Britain and Germany the concept of public service was reborn. This indicated no singular virtue in the citizenry of those lands, but rather the emergence of a remarkably stable social order in which the laws were made for and by the dominant classes. The German bureaucrat of imperial times might be a petty despot, but he was generally efficient and incorruptible. In Victorian Britain the great civil-service reforms laid the basis for a remarkable and loyal administration of a system of class privilege suffused with national and dynastic ardor.

The United States lagged behind largely because its society remained comparatively unsettled and turbulent. Only toward the end of the century, after the greater part of the public domain had been parceled out and the corporate trusts were established as fortresses of accumulation, did we begin to develop a social order conducive to a higher level of civil administration. The "muckrakers" were the growing pains of civil service, municipal reform, conservation and the new idealism of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson.

The Fall-Doheny-Sinclair oil scandal of the Harding Administration was the last publicly known instance of major bribery in the higher reaches of the Federal Government. In an advanced society, the prevalence of bribery is usually a symptom of basic stresses in the body politic. Often these are the consequences of laws that do not embody general opinion or that offend or threaten a cohesive minority. In extreme circumstances bribery may be a blessing; many Jews owe their escape from Nazi Germany to a clandestine victory of official greed over official antisemitism.

In the United States today it is on the municipal level that bribery and the crasser forms of graft continue to flourish. Their chief source of nourishment is legislation relating to gambling, horse racing, alcohol and prostitution. Our national penchant for sumptuary legislation is a curious compound of evangelism and bigotry. It is also an expensive habit, and these laws relating to personal misbehavior have always invited bribery, racketeering and other attendant evils.

Half a century ago Boss Plunkitt of Tammany Hall wrote of "honest graft," and summarized his autobiography in the wonderfully succinct observation: "I seen my opportunities and I took 'em." Inside knowledge of future official action—the location of a bridge or subway, or the construction of a public building—offers the "opportunities" that Plunkitt and his many imitators exploit.

In terms of economic morality the modern American city is a perennial "frontier," with its mobile population, bridge and road building, public schools and housing, civic centers and other large undertakings. The pecuniary stakes are enormous, and the political machine is the focus of power to distribute the plums. Even if the "Boss" is unusually enlightened, the very nature of the system—based on rewarding political loyalty and seniority—corrupts the civil administration. The judges may be above bribery, but they gain their judgeships by long service to the "organization" and, in the truest sense, the office is itself the bribe.

Graft and the abuses of patronage are not unknown in Washington, but there the key word is "influence." Much of it is strictly spurious—a façade comprising a plush suite of offices with a gallery of autographed photographs, and an important name casually dropped over a cocktail at the Mayflower or Shoreham. By such simple means the naïve businessman is "conned" into paying a fat commission *qua* legal or public-relations fee, in order to enjoy the benefits of a boasted but often nonexistent influence with "the man who really decides these things." The bluff fleeces the victim, but often affects the official decision not at all, and the Government itself is none the worse for it. Nevertheless such episodes are a symptom of the low esteem in which the Federal service is held, for if it were thought to be incorruptible, the "five per centers" would have fewer customers.

The law's reach is necessarily limited, and much of the most dangerous and destructive corruption of our times is entirely legal. The law itself may be used to reap enormous rewards at public expense, as through subsidies or manipulation of the tax structure. Silver was once the favored metal of the wild Western radicals; now oil is the magic mineral of the *nouveau riche* Southwestern magnates. In comparison with special-interest legislation of such dimensions, the little fees and favors of the five per centers are trivial enough. As the old English rhyme has it:

The law locks up both man and woman
Who steals the goose from off the common,
Yet turns the greater felon loose
Who steals the common from the goose.

What, then, are the factors in contemporary American life that continue to depress the ethical standards of public office? Above all else, it is the chronic and prevalent lack of respect for government service, especially in the states and municipalities. The Federal bureau chief or expert may derive great satisfaction from the searching policy problems with which he deals, but the third clerk in the public-buildings department of Zenith City is a drudge and knows it. He may well find exhilaration and his best hope of advancement in his political-clubhouse career and the dispensations of the machine.

Another significant factor is the gap between prevailing standards of disinterestedness of legislators as compared to executive officials. To be sure, this distinction is in part a recognition of real differences. The legislator does not gain his post by competitive examination or professional qualifications. He has to be nominated and elected, and this is an expensive and complicated matter, as Richard Nixon once explained in a memorable television address. From this ordeal the legislator emerges burdened with many obligations and commitments. Nor will his constituents rejoice to see the legislator constantly throw away his vote in losing battles, however deep his convictions. He is expected to get what his backers want. He can do this only by frequent and perhaps distasteful compromises, and the line between compromise and corruption is often shadowy.

Not long ago Sen. Stephen Young of Ohio caused a sensation when he published a list of his investments, and revealed that he had sold some
because of possible conflict
with his congressional duties.
tary of the Senate solemnly de
these doings (*Continued*

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D. O. FLYNN

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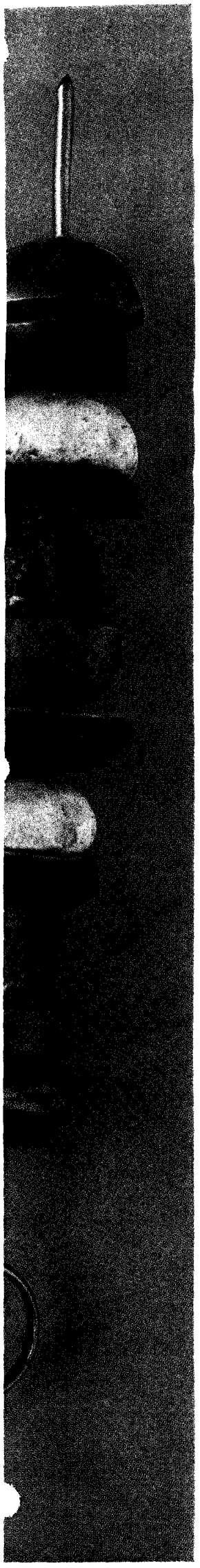

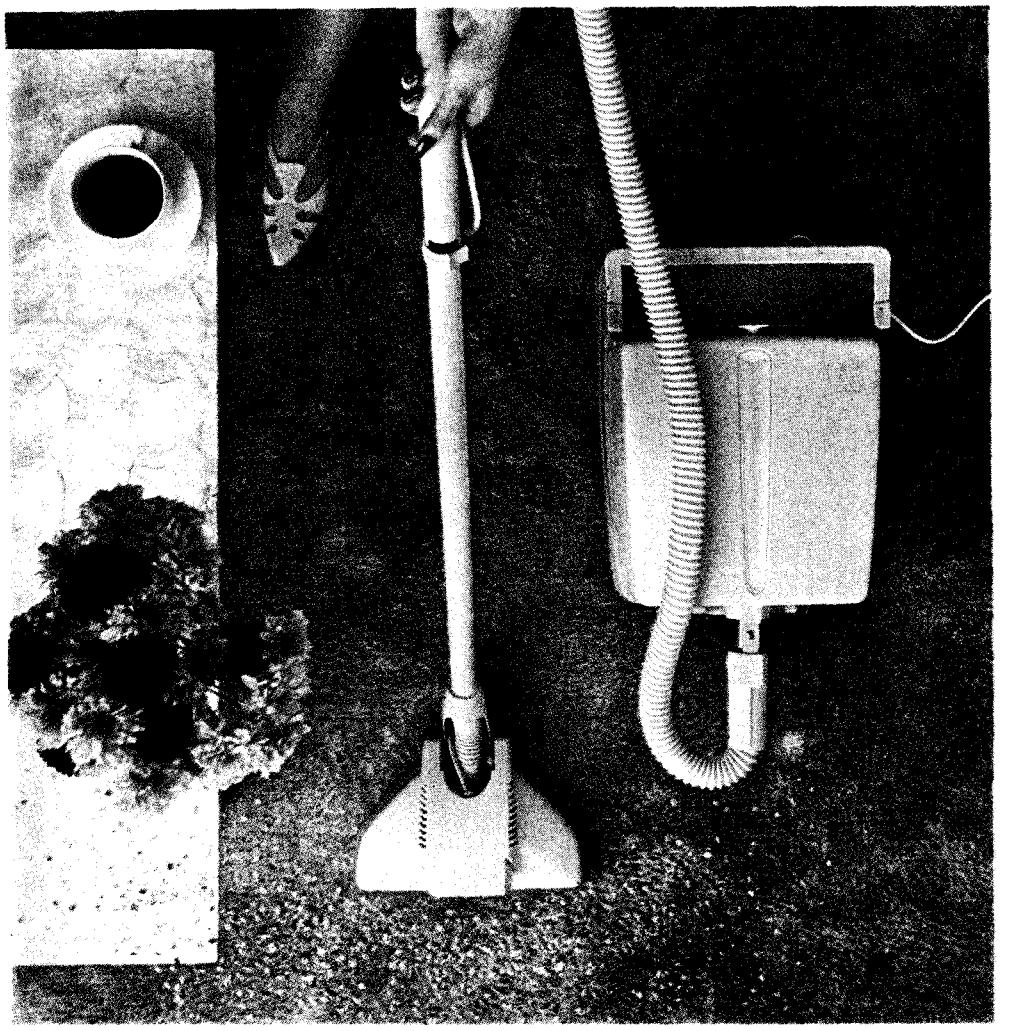

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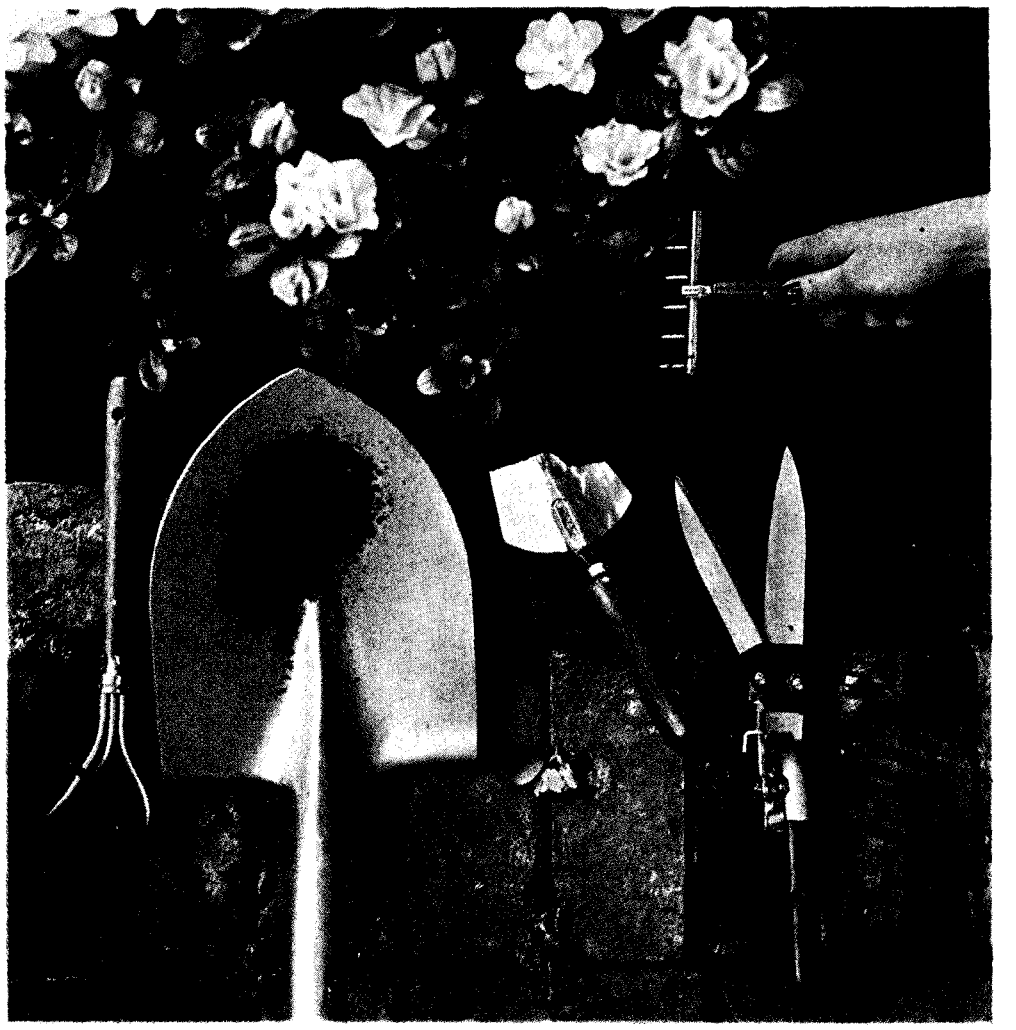

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(*Continued from Page 52*) Looking at the map, each with a pointer in his hand, were a major general and a colonel. They were chiefs of staff, the one to an army, the other to the parachute troops. At their elbows stood half a dozen junior officers, with notebooks and fountain pens in hand, ready to record decisions reached by their superiors.

"You've studied the trend of the ground," said the major general, with a sweep of his pointer.

"Yes," said the colonel doubtfully. Beyond that he would not express his feelings in words, lest he be suspected of a lack of resolution in the shedding of blood—German blood, not that of the enemy, naturally. But the major general was sensitive to the implications of the tone in which the word was uttered.

"What's your available strength as of today?" he demanded.

"Five thousand one hundred and fifty parachute troops," answered the colonel promptly. "Eleven thousand four hundred air-borne troops who have completed training. There's another division, as you know, commencing training."

"Not nearly as many as I should like," commented the major general. Was there a hint of disapproval in his voice?

"What is your information about the enemy's dispositions?" asked the colonel, making a subtle counterattack successfully, as was proved by the length of time the major general took to consider his answer.

"Not too detailed," he answered at length, grudgingly. "It isn't easy to get information from the island. Churchill arrested half our agents last week, and contact with the others is bound to be difficult."

"The navy and the general want us to seize a harbor," said the colonel. "What about these places—Dover, Folkestone?"

"Garrison towns in peacetime, and we believe them to have considerable garrisons now. There would also be large numbers of naval personnel available for defense. And we have heard of a First London Division in the vicinity. But we have all the prewar gun positions plotted—here . . . here . . . here."

The major general's anxious glances took note of the dubious way in which the colonel was pulling at his chin.

"What about these troops?" asked the colonel. "Good? Bad?"

"Churchill boasted of bringing three hundred thousand men back from Dunkirk. But we have every scrap of equipment they took to France. They'll have rifles by now. Perhaps they'll have half their establishment of guns."

"But they'll fight," said the colonel.

"You captured Eben Emael," the general replied. "Can't you capture Dover Castle? Supposing you drop here, and here, on these Western Heights and on Edinburgh Hill, as they seem to be called. From there you could move down and seize the piers and the breakwater. The navy will have its ships alongside as soon as they are cleared and could land troops and armor by noon of the first day."

The colonel hesitated longingly before he shook his head. "Balloon barrages. In any case, we captured Eben Emael in time of peace," he said. "We can't hope for surprise this time. All those buildings will have garrisons and barbed wire. We have to fight our way through, yard by yard, five thousand men against ten thousand. The navy could do nothing until the harbor-defense guns were silenced, and they're the farthest out of reach. The odds are too heavy, general."

The major general nodded reluctant agreement. "The navy won't be pleased to hear about your decision," he said. "Nor will the general. They want a port."

"The Tommies know that as well as we do. They'll be strong there, and they'll be alert. We'll have to find a weak point and take it by surprise."

"Yes," agreed the general.

They stood looking at the map again.

"Now what about turning this flank?" suggested the colonel. "That looks more promising."

The colonel's pointer tapped its way over the map. "Fairlight. Guestling. Udimore. Peasmarsh."

"Houghton Green. Camber," supplemented the general, warming to the scheme. "Then you could isolate these places, Winchelsea, Rye."

"I could clear a landing for the air-borne troops *here*," said the colonel. "Then they can move in on this harbor—Rye Harbor. That might satisfy the navy."

"There must be some landing facilities there."

"There's twenty kilometers of beaches within that perimeter," said the colonel.

He took a crayon from his pocket and with it marked a bold circle on each road radiating out from Rye and Winchelsea and then swept the crayon round in an arc, joining them from sea to sea.

"I wonder what the navy will have to say," mused the general. He stood staring for several more seconds at that black line drawn so boldly on the map.

MUSSOLINI ENTERS THE WAR, said the headline. That was the clearest proof that France was finished as a military factor. Mussolini would never have ventured into the fighting unless he was sure that the war was almost over.

And that was the day that the fat and elderly barge captain put his wheel over and closed the throttle to allow the *Fritz Reuter* to turn into the river port on the lower Rhine. What he saw there as his barge went thump-thumping round the corner caused him to open his mouth with surprise. The port was filled with river boats, more than he had ever seen at one time before in his life. Half the self-propelled barges of Germany—more than half, perhaps—were there, packed in, rank beside rank, and nearly all of them riding high in the water to prove that they were empty. There were friends and acquaintances everywhere, shouting greetings as soon as they recognized him and his barge.

"Well, we might have expected you!"

"You're a long way from home, aren't you, Hans?"

"The *Fritz Reuter*'s here, boys. Now the war can start."

The barge captain who shouted the last remark cut his words off short, with a note of apprehension in the final syllables, and he threw a frightened glance over his shoulder—the sort of glance which Germans had for years been casting behind them after a rash speech.

The remark had been natural enough, all the same. There was a gigantic battle being fought in France, and here was an unprecedented concentration of river shipping. There must be some connection between the two; but it might be as well not to comment on it.

REYNAUD CABINET RESIGNS; MARSHAL PÉTAIN HEADS NEW GOVERNMENT, was the next headline. That meant not merely conquest, but an armistice. The new government would, as far as lay in its power, restrain Frenchmen all over the world from continuing hostilities.

It would simplify to some extent—to a minute extent—the problems confronting the colonel general at the head of the conference table with the air general and the vice admiral on either side of him and the half dozen other officers in descending order of rank farther down the table.

"But you admit," the colonel general was saying to the vice admiral—and those words were proof that accusation was being met by defense—"you admit that the British managed to move three hundred thousand men across the channel three weeks ago."

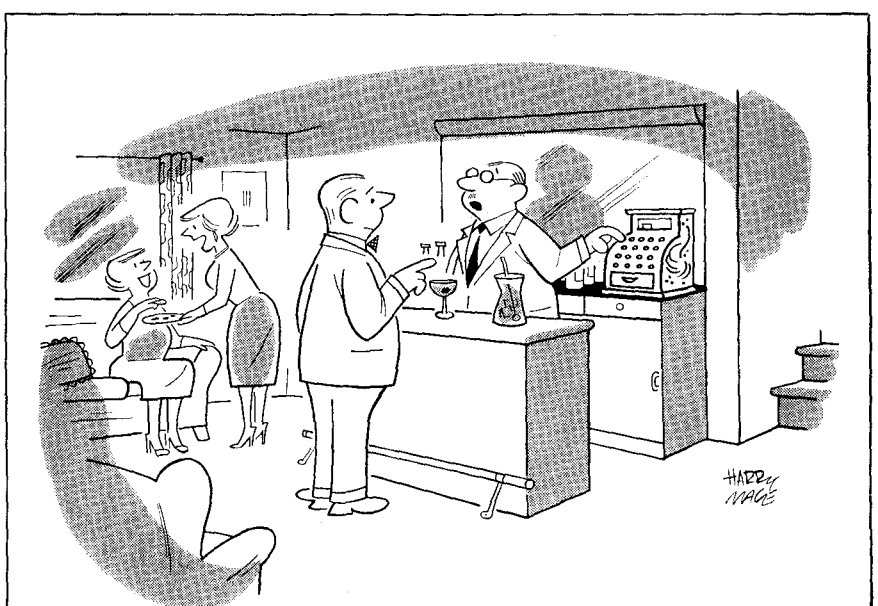
The vice admiral tried not to display impatience. "Three hundred thousand men, sir, but not an ounce of equipment. And may I call the colonel general's attention to the British Admiralty communiqué of June third? In that it is stated that two hundred twenty-two naval vessels took part in the operation and six hundred sixty-five other craft. And I hardly have to remind the colonel general that the operation lasted a week."

"And how many craft have you?"

"I hope to assemble nearly as many. Everything that floats. Every barge, every motorboat, every tug. The internal navigation of the *Reich* is at a standstill. Six weeks from now the consequences will begin to be deplorable."

"Six weeks from now. . . ." The colonel general indulged in a moment's daydreaming before turning his gaze on the intelligence officer down the table. "What have you to report?"

"Our best source of information is the English (*Continued on Page 58*)



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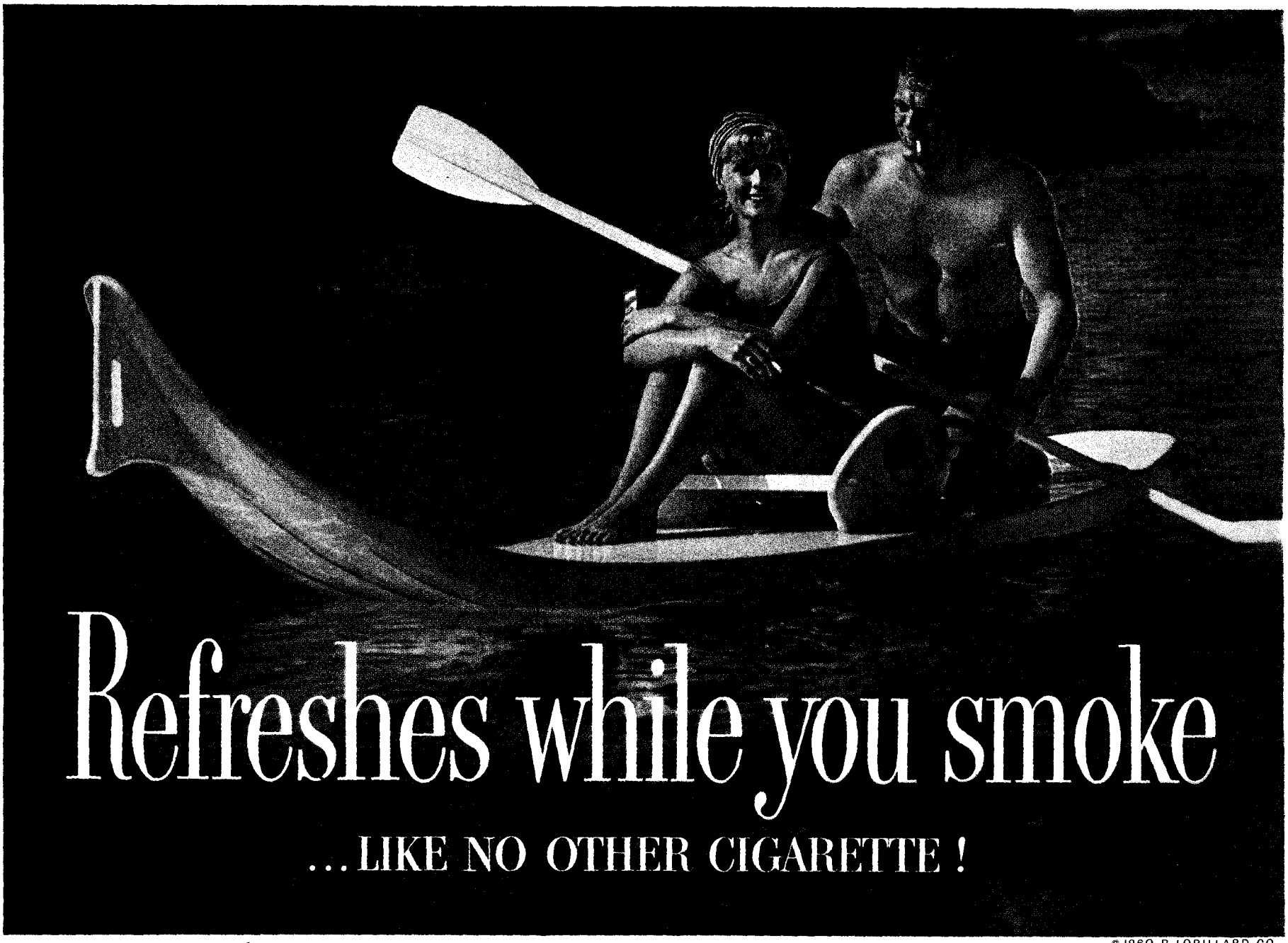

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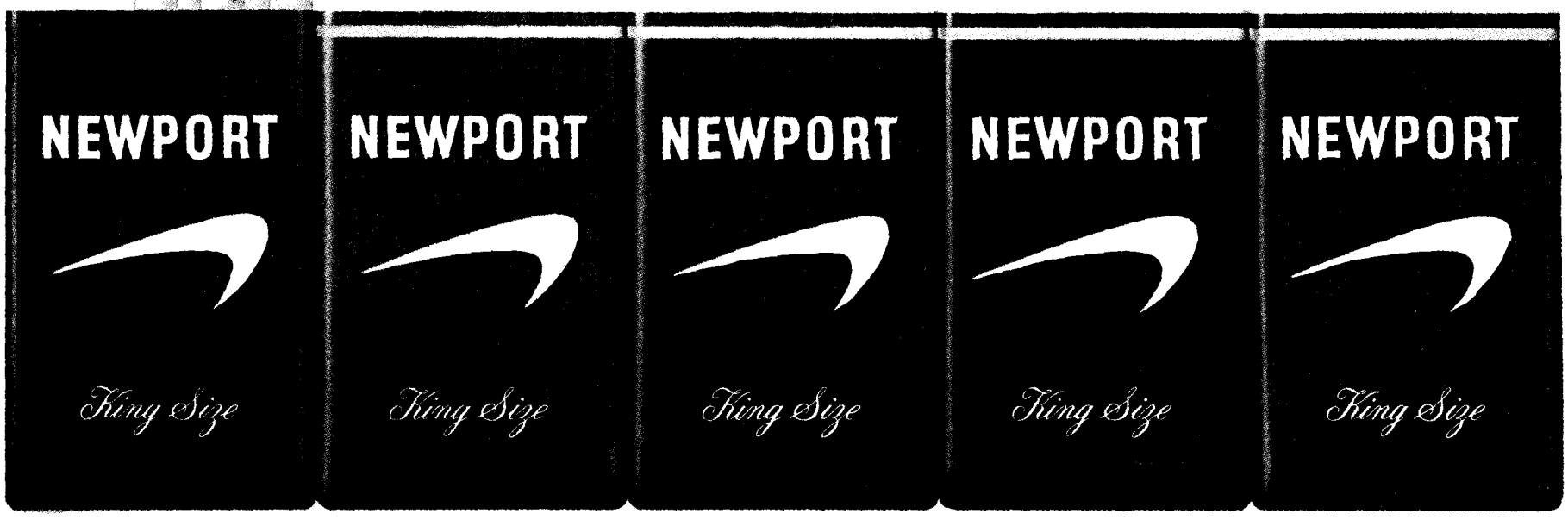

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The Beautiful Beatnik

(Continued from Page 44)

for hot chocolate and said, "Tell the girl we're sorry we disturbed her, tell her there's a seat ——"

There were faint "sh-sh's" from their neighbors. The waiter made a sign that he would do as Laurence asked. He flattened himself between the tables until he reached her. He whispered to her. Nodding slightly, as indifferently as she had left her table, she returned to it, slipped into a chair. She did not greet the two men, nor even look at them. She listened to the music, one entire, dedicated instrument of hearing. At the table for four, now occupied by three, she was alone.

The music was interminable, a taped extemporization by a guitarist and a drummer. The girl faced the loud-speaker as though the musicians were actually on view, and Laurence studied her three-quarter face. She was a dark blonde, natural. Her hair seemed to have been chopped off at varying lengths and it lay over her head and against her cheeks with the simplicity of grass. The lack of style made her seem a very queen of the scarecrows. Her black blouse curved around her neck; unjeweled, she wore nothing which shimmered, sparkled or shone. Not even—he noted—a wedding ring. Her face was white, equally unadorned. A girl ashamed of being pretty and unable to do much about it.

If you burn the candle at both ends, you may not be as bright as you think.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

Laurence had the eye of a designer and he saw her as the very newest thing in girls. Of the hundreds of office workers at Maybray, there was not one who looked like her.

"We didn't mean to inconvenience you," he said softly, leaning toward her. "The waiter should not have asked you to move."

"Wrap it," she said without turning. "Can't you give yourself a chance to listen?"

To subside now would be, he felt, to lose her. "This isn't music," he said more loudly. "It has no discipline and no emotion. It's noise."

At last she turned; her eyes bathed him in scorn. Contact! "Who sent for you?"

The "sh-sh's" began again. Blessedly, the arrangement of sounds coming from the loud-speaker ended. The room seemed to stretch, relax. A couple of ceiling lights came on; the mystic atmosphere was dissipated; there was some normal conversation. The girl picked up her much-traveled coffee mug and prepared to leave again.

Laurence stood up. "Permit me," he said. "May I present Rick Milton? . . . And I'm Laurence Yost." The girl gave him a long stare and he knew what she saw—a tall man with a long head, as clean and well-dressed as he could manage. "And you are Coha," he said.

"Thisbe," she completed it automatically. "Coha Thisbe."

"Miss Thisbe, may we buy you another coffee?"

But she had not decided to stay. Light and little as a bird, her remarkable head supported by a stemlike neck, she seemed about to fly. Then their nearest neighbors rose to leave. In the pushing back of chairs Coha Thisbe was unpoised and fell into her own chair. For the moment Laurence had her. Not even when he had caught a fighting salmon trout had he been so triumphant.

Rick got the message that feelings were astir. Like a decent human being he pulled out. "Me for sleep," he said. "Nice to meet you, Miss Thisbe." He knew he was going off with their only transportation; his pause was to permit Laurence to join him if he wished. Laurence sent the message, a headshake meaning "I'll get home somehow." And Rick went. So they were alone, or at least he was alone with her.

"Let's go," she said at once.

"I'll find a cab on the street," Laurence said. He paid the bill and followed her. The lights dimmed and the music started again—this time a harp and a saw. But blessedly, they were free in the rain.

There were a few cabs on the blurred, shining street all occupied. For a few minutes Coha watched Laurence hail and fail. Then she said indifferently, "Was there some special reason you wanted a cab? Or will my car do?"

He was not a man who let his girl friends go Dutch treat, who accepted their rides. But just now he was stuck. He followed her to a parking lot and sat, as she indicated, in the passenger's seat of a small foreign car, which would have cost him a year's salary. Her dress, her manner and the car were at such variance that he said aloud, "Whose car is this?"

"It's one of my father's."

A clue to her reality. "There's an Otto Thisbe in real estate. I've seen the name

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(*Continued from Page 94*) were "without precedent," and among the senator's colleagues there was much head shaking at such quixotic behavior. Whether in Washington or the state capitals, the prevalent legislative attitude is that a member is by definition public-spirited and disinterested—and anyhow he does not have to be!

Several highly placed officials who have lately come to grief are men whose previous private careers were impeccable, or at least had escaped criticism. Their widely publicized lapses have raised anew the question whether these reflect comparable shortcomings in private business ethics. Benjamin Franklin thought otherwise: "There is no kind of dishonesty into which otherwise good people more easily and frequently fall than that of defrauding the government. . . ." But what are the ethical standards of private business today, and are they suited to the responsibilities of public office?

Private as well as public ethics have enjoyed a face lifting since the turn of the century. The worst abuses of past years—such as adulterated and spoiled foods, sweat shops, industrial and mining death traps, rebates and bucket shops—have been greatly mitigated, largely by governmental sanction rather than spontaneous industrial reform. Nevertheless, private business standards even at their best are shaped by altogether different aims and needs than those of public institutions.

For the morals of the business world are essentially those of private life. The prehistoric cave dweller sought, and the denizen of urban canyons seeks today, comfort and security for himself and his dependents, pursued in combination with friends and confederates, and in competition with others similarly engaged. Family ties and the association of common enterprise give rise to moral values such as trust and loyalty, which exist even in a ferocious state of nature. Social life, even of the stone age, imposes limits on the competitive process in order to prevent race suicide, and these limits are the broader impersonal moral standards such as nonviolence and honesty.

Set as they are in a larger frame of reference, the collective standards limit the more personal ones. The parent manifests a laudable protective loyalty in coaching his child for the school spelling bee, but may not poison the most dangerous competitor. But the social precepts do not eliminate personal ties and obligations or exclude the favoritism that these necessarily imply.

The business world is a wonderfully intricate mixture of personal and impersonal standards. It is shot through with relationships based on special trust and responsibility: guardian and ward, trustee and beneficiary, director and stockholder, lawyer and client. Its workings are affected by rules laid down in the interests of the State, which have greatly multiplied as the economic and technical structure has developed in size and complexity. But these fiduciary obligations and legal limitations are the adjuncts of a process that remains essentially combative. The business world is an arena.

In this arena, men compete in families, firms, gangs and other groups of the most diverse nature. Therefore friendship, nepotism, favor and reciprocity are normal day-to-day ingredients of private business. The very nature of business is such that in its doing, men constantly create opportunities and erect obstacles for other men to exploit or confront. The opportunities are presented to those from whom there is something to be gained or to whom some obligation is owing—or to those who are just liked. The obstacles are placed with converse calculation.

These patterns of conduct that are commonplace in private dealings were once equally characteristic of public affairs. In the days of Bacon and Pepys, there was no such sharp line between the private and the public, and great surprise would have been occasioned if the king's minister had failed to appoint his own son to some lucrative post. Like bribery and graft, these ways persist until the values and ideals of the state are so far developed that public service emerges as something distinct and distinguished—something that men value for itself and imbue with honorific traditions.

In the piping times of 1928 a group of Midwestern industrialists and shippers formed a syndicate to buy stock in the Chicago Great Western Railway. Their plan was to route the freight which they controlled over the Great Western in preference to other railroads and thus cause its stock to rise. The stock-market collapse and depression of the early '30's brought this ingenious scheme to an untimely end, but it is worth recalling today because it beautifully illustrates the basic difference between public and private business ethics. If the transportation clerks in the Federal Government had combined in such enterprise, legal or not, there would have been a great hue and cry. We do not tolerate manipulation of Federal business so as to put money in the pockets of the officials charged with its regulation and distribution.

Therefore, when a businessman of long standing first assumes public office, he must put aside the habits and standards of a lifetime. He has been accustomed to a world in which friends, neighbors, benefactors, customers and clients are favored. Suddenly he enters a new environment in which favoritism is sin.

Such lessons are not easy for everyone, and there is bound to be a number of signal failures when, as today, there is a procession of businessmen and lawyers into and out of Federal office. The inevitable result is such an intermeshing of public and private business that the practices of the latter are carried over into the former; whereas Government officials must be held to different standards. The man who sits behind the big desk in the Pentagon building must not be nice to the old friend who is angling for a defense contract.

Britain has so far escaped the worst of these troubles, despite the welfare state, the disappearance of many caste privileges of Victorian times on which the civil service originally depended, and the dwindling of the white man's burden of empire. Through these sharp shifts and changes the caliber and nonpolitical character of the permanent civil service have been jealously guarded and extended to all but the very top positions, and the traditions and prestige of the service continue to attract many of the ablest young men.

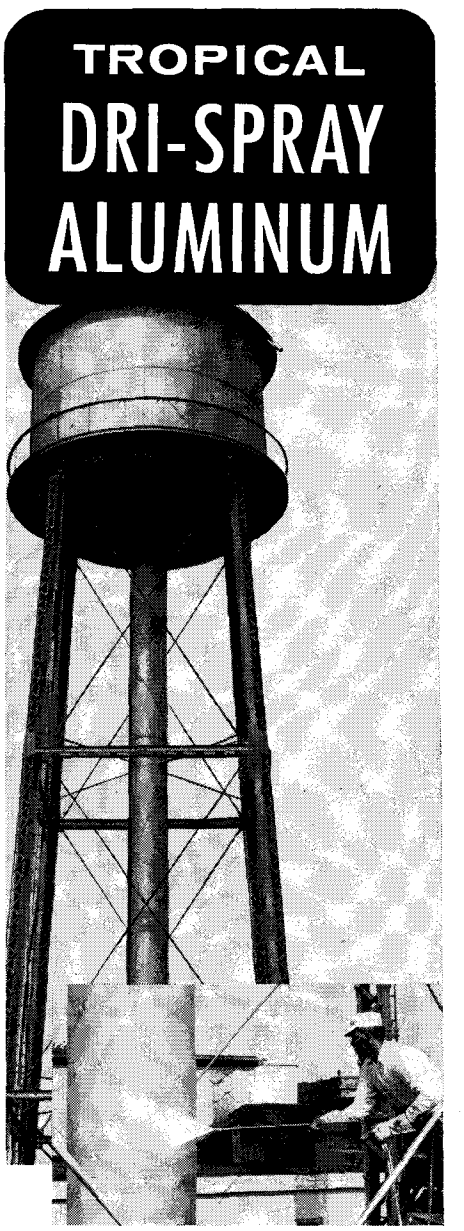
The British example is instructive, but offers no easy cure for our problems. Unless the prospect of a Government career is sufficiently attractive to the cream of the rising generation, there must be other channels of recruitment. In Washington no administration has had faith that the regular civil service can furnish more than a few men of sufficient talent for the higher positions. That is why every major crisis of this century—World War I, the economic depression of the '30's, World War II and Korea—has witnessed a horde of lawyers, economists, scientists, and businessmen streaming into Washington to save the country. Beyond question this occasional and intensive recruitment has greatly improved the level of competence at crucial times and raised the prestige of Federal service. But it has not made that service a career, for most of the emergency recruits stay for only a few years. Nor has it preserved the theoretically nonpolitical character of the civil service.

The troubles of men such as the late Harold Talbott—abruptly let out as Secretary of the Air Force because of indiscretions in Government procurement—are part of the penalty we pay for the irregular, unsystematic way that most high official positions are filled. In contrast to Britain, where the occupants would be experienced career men, free of ties with private interests, in Washington many highly important offices are held by men who had no prior knowledge or understanding of public responsibility. In the case of Sherman Adams, even years of public life as congressman and Governor seems not to have overcome the laxer attitudes of the lumber business, or to have made him sufficiently aware that today Caesar must share his wife's reputation. Small wonder, then, that he and others have stumbled into embarrassments and worse, for lack of a sense of fitness of governmental things.

The constant and rapid turnover of business executives in cabinet and subcabinet positions has another unfortunate consequence, which has only recently become apparent. It ought to be a source of great pride to occupy any of these offices; otherwise they will soon cease to attract outstanding men. But if they continue to be filled by a procession of transient executives—few of whom can spare more than eighteen months from their real careers at Crucible Soap or Genial Foods—these positions will soon lose what prestige remains to them.

"I'd better be going—he's getting restless."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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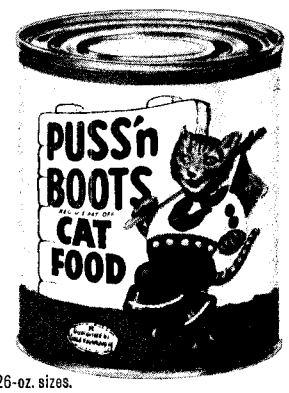
Choose the kitten or cat that appeals to you most—and give it a name that best applies to its appearance or condition. You'll find helpful hints in the captions. For example, say you like the first picture best. The caption explains that Vitamin A in Puss 'n Boots helps give cats extra-bright eyes, so you might think up "Jewel" as the name. In the coupon below you'd write "1" in the space after *Picture No.* and "Jewel" after *Suggested Name.*



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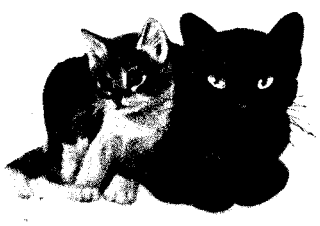

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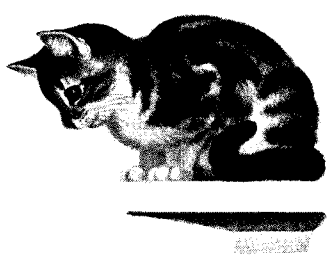

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2. Entries will be judged on basis of originality and aptness of thought by independent contest judges, whose decision will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.
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4. The contest is open to persons living in The United States, except employees of The Quaker Oats Company, its advertising agencies and the contest judging organization, and their families.
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In times such as these there should be no dearth of able men eager for the excitement and satisfaction of discharging difficult and significant public responsibilities. But the protection of corporate pension rights often seems more important to those temporarily occupying even the highest positions, and the President must hunt high and low for a man who is both able and willing to be and remain the Secretary of Defense. When such difficulties are encountered at the top, they are greatly multiplied in the middle and lower reaches of the civil service, to the grave detriment of its quality and integrity.

Disquieting phenomena are likewise observable in contemporary elective politics—trends that have little directly to do with corruption in the old sense of bribery and graft, but that betray a vulgarization of the style, and corrosion of the moral basis, of political activity. Earlier this year the chairman of the Democratic Party of our most populous state announced that he was on the lookout for fresh and promising candidates, whose primary qualification was to be a pleasing personality for television. Appearance rightly counts for something in politics as on the stage, but what about imagination and tough-mindedness, wisdom and experience, distinction of character and utterance?

A layer of slick blandness seems to be enveloping American politics, that bodes no good for rugged individualism. There is much talk of packaging, and too little concern about the contents, if any. The development of the so-called "mass media" should make it possible to electioneer far more economically and rapidly than in the days of the campaign train, but the results have been quite otherwise. There is so much emphasis on the physical presence and handshake that most politicians are condemned to a perpetual treadmill of travel, repetitive exhortations, and manifestations of folksiness. It ought not be necessary for a candidate for high office to demonstrate that his alimentary canal is in working order, and it may be doubted that the articulation of social issues benefits by a mouthful of food, be it blintzes or pizzas.

Politics should not always be solemn, but such juvenilities disfigure what should be a serious process. Yet vulgarity is not the worst quality of which these things are symptoms; indecision and complacency are a far greater danger to us as a nation. Politics is the art of the possible, to be sure. But good politics must make important decisions possible, even when they are painful.

There are, after all, very few matters of large moment that can be determined without harming or benefiting, pleasing or offending, one group or area more than another. If the route of a transcontinental railroad can only be determined by bribing enough Congressmen to get a majority vote, better bribery than an everlasting stalemate and no railroad at all. In another context, Tennyson wrote:

Let your reforms for a moment go . . .
Better a rotten borough or so
Than a rotten city and a fleet in flames.

By now we should be able to spin the wheels of government without the dangerous and degrading lubrication of graft. But they are not spinning with sufficient speed and precision, and the principal reason is the new worship of bland popularity—avoiding unpleasant issues at all costs, offending no one, playing loyally and quietly on "the team" whatever the score and the prospects. This is expediency carried to the verge of abnegation, and reduces politics to a balance of zeros achieved by canceling out everything above the line. As Stimson Bullitt has recently written: "Citizens gain only from a politician who gives them something of himself, who transforms experience as it passes through him, who is not a mirror but a prism."

The consequence is a paralysis of action, reminiscent of the Polish *sejm* of the seventeenth century, in which every decision had to be unanimous. In Congress today perpetuation of the *status quo* is the pervasive tactics, while the most vital and controversial issues—be it the reallocation of the radio spectrum, the redistribution of our military strength between conventional and massive weapons or a program of Federal aid to education—are shelved as too hot for comfort. There is nothing unlawful about such shirking, but it is a debasement of political morality far more dangerous than mere pecuniary graft.

Such flaws in the body politic lie beyond the reach of cure by laws or codes of ethics. In recent months officials of our broadcasting networks have been at pains to explain that radio and television are not only the tools of information and culture but of entertainment also. Of course this is true, as it is of motion pictures, literature and the stage. But the manner of assertion betrays the intended emphasis.

Do we really want to live in a society that depreciates curiosity, a sense of beauty and the desire to achieve? The resolution of this question will most effectively determine our level of political morality. If answered affirmatively, we had best indulge our vicarious pleasures while there still is time, for it will soon run out. And when we lie under the shadow of more vigorous peoples, some few surviving "squares" may take ironic comfort from Demosthenes' barbed address to the Athenians, in the Third Philippic:

The worst feature of the past is our best hope for the future. What, then, is that feature? It is that your affairs go wrong because you neglect every duty, great or small; since, surely, if they were in this plight in spite of your doing all that was required, there would not be even a hope of improvement. But in fact it is your indifference and carelessness that Philip has conquered; your city he has not conquered. Nor have *you* been defeated—no! you have not even made a move.

THE END

... ...

Infernal Revenue

My ship came in! You
think I'm pleased?
I'm not so sure I am,
For it was docked too deftly
By a tug from Uncle Sam.

Hal Chadwick

... ...

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Graham, George A.
Morality in American Politics
Random House
$3.50

Key, Jr., Valdimer O.
Politics, Parties and Pressure Groups
Crowell
$6.00

Wilson, H. Hubert
Congress: Corruption and Compromise
Rinehart
$3.75

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on FOR RENT and FOR SALE signs. Any relative?"

"My father," she said apathetically.

"Where shall we go?" Laurence asked.

"Where do you live? I'll take you home."

"I wasn't asking you to ride me home," he said, offended. "I thought we might stop at a bar."

"I don't drink. I hate lushes," she said.

She indicated that he, Laurence Yost, who could nurse a highball from here to breakfast, was a drunk. "Why did you leave that place with me?" he asked.

The rain was heavier and the wipers beat overtime. "*Roma?* I got you out because you were disturbing the crowd. You don't belong there."

"Why not?"

"Because you're square."

Her tone, her words, dealt him a stunning blow. Coha Thisbe had spoken as though to be "square" made him hopelessly defective, a candidate for the scrap pile. "If I'm square, what are you?"

"You wouldn't know," she said.

"That's a beat place," he said. "You're a beat."

"With my handicaps I do the best I can," she said.

He'd had it. "Head south to a taxi stand," he said, "or an all-night joint so I can phone."

She turned south at once, down a residential street. At each corner they washed through little rivers. The rain drummed on the car's hard top. They sat so low on the seat that it was like riding a raft. "What gives you the right to be beat?" he said.

"Some of us consider beat short for 'beatific.'"

"Now I've heard everything."

Her eyes were level on the half-stream, half-street they traveled. At last she said, "You have a job? All day, every day?"

"A darn good job with lots of future."

"A nine-to-fiver," she said. "Right there in the rat race, sweating to get someplace. Nine-to-fivers never know they *are* someplace. They are alive. Young. Healthy."

"Oh, take it away," said Laurence. Her appeal was potent, but her head was full of trash. "*Beat*—with a father like Otto Thisbe? *Beat*—in ten thousand dollars' worth of car? You annoy me. Never mind the cab stand; drop me at the corner."

At the next corner the curbs had disappeared under dark water. Coha Thisbe stopped the car and turned off the motor. "You think I want my father's car? Or to live in my father's house? I want to go to Venice ——"

"Italy?"

"California. Right down at the beach. Live with the people who know what life is. Be poor. Rent a room or a store and have my own pad. Put a mattress on the floor ——" There was a dream in her voice; she might have been describing a *palazzo*. Then she said flatly, "But my father's all alone. I feel sorry for him."

"That's the first normal thing I've heard you say."

"Why should I feel sorry for him? What's he ever done for me except teach me to live a lie? He says get married and live happy ever after. He's given me four 'mothers.' My father says don't drink—and I'm the one who puts him to bed." She put her head on the steering wheel in grief. "His life doesn't make him happy. And it makes me miserable."

A bus sloshed down the cross street, maybe the last till morning. Laurence ignored it. The waters ran rippling in the headlights, foaming away from the fenders. It was a private island they occupied, and on the island a tense intimacy spired like a jungle plant.

It was time for him to get out. He opened the car door. He'd have to wade. He stuffed his socks in his pocket, slung his shoes over his shoulder. "Hope you get home," he said. "Best wishes for your pad in Venice."

She had been watching him, leaning on the steering wheel like a little girl on a pillow. "Good-by," she said.

Barefoot, his trouser legs carefully turned up, he stepped into the fast, cold water. In the rain he was at once wet all over. He felt a fool, a drowned out boy hiker as he slurped to the curb. He went to the corner, around the corner, without a gesture of farewell.

Above the rain thrum he heard her try to start the car, heard the motor grind pitifully, whine, complain. Now she must be waiting to try again. Again the impotent snarl. It was hopeless.

Laurence turned back. He despised himself—*square again.* So what if it was night and she alone in a stalled car? He waded from the curb, opened the door and fell dripping onto the leather seat beside her.

"The engine's wet, I guess," she said. "It won't start till it's dry."

"We can phone for cabs," Laurence said. Then, "What did you mean—'beat' into beatific? How?"

"Living for things like poetry. Music. Being nonmaterial. Feeling everything. Not trying to be rich or powerful. Hurting no one. Living intensely in the spirit."

"You hurt me—my feelings. Indicating I wasn't good enough to stay in that coffee joint."

Almost to herself she said, "That's what I get for lying."

"About what?"

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My, how things grow with

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He waited She spoke deep in her throat. "The reason I wanted to leave with you was—I felt something for you. I was impatient to be with you."

Without needing to think, he caught at her, pulled her to him. He kissed her. The kiss had poetry in it; music too. It was not nonmaterial.

And every half hour during the wet night they tried the motor, hoping it would not start. It did not.

Between kisses they told each other the short stories of their lives. Laurence's was simple; born, educated; liked his folks, his work, anticipated his future with pleasure. Coha's was more complicated; she did not know what to live for; money and material pleasures were a snare and a delusion, she said. She would exist for art, music, the things of the spirit.

Laurence said that the spirit is housed in flesh which must be fed, clothed and protected. Coha said that too much time, money and attention were placed on the clothing-and-feeding bit, that the spirit died of it.

At dawn the rain stopped. Soon afterward Coha could start the motor. It was an end and, for Laurence himself, a beginning. It is nice to start the day in love.

They had breakfast in a drive-in coffee shop where portions of jelly were sealed under individual plastic domes. Coha was beautiful, he thought, delicate and pale. He, himself, was rumpled, exhausted. But he had work to do and energy to do it with.

Coha laughed when she saw him look at his watch. "Factory time? Every corner a right angle," she said. "Won't you play hooky? No matter what today could mean if we had it together? Even if this day never comes again? You're still going to that job?"

"We'll have days and nights. As many as you'll give me. That's why I need the job."

From the drive-in it was only a few minutes to Maybray. Laurence went around the car to lean in to her. She smiled. He remembered her lips, delicate and warm. "I don't know how I'll get through the time till tonight," he said. "What's your address? I can make it by six-thirty."

"Laurence," she said, not smiling now, "this is it. That's all there is of it."

"Meaning what? You don't want to see me again?"

"It's you who don't want to see me. Right now. Today. All day. You who won't let yourself live."

He spoke slowly, as though spelling it out for her. "I have a job. I have agreed to work and work I must. Every day. And what is more, I like to work."

"Look, you don't really approve of the things I believe in. And as for me, I don't want anything to do with Squaresville." Her lips were pale and lovely. "If you had played hooky this once," she said, "there might have been a chance for us."

"Coha, this is a matter of following—not your ideas—but my own conscience."

"I hope you and your conscience have a ball."

He hung on the car door, a knot of male anger.

"Better peel off." Coha looked at the wire fence surrounding the airplane-parts plant. "They're going to blow the whistle on you any minute."

He unclamped his hands from the car, and she drove away.

An hour later he discovered that his anger had only been a temporary guard against misery. He was lonely as though for a woman he had known and loved forever. He was—O.K.—heartbroken.

Rick noticed his ruined clothes, his stormy face He stopped at Laurence's drafting table "Meet me for coffee? Tell me the story?"

"Rick, I'm not going to take a break. I'm heading home for a few minutes. Take your car?"

"Sure. Free tonight?"

"Free as the air I've been given."

He had been pleased with his apartment. The colors were handsome, brown and white, the furniture newish and not too much of it. He kept the place dusted, the bed made. Every corner a right angle, as Coha had said. A square nest for a square bird.

He went to the phone. The Otto Thisbe Realty Company would not give him Miss Thisbe's home phone. He ransacked the phone books. No Otto Thisbe, no Coha Thisbe. Unlisted. He went up through the phone-company supervisors to the top. Otto Thisbe's phone was Number One restricted information. Mr. Thisbe was careful of his privacy. Not so careful of his daughter.

Laurence thought of Coha coming alone to *Roma Incendit*. A regular, was she? How regularly did she leave there with a man? He wanted to drop dead. He wanted to do anything but change his clothes and return to Maybray. Nevertheless, that is what he did.

That night he wanted to go back to *Roma Incendit*, to go there every night till he saw her again. Disciplined, that is what he did not do.

After the rain the days were sunny. Doggedly Laurence Yost went through them, working hard. He kept his own counsel. To Rick he said only, "It could have been and it wasn't. And no more *espresso*." But he was damaged. He'd known her one night; could he miss her forever? It seemed he could.

One day a few weeks later Coha Thisbe phoned him at Maybray. He had never heard her telephone voice, but he recognized it at once.

She said the usual meaningless "How are you?"

"I don't receive personal calls at the plant," he said, angry again.

"I didn't know how else to reach you."

"My home number is in the book."

"Well, I won't be long. Will you come to dinner with my father and mother and me? Tonight?"

This was the time to say no. To be revenged. "Where and what time?" he asked, taking up a pencil.

"Seven." She told him the way to her house in Beverly Hills.

"I'll be there," he said and then, "Why me? What do you want with me?"

"You're the only one I know—like you."

All day those words drove him crazy. Was it good or bad that she knew no one else like him? And what did she mean, "my father and *mother*"? Which of her four "mothers"?

He wore his best dark suit and a white silk tie. Square as they come, he came to the lighted Beverly Hills house set among big-leaved tropical plants. He rang and was admitted by a houseman in a white coat There (*Continued on Page 104*)

Time and I

Though once I liked to exercise,
This fact I can't escape—
Of late I'm just not fit enough
To keep myself in shape.

Richard Wheeler

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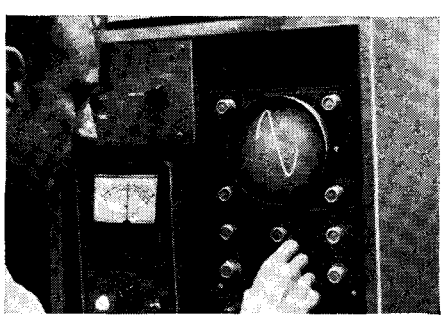

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(*Continued from Page 102*) were marble floors and hidden lights in Otto Thisbe's house, and his daughter wanted a pad in Venice. With a mattress on the floor.

At first, in the small barroom to which he was led, he could see only Coha. Her dinner dress was dark, painfully plain. But the lovely head with the rough-cut hair was as it had been; her neck was slender and childish. She played her favorite role, beauty in disguise.

"Hello, Laurence," she said mildly. She presented him to a Mrs. Wadloe and to her father, Otto Thisbe. Laurence's excitement was so great that he could hardly acknowledge the introductions.

"I hope you like dancing, Mr. Yost," said Mrs. Wadloe. "We're being young and going to the Cocoanut Grove."

Mrs. Wadloe? But surely this was Coha's own birthing mother. A Coha dressed up, twenty years older, Coha with smooth helped-blond hair, Coha in jewels, Coha with a superimposed smile. That was Mrs. Wadloe.

Mr. Thisbe was called to the phone. Mrs. Wadloe said she must be excused to fix her face. Coha led Laurence through a terrace door and into the garden.

He hadn't intended to, but he put his arms around her. She bent and moved and was outside his grasp. "No," she said. "Let me explain about tonight. My mother ——"

"I knew she was your mother."

"Twice-removed. By two divorces since she left my father."

Her father who had been married four times. "Are they—making up?" Even to him it sounded naïve. O.K., *square*.

"Of course not. I just wanted to warn you. My mother and my father fight."

"Even now?"

"Any time. Any place. And in public."

"Then why do they see each other?"

She laughed. She was old and tragic and pathetically young. "For my sake. No matter who they're married to or divorcing, they take me out once a year. Together. They make a normal family for me. They let me see what I've been missing. Every year ——"

"It's your birthday!" Laurence said. "You wanted me? On your birthday."

"You're conventional. Just like them," she said. "Listen well. I asked you because I think you can—cope."

Then Mr. Thisbe appeared and said briskly, "I'm set, youngsters. I'll see if I can round up your mother, Coha. Let's move." He disappeared again, a man of nerves and energy.

So I am to "cope," Laurence thought. *Whatever that means.*

In the black chauffeur-driven station wagon driving the long distance to the Ambassador, Coha was silent, but the adults made talk. They wanted to know where Laurence worked, where he came from. It sounded like real parental exploration of a daughter's beau, but he had the feeling that neither of them really listened to his answers. There was an irritation in the car, a bristling, as though cats of different breeds were caged together.

The Cocoanut Grove is a rare night spot, it looks just the way it ought to. Large and lush, it lies below its own elegant staircase and the dance floor is big enough for dancing. Laurence looked at the roomful of nice people in nice clothes and thought: *This is the kind of place I'd like to take Coha. Alone.*

He asked her to dance.

"I don't dance," she said, "I just listen to music."

But Coha's mother did dance. She curved in close to Laurence; she told him that Coha was fortunate to know such a handsome boy. His nose full of her perfume, Laurence returned her to her chair.

More drinks awaited them. Dinner was going to be late. Laurence wished he had orange juice like Coha—there was nourishment in orange juice.

Mrs. Wadloe discussed her daughter as though she were not there. "Otto, I think you ought to do something about Coha's clothes."

"She wears what she likes," Mr. Thisbe said. "She has her own style."

"Well, it's ridiculous. You never correct her, instruct her ——"

"Maybe that's why she'd rather live with me than you."

"Please," said Coha, almost the first word she'd said.

Mr. Thisbe rose, held out his hand, and Mrs. Wadloe danced away with him. They talked steadily, both faces grim as they moved perfectly to a tango.

"Why don't you call off these birthday celebrations?" Laurence asked Coha.

"You won't believe it," she said, not looking at him, "but I always hope it's going to be—happy. And I guess they keep doing my birthdays because they always hope too."

The parents returned. The silence was grim.

This is what she meant by "coping," Laurence thought as, hating himself for a conventional fool, he asked Mrs. Wadloe to dance again.

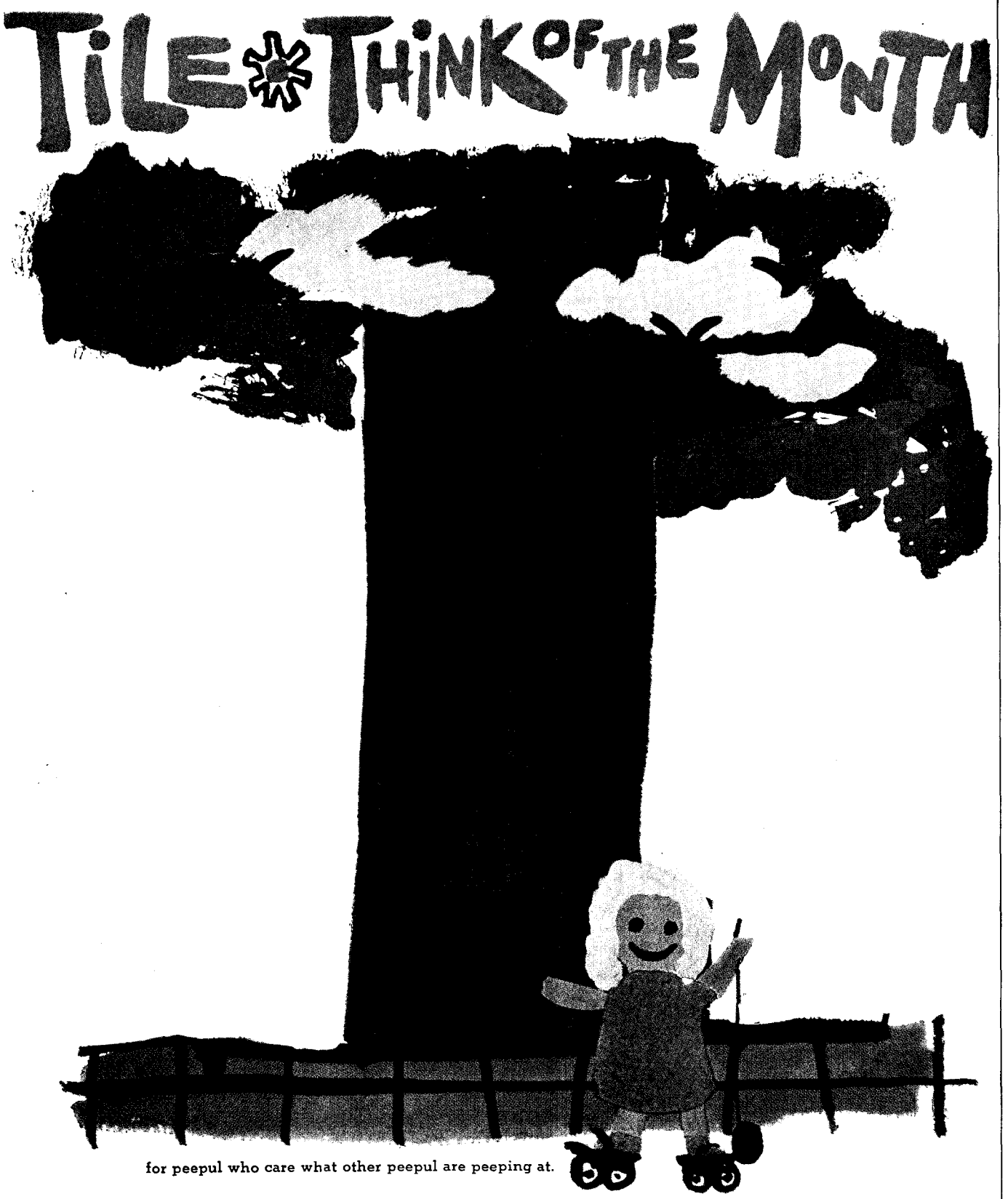
Mrs. Wadloe was now playing the part of a hurt, hurt woman. "You don't know what I've suffered from that man," she said.

Laurence was silent.

Her voice trembled, "I'm so unhappy."

"I couldn't care less," said Laurence.

She heard only what she said, not his response. "He ruined my life. When we met I was only Coha's age ——"



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"But now you're older than that."

She came from the dream in which she was both performer and audience. "What did you say?"

"I say—you are more than eighteen years old."

Mrs. Wadloe released herself and crossed the floor to the powder room. Laurence imagined she would redo her make-up to look eighteen again.

At last shrimp cocktails had been brought. And fresh drinks. The two men sat alone. Mr. Thisbe drank. Laurence, starving, minded his manners, waiting for the ladies' return.

Mr. Thisbe was man to man. Man to nervous man. "Quite a girl, our little Coha, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Laurence briefly. He wanted to think about her, not talk.

"She is only a youngster, but I wouldn't object to her settling down and getting rid of some of her—kid-stuff ideas. Girls marry early these days."

"Uhm." It was as close to not talking as Laurence could get.

"Know anything about real estate? Tell you the truth, I'm tired. If I knew a smart young man I'd train him to take over. Ambitious young man—your type, maybe."

"I don't imagine you'll have to bribe a man to marry your daughter," Laurence said and stood. "Here are the ladies."

Mr. Thisbe looked flattened. *Be charitable*, Laurence thought. *The guy's trying, the only way he knows.*

He helped Coha and her mother into their chairs and without more ado, attacked his shrimps. He was busy eating and he really didn't know how the fight between Mrs. Wadloe and Mr. Thisbe began. By the time he had scraped up the last bit of sauce, war blazed between Coha's parents.

"I despise you!" cried Mrs. Wadloe.

"Nobody can say that to me!" Mr. Thisbe roared. Mrs. Wadloe cried. A living wall of waiters and busboys screened them from the other tables.

"Get them out of here," said Laurence to Coha. She sat quietly, her eyes closed. Perhaps she was still listening to the music which, as at all times of catastrophe, played on valiantly. "Coha! Take them away!"

Coha opened her eyes. She allowed herself to be drawn to her feet. Between Mrs. Wadloe and Mr. Thisbe, Coha began the long, humiliating walk to the exit of the Cocoanut Grove. She turned her head just enough to say softly to Laurence, "Thank you."

"Not at all," he said bitterly. "Just call me anytime you want some coping done." He was alone at the table and he knew what was coming next. It came. The most expensive bill for no dinner that Laurence had ever seen. He paid it. There went the ski weekend he and Rick had planned. There went Coha Thisbe. Overtipping the waiter—there went Laurence Yost, broke. He phoned from a booth in the hotel. Praise be, Rick was in.

It was nearly forty-five minutes before Rick showed up across the big, flat city. Another half hour until they came to the Thisbe house in Beverly Hills. The house was dark, quiet and respectable as a bank. Laurence shook his fist at it and drove away in his car.

Half an hour later he arrived at the new heap of stucco and glass which was the apartment house.

Rick lived on the second floor, and Laurence said good night to him there. "Thank you. Anything I can do for you?"

"You can tell me what happened—tomorrow."

Laurence climbed the next flight to his apartment. In the hall, hanging on the wall, light as down, was Coha.

"What are you doing here?"

"As you said, your number is in the phone book. I looked it up and came."

"What for?"

She had a piece of paper in her hand. "May I come in?"

He opened his door and turned on his lights. This was his tidy, nine-to-five, rat-race apartment.

Anyone who counts the cost nowadays needs an adding machine.

CY N. PEACE

"Sit down," he said. He saw that she had changed to dark slacks and a sweater.

She held out the paper. "I asked my father to sign a blank check. You can fill it in for what it cost at the Grove."

"I'll do that," he said, taking the check. "Did you think I wouldn't? Did you think I'd be a nice, polite creep and say, 'Not at all, my pleasure I'm sure'?"

She sat on one of his snack-bar stools, hands in her lap, defenseless. "So this is where you live?" She looked at the white walls, the brown sofa.

"This is where I live. This is not a pad. This is a home. And I like it."

"I like it too," she said. She looked at him, and he felt it in a sudden slackness of his knees. "I—like you," she said.

He pulled her from the stool and kissed her face as fast and often as he could. Finally he let her go. "You're just rebelling against your parents," he said. "I won't have you rebelling all over me."

"My folks were annoyed with you, too," she said with an odd little smile. "They called you a square."

"The whole family can't be wrong."

"I thought they'd like you. I thought you were the same kind of people. But they can't stand you. You don't know how happy that makes me."

"Your folks were trying to do something for you tonight," he said. "They just don't know how."

She said, "That's all living is? Knowing how? I'm going to learn or bust."

Laurence held her, unresisting, against him. "With your background, the life you've lived, you're just not marriage material," he said. "The guy who gets you is begging for trouble."

"I know it," she said. "That's how it is." She was soft in his arms, light. "But I didn't ask you to marry me."

"No. I asked you," he said. "Didn't you hear me ask you to marry me?" He took her to the brown sofa; he sat and held her on his lap. "You'll be my little girl and I'll bring you up all over again."

She leaned against him drowsily. "Can you? Can I?"

"We're going to give it a try. Starting tomorrow I'll phone you and take you out on regular square dates. You'll dress up and wear girl things. You'll learn how to cook—damn it! people are still eating, even if I've forgotten what it's like; you'll learn about obligations—I'll teach you. And after a while—God give me strength to hold out—we'll be married. We'll work hard, save our money—and live neat. Live orderly and calm, live square forever after."

"I'll buy that," she said. She closed her eyes, fatigued past fighting. He closed his. He felt the slippage, the recovery, the slip back into sleep. They slept. Beat. Beatific.

THE END

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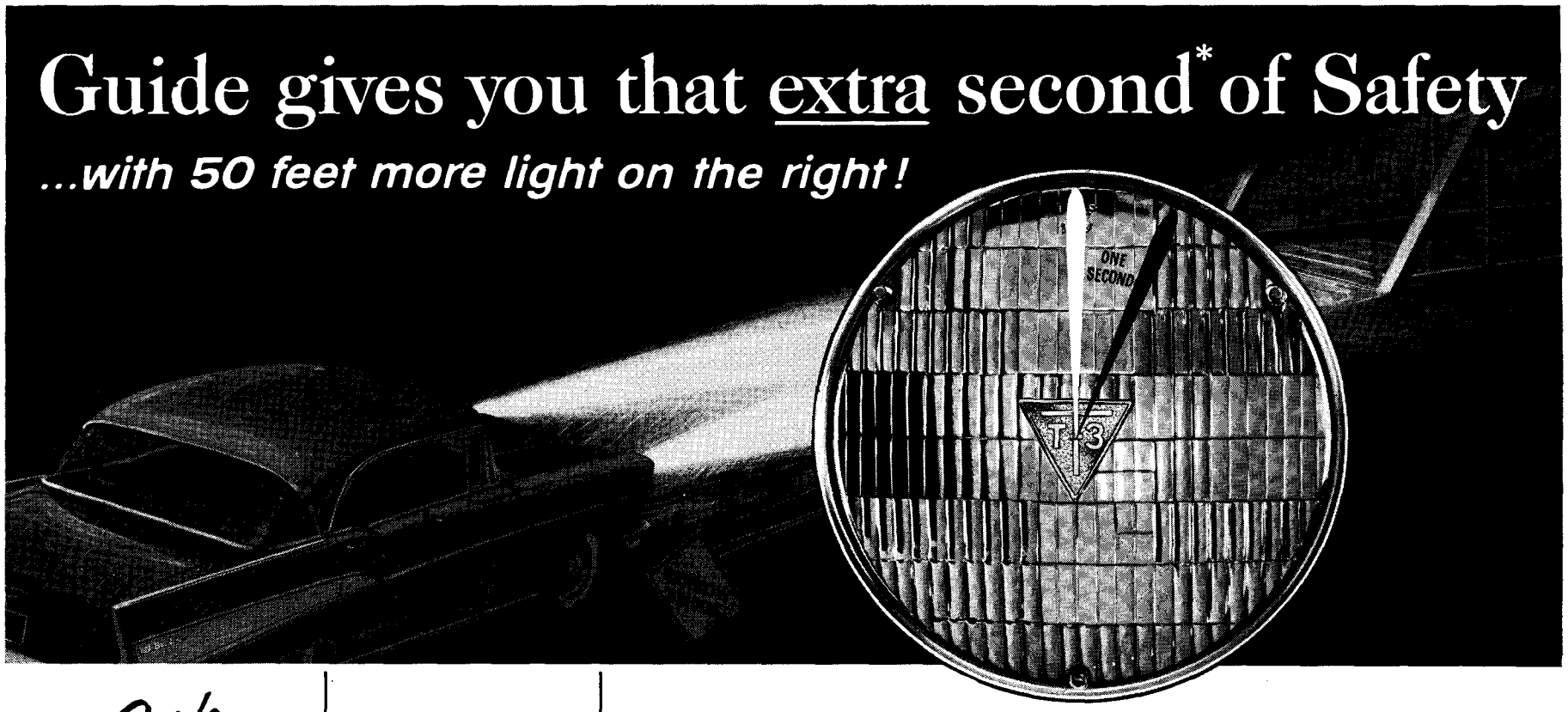

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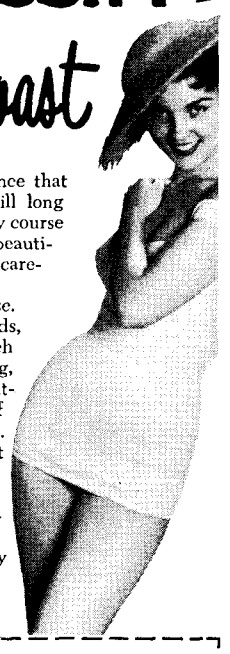

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THE HOSPITALITY STATE

Decision on the Fairway

(Continued from Page 37)

me. Never gets hot, never gets cold. Never gets the breaks."

"Pooh," she said. "You don't play for breaks, remember? You play for accuracy and you're the best golfer of them all. Look at the records, they'll show it; nobody can match you for year after year after year. So what if you've never won first in a few big matches?"

It was like listening to himself talk, hearing a record of something he'd said over and over; and hearing it now, when he was painfully making his mind change, was uncomfortable. He washed his face in the tiny trailer sink, blew the drops of water explosively off his face and said, "Old Cheerleader, that's you. Twenty-four years on the circuits, and what's the most we've won? I ask you."

"Eighteen thousand," she said. "Twelve years ago."

"And since then?"

She shrugged. "The competition's getting tougher, that's all. More and more people are playing, so there's bound to be more good ones. But your game hasn't changed; the records show that."

"Records, schmecords," he said, hanging up the towel. He walked to her, grabbing her shoulders and squeezing them while he kissed her on the cheek. "Anyway, one thing I've decided. After this match you don't get up to get my breakfast. I'll get a bite myself and sneak out, and you sleep. You work twelve hours a day in those restaurants, on your feet all day, and then you get up two hours earlier than you have to, just to get me out." He sat down and began eating. "I don't see how you stand it anyway on your feet so much. I couldn't, especially these last few years. Every day, six days a week. Just to support me."

"Stop it," she said, sitting down suddenly. "I don't support you. You've always made more than I have, almost every year, and sometimes lots more." She relaxed her face and smiled at him. "Anyway, I don't mind. I'm made of iron, remember? You've said so often enough."

"Yeah," he said, shaking his head and thinking about his legs. "You sure are. I sure wish I was."

Twenty minutes later Walt, a small tight man whose face and hands and half-bald head were cured by the sun and the wind to a deep and permanent potato brown, was standing on the tee of the seventh hole, practicing. The fairway of this par-four hole went straight out between the trees and then bent back on itself to a small green, not visible from the tee. Walt was working—had been working every morning for a week—to shoot over the trees with his three iron and drop the ball on the green for a birdie—to save a stroke that could be the difference between fifty thousand dollars and the Crawford Cup, and second place. He was practicing to cut to zero the risk of what for anyone else would be a wild shot. And all the time he thought about his legs—his tired, tiring legs.

He set another ball on the tee, straightened and swung, each part of his body swinging around some imaginary axis, the clubhead going back along an imaginary curve he had plotted in his head. Then it came down, smoothly picking up speed, to the point where his wrists snapped the club around so quickly that even on the high-speed photographs Ruth once took of him, the motion of the head was an irreducible blur. He hit the ball and went on, turning until he ended with the shaft across his shoulder, his feet twisted, his body relaxed and almost falling down, limp like a straw man until he stepped back.

This year, he thought, *this year has to be it.* The tee was lying point up on the grass, broken in the middle as it should be. He turned his head up just in time to see the ball drop, from the peak of its rise above the trees, out of sight. Then he held his breath until he heard his caddie, standing under the trees near the green, shouting, "You're on!"

The caddie sounded chilly, Walt thought, and sleepy and bored now that Walt was hitting the green almost every time. But he knew all about sleepy, bored caddies—all the way back for years to one skinny young caddie named Walt Smallens, eagerly pocketing lost balls and hitting them, in his spare time, with a split and mended iron somebody in a temper had wrapped around a tree and tossed away. Walt had won the caddies' tournament when he was fourteen, won the county amateur at sixteen, turned pro

... ...

Water Song

By Louis J. Sanker

After the rain the love
songs soar,
Washed as clean as the
sycamore.
The robin pours a bubbling
tide
Of bright endearment for
his bride;
Meadow larks survey the
sky,
Then hang out dripping
songs to dry;
While up and down a lyric
hill,
Wood-thrush waters brim
and spill.
God speed the gallantry of
feather,
When dreams and
drenching go together!

... ...

at eighteen and married Ruth, whom he'd met at a tournament, the next year. And here he was, still at it, he thought. Old Second-place Smallens, the golfer's golfer, who'd won all the tournaments but the big ones, whose legs were wearing out.

He could stop playing, of course, and take a year's vacation, hoping his legs would come back. But from all he knew of golfers, they wouldn't. Once the legs begin to go, that's it; and a layoff might even make them worse. Besides, there was this control of his, the edge of that peak he was sure he was now on. It was an extremely fine thing, like a violinist's technique or a brain surgeon's skill. Between the golf he was playing now and the golf he knew he could play was only a matter of two or three strokes. He'd been working toward that peak for twenty years or more and he'd figured that in three or four more years, playing his old way, he'd make it. But he'd figured wrong, figured without his legs giving out on him; so now everything was different.

For twenty-four years of playing he'd always prided himself on putting his shots where he wanted them, within a few feet. Now he'd discovered that by hitting harder, to make up for the lost snap in the muscles of his legs, he could get another fifteen or twenty yards, which meant he could play his second shot with a shorter iron, come in closer to the pin. But the extra push, the final surge of power threw his old swing out, blew his fine control away; so that he was never sure which way the ball would go. If there was a trap there or some trees—things which never would have bothered him before—he might wind up in them and lose the stroke he was taking such a chance to save. For Walt it was a new game, a crazy kind of golf he didn't like.

In spite of everything he'd ever believed in and lived for—playing golf accurately, with skill and science and taking out all the risk, like with this shot over the trees to the seventh green—this other idea, about winning one big one, got into his head. He'd made up his mind that in this last big tournament—and he knew this would be his last full year—this was the kind of golf he was going to play—risky, hitting hard, hoping for the breaks.

He hit a few more balls as the caddie yelled, "On," after each of them and then quit, sending his clubs back to the clubhouse and cautioning the caddie to be on time in the morning. He slept most of the day, sat talking with Ruth in the evening in the trailer, drank a cup of hot milk and two shots of rum and went to bed at ten o'clock. He fell asleep immediately, as he always did, and woke up at seven without needing an alarm clock. Ruth was already at work in the restaurant, and so he made his own breakfast, eating a little more than he usually did. He was calm all through his body. He had worked all this out so carefully years before, this routine before the start of a tournament so that he never felt, couldn't remember feeling, any nervousness at all.

The round was the qualifying round of the Crawford Open, the biggest cash prize of the year, and all the entrants but the top half dozen had to shoot under eighty to be eligible for the tournament. Some years ago Walt had been one of the few who hadn't had to qualify, he'd been so close to the top, but he didn't mind playing the extra round. Honors like that didn't mean anything to him; and now, with the new risks in his game, he was glad of an extra chance to practice. The others were avoiding tension and saving their best for the actual competition, and Walt was almost the only one of the more than one hundred players who was shooting as low as he possibly could—except for the over-the-trees shot on the seventh. He saved that for the last day.

He led the field all the way and went into the seventeenth a stroke ahead, but then the runner-up sank a thirty-foot putt and tied him. Somebody said, "Bad break, Walt."

Walt laughed and shook his head. "Those things roll in sometimes," he said. "For everybody."

The reporters were all for him, of course, and one of the papers said, "Walt Smallens looked good out there today, very good. Maybe this is the year we've all been waiting for," not believing it for a moment, but willing to go out on a limb a little in case a miracle was at long last about to happen. Ruth was so happy she jumped up and down. "Did you see what Powell wrote about you, Walt?" she said. "That this might be your year?"

Walt shrugged, carefully keeping his face calm. "He's a nice guy, Powell. I'll buy him a drink next time I see him. Anyway, honey, they're all my years, remember? You don't care if I don't win, do you, so long as I play my best?"

"Oh, go on," she said, making a face at him. "Of course I don't, and you know it. But after all, the law of averages; you've always been so close. And fifty thousand dollars. My, wouldn't that be nice?"

(*Continued on Page 108*)

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(*Continued from Page 106*) "Yeah," Walt said, looking down at his shoes. "It sure would."

The first day of the tournament was cold, and Walt's body was tight, his legs felt stiff. He kept putting more force into his downswing, using everything he had in his arms and shoulders, and his wood shots were flatter than they used to be, and the ball went out farther, ten or fifteen yards from his target spot. He was lucky—so lucky it made him sweat. He didn't land in any bad trouble spots and he finished the first round in third place, behind Snead and a big young fellow named Tucker.

Then the second day it rained a little, but not enough to call the tournament off, and Tucker blew some strokes. Walt went on hitting hard, to get the extra distance, and he finished second—two strokes away.

"Oh, Walt, honey, this *is* it," Ruth exulted. "I feel it, baby, I really do. This is the year we've been waiting for."

Walt shook his head. She didn't know what he was trying to do, the strain he was playing under; she thought he was playing his usual game. He said, "Let's not talk about it, will you? And let's go to a movie tonight. I don't want to get tensed up any."

Sunday was the last day—thirty-six holes in cold, fine rain. Ruth never worked the last day of a tournament because she couldn't stand not watching it; so she followed him around, carrying the things he needed. He felt all right going out on the first nine. He wore his gray sweater and a loose rainproof jacket and his rainproof hat. Every third hole he changed his socks and had a little swallow of rum and hot coffee from the vacuum bottle Ruth carried. His caddie, the same skinny boy, was shivering in the rain, but he kept Walt's clubs clean and dry.

Luck stayed with him all morning long, keeping her lovely eyes on his ball, stopping it just short of sand traps, dropping it safely under branches hanging out over the fairways as Walt wound his body back and strained his arms and shoulders and hit every long one just as hard as he knew how. It was as though the fickle lady, never having been wooed before by this man of iron will, was going to kiss him with her kindness when at last he needed her, when at last his own strength was proving not enough. Walt, after thinking about it for several moments, decided once more to play the seventh the regular way, saving his trick shot as the last possible ace in the hole. He parred the hole, parred or birdied every other hole and finished the morning eighteen even with Snead when the Slammer missed an eight-foot putt by less than a whisker. Ruth ran up to him as he came off the eighteenth green. "Walt, Walt! Oh, honey, it's ——" She shook her head quickly, her eyes bright with excitement and hope and faith. She said, "How do you feel, honey; how do you feel?"

He laughed, squeezing her hand. "Tired," he said. "Dog tired." It was not only his legs that were aching, almost trembling, this time; it was his whole body. His arms, his shoulders, the big muscles up each side of his back, even the muscles in his belly—those that snapped the clubhead around that final, crucial few inches—were completely fatigued. He said, "I'm wrung out, hon; just sheer wrung out."

"It must be the weather," she said. "This rain. And the tension."

He shook his head. "I'm not tense, hon; you know that. And it's not the rain either. But"—he started walking toward the clubhouse, his arm through hers—"I'll tell you about it later."

"Why don't you lie down for a while?" she said, concerned. She was looking at him, noticing that his face, tanned though it was, showed how tired he was. "There're some cots down there, aren't there, in the locker rooms?"

"Just what I was going to do," he said. "I'll go right down the back stairs, so I won't have to gab with anybody. O.K.?"

"Sure," she said, slipping her arm away from his and smiling.

So while all the others—players, officials, spectators, reporters—were upstairs in the clubhouse laughing and talking excitedly, as tired people do near the climax of something big, something they've experienced together, Walt lay stretched out on a wooden bench in the locker room, which he'd found more relaxing than the soft cot, his head pillowed on his rolled-up jacket. He lay staring at the ceiling, not closing his eyes because he didn't want to fall asleep, and trying to pretend to himself that he wasn't thinking about anything—nothing at all.

He got up when he heard the applause outside and went up the outside stairs and around to the first tee. One twosome was already off, and Snead was on the tee; Walt glanced up at the big official scoreboard and felt, in spite of himself, a thrill in his stomach when he saw his name right under Snead's—four under par for all three rounds, fifty-four holes—and the nearest contenders bunched, three of them, five strokes behind. *They'll never catch up*, Walt thought. *None of them—not in the rain like this. So it's me or Snead, that's for sure.* Then Snead drove, and the crowd applauded; and Walt, who was in the next twosome to go, walked over to his caddie and took his driver, swinging it easily back and forth in his hands.

The hour's rest had helped a little, made him feel much less tired, but walking down the first fairway after a hard, low drive which had punched the ball away out through the rain, he knew it wasn't enough; he knew it wouldn't last. It would take more than an hour—it would take several days, just lying around, to wash all the fatigue out of him and all the aches out of his sore muscles. And going to the second tee, still even, he wondered if time would be enough, wondered if he'd ever feel rested and fresh again. He played on almost automatically, thinking only, *Sixteen more holes, fifteen more holes, a few more little hours, thirteen more holes. Twelve more. Man, how tired can you get? My back. And my poor old shoulders.*

He came up to the seventh tee and stood quietly looking down at the ground while his partner, who had no chance of finishing near the top at all, drove straight and short down the dog-legged fairway. Then Walt looked up at his caddie and nodded, smiling a little and winking. The boy, not bored at all now, grinned so widely Walt thought the top of his head would come off; and he handed Walt his three iron. Walt heard several excited people say, "Look, look, an iron. What's he going to do? Sh, sh-h." and then he could hear nothing but the soft sound of the rain and his own breathing; and he forgot everything, standing there leaning forward over the ball on its tee, gripping the leather-wrapped handle of his club. Then he prepared to swing. Nobody could understand all the tensions and adjustments and little readjustments he put into it. But he felt, as he twisted around into the backswing, his body all coiled around, something slip in his shoulder, like a knuckle slipping out of its joint; and a shot of pain went through his whole side that almost made him cry out. He didn't; he held his breath and swung. Then he heard the caddie cry, "You're on, you're on, you're on," and then heard the boy's straining shrill voice disappear under a roar of shouting and applause. Ruth ran over to him and she was crying, "Honey, honey, Walter! That was beautiful, oh, that was —— I've never seen anything like it."

He looked up at her, smiling, feeling the pain subside in his arm, in his stomach; and he said very quietly, "Sure, baby, sure. Let's go on to the green, shall we?"

She walked beside him to the green, going around the point of trees. Then she stopped, waiting; and Walt went ahead to his ball. It was about twelve feet from the cup, on a level part of the green, just slightly downhill, with no breaks. Walt took his putter with his right hand and held it, sizing up the putt carefully from two directions; and then he putted, using his right arm mostly, as he always did, and was down in two putts, and a stroke ahead of Snead. The crowd raised a lot of fuss, of course, thinking that this stroke could mean something, everything; and Walt knew they were right, even with eleven holes to go. But all that seemed very distant now, even more distant than he usually tried to keep such things when he was playing out something tight. Instead he was listening, almost, to his shoulder, which had twinged out a sharp pain even when he putted; and he thought, *The bursae, maybe*, not really sure what the bursae were. He waggled the putter slightly, before he picked the ball out of the cup and felt the pain steady in his shoulder. And he knew the next time he took a strong swing it would hit again, harder and then harder. It wasn't feeling the pain that scared him—he knew he could stand that all right for the few holes that were left. It was the thought that his arm would pull or jerk and he'd ruin the shot completely.

Then the other thought came to him, the only really important one, and he couldn't believe he hadn't thought of it right away—if he went on playing, if he took just one (*Continued on Page 110*)

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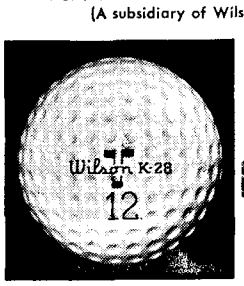

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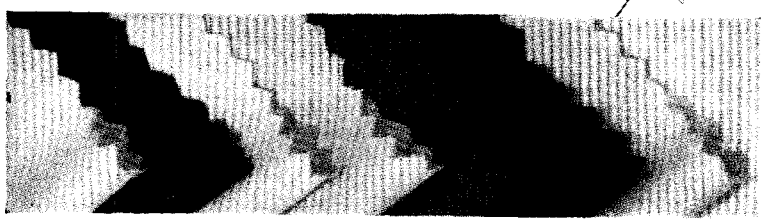

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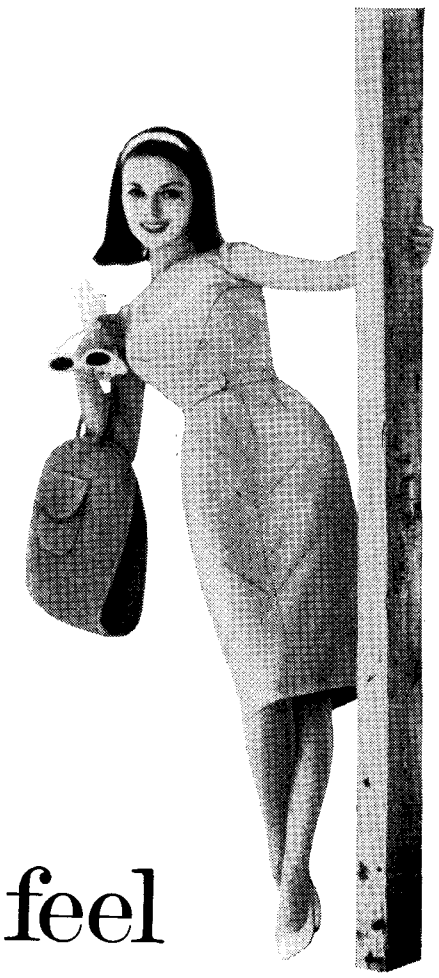

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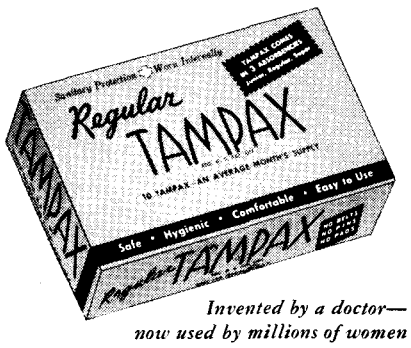

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

(*Continued from Page 108*) more swing, he might ruin his shoulder, do some deep and permanent damage that would finish him forever as a playing pro, as a teaching pro, even as an old duffer in his sixties or seventies, swatting out a few on a bright spring Sunday morning. Was it worth that to go on, to take a wild fling at winning fifty thousand dollars? What was fifty thousand, anyway, for a man and his wife for the rest of their lives? It wasn't enough; it was only a small, small part of living, of what really made up living.

There was a man's work and the pleasure he got out of doing it well, and his sharing that with his wife and his friends. There was believing in something that was important to you and keeping your mind busy and alert and young. That was the way he'd lived, they'd lived, he and Ruth; and that was the way he wanted to go on living until they died—not as an old wreck, washed up somewhere, with a cracked shoulder and an idle mind; a puny bundle of memories, half of which probably weren't true, and a small monthly check from the fifty thousand. Security—since when had he, Walt Smallens, had to be promised security before he'd walk out into the big world and take the next step?

He looked up. The gallery was going, rushing through the trees to get a good spot along the next fairway to watch him drive off. And Ruth, holding the vacuum bottle and all the other stuff she was carrying for him, was always carrying for him, was waiting, smiling. He took a deep breath and held it and then he handed the putter to the caddie; he began walking forward through the trees, toward the tee. The caddie, hurrying behind him, tried to hand him his driver because he knew Walt liked to have a club in his hands to swing gently as he approached his next shot; but Walt shook his head, saying, "Hang onto it, kid." He walked across the tee to the tournament official who was standing there, holding a clipboard with some papers on it, under a big black umbrella.

"Ben," Walt said, "I just hurt my shoulder on that tee shot back there—pulled something pretty bad and I'm going in to see the doctor. What's the rules say about that, if he should say I can go on all right? Am I finished if I leave the play?"

"That's too bad, Walt," said the official, a bald heavy man who'd been a pro himself years before, when Walt was growing up. "You don't want to take any chances with something like that, that's for sure. I was worried about something like that happening, the way you've been pushing it this week."

Walt, surprised, said, "You noticed that?"

Ben smiled. "Not much we don't notice, Walt, especially about guys we've been watching and worrying about twenty years or more." Walt felt a little guilty, a little ungrateful, realizing he'd been trying to carry this weight alone, when actually a lot of people had been carrying it with him all the time. He'd have to remember that, all right, when this was over.

Ben said, "You have some time, of course, Walt; I'll have to check with Randy to see how much, because he's the boss on this one. And you'll have to finish out with somebody else, of course, because we can't hold up the whole ——"

"Pardon me." It was a man in the crowds behind Ben, easing himself forward. He came up to them saying, "I overheard, Mr. Smallens; I hope you don't mind." He smiled a smile Walt liked immediately and said, "I'm Robert Halskins and I'm a doctor. I've had quite a bit of experience with things like this, and if you'd let me ——"

He reached up toward Walt's jacket; and Walt, nodding quickly, unzipped it with his right hand. The doctor and Ben helped him slip it off his left shoulder, down his left arm; and as he turned to slip out of it, he saw Ruth standing there just behind him, her eyes fixed on his. *Damn,* he thought, as he smiled at her, *what a rotten thing to happen to her, just now of all times.* Then he jumped and grimaced as the doctor began feeling his shoulder, straining it back, prodding and poking. The pain was almost as bad as it had been when the shoulder slipped askew, and he tried to hold his breath until the man was through.

The doctor said, "I can't be absolutely sure, of course, without a more thorough examination and X rays and all that. I couldn't even be absolutely sure then; no medical man could. But I'd say that with complete rest"—he looked at Walt, pausing, and said again—"complete rest, and then starting off again very gently, you'll be able to play all right in a few months. Probably you'll always have to be very careful of it, because once these things happen —— But as far as playing now"—he looked down at Walt's hands—"every stroke you play will mean that many more months you won't play and that much less chance your shoulder will come back completely. And by the time you've gone four more holes, you may not even be able to lift a club, much less control it."

Walt, looking at Ruth, nodded. "I see, Doc," he said. "Thanks. If you'll see my wife here and give her your address, she'll ——"

"That's all right," the man said. "I'm just sorry that—if you'd like to check it with someone else right now ——"

Walt shook his head, still looking at Ruth. "No, no," he said, "we don't have to do that. We know when we're licked, don't we, hon? And it's not just this shoulder, either, that did it."

"What do you mean, Walt?" Ruth said.

"I mean my legs have been giving out, hon, for a year or more now, and that's why I was pushing so hard today—to make up for it and to see if once, before I hung up my clubs, I could fix it so's you wouldn't have to wait on those damned tables any more."

Ruth blushed and shook her head. She said, "That's not—never mind that; you know I don't mind. I just wanted once to win a big one so you could retire. I knew it was coming soon, when you couldn't go on playing the circuit like this; but I didn't know it was ——"

He laughed. "Well, it's here. A man can't go on and on like a mule, stomping around and around the same track until he drops; and anybody who thinks he can ought to know better. Now I do. So let's—where's that kid?"

There was a flurry of turning and calling; and then the crowds opened again, and Walt's caddie came hurrying up, holding tightly to Walt's clubs. He said, "Yes, sir, Mr. Smallens?"

"Take the bag into the clubhouse, kid," Walt said. "Be sure you dry them all off because I'm going to be using them again someday—showing somebody else how to play, probably," he added, grinning up at the official, Ben, standing just beside him.

"No problem there, Walt," Ben said. "Dozens of places just dying to get you. I heard somebody say just the other day they'd ——"

The boy stepped forward, almost up against Walt, and said, "You're quittin', Mr. Smallens?"

Walt nodded, looking down at him. "Yeah, son. Right now."

"Gee, Mr. Smallens, I ——" The boy's eyes filled with tears, and Walt smiled, knowing just how the boy felt, knowing down through many, many years just what was in the boy's mind and the great tragedy it seemed. But Walt knew now it wasn't so; he knew he was glad he could quit this way, right in the middle of almost winning the biggest match of his life.

And he knew he was glad he didn't have to think the first thought every morning about his legs, how much longer they'd last. He knew all that was over at last—and should have been over a long time ago, if he'd only had sense enough to let go of what he'd once been. And he knew that for the next twenty or thirty or forty years there'd be another Walt Smallens, living a different kind of life—still golf, some end of it, of course, because that was what he knew and loved; and still the same Walt inside, but wearing an older pair of legs and a wiser head and not, he was sure, with Ruth working in restaurants.

He reached out and took Ruth's hand, pulling her close to him and turning to go, and he said, "Buck up, kid; it's not that bad. Nothing is."

"Yes, Mr. Smallens," the boy said, nodding and sniffling.

"Oh, hell, boy," Walt said, grinning and winking at Ben, "call me Walt." And he and Ruth walked away, and behind them the thick crowd of people, none of whom Walt knew personally, broke into a final, long, loud crackle of applause.

THE END

"Alvin's at the age where he's beginning to notice things."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Boss of the Yankees (Continued from Page 31)

Yankee except Skowron, Ditmar and Richardson fell below his normal level of performance in 1959.

Weiss listened impassively to the critical summary. "I think you're dismissing the injury angle too lightly," he said, keeping his voice at a conversational monotone. "Look at the White Sox last year. Fox played in every game on the schedule and Aparicio missed only four. If either one of those key men had been out for a month, I doubt that Chicago would have come through."

Some experts gifted with the infallibility of hindsight believe that the Yankees' decline goes back to the closing stages of the 1958 season when after piling up an overwhelming lead, the team failed to play .500 ball in the last fifty-five games. The Yankees then pulled the 1958 World Series out of the fire by winning the last three games from the Milwaukee Braves; but the same experts now dismiss this as a last-gasp effort by a fading ball club.

"George, let's assume the Yankees had lost that Series to the Braves," I said. "Would you have made changes in the team's personnel for 'Fifty-nine instead of standing pat? Did those three Series games give you, perhaps, a false sense of security?"

He pondered the question. "They probably did. The team looked very bad losing three out of the first four to the Braves; but when it bounced back, I felt the players could turn on the heat any time they chose. So did Casey Stengel. I suppose the comeback did make a psychological difference in our evaluation of the team, especially the older men."

When did Weiss first realize last year that the team was in serious trouble?

"A lot later than the fans and the press," he admitted. "I was aggravated, but not really concerned, by the team's bad start. Late in April there was a stretch when we lost nine out of ten games, all of them by one run or in extra innings. That's the mark of a bad team. But Mantle was out with a leg injury, and I thought his return would pick up the slack. Although we continued to play awfully sloppy ball, we were only a game and a half out of first place on June twentieth. I was convinced we would take charge of the race with one good spurt."

And then the team lost five straight in Boston immediately after the first All-Star Game. Was that when Weiss privately conceded that the Yankees were out of it?

"No. They came back to the Stadium and won five out of seven from the White Sox and Indians, the clubs they had to beat. They still seemed able to turn on the pressure at will. But then the bubble burst. They had a terrible Western trip and came back trailing by twelve games, and Skowron, our best hitter, went out for the season with a broken wrist. That's when I finally gave up on the team."

When did the players give up on themselves?

"That's a leading question. Maybe they weren't hungry enough," he said. He hesitated briefly. "I don't want to be accused of condemning players for trying to make themselves financially secure after they're finished in baseball, but maybe the Yankees had too many outside interests on their minds. All the key men are independently wealthy from the high salaries and the World Series shares they've been getting for a long time. They've invested their money in business propositions. The attention they gave to personal activities might have detracted from their concentration on baseball. They weren't living and breathing the game twenty-four hours a day as they did when they were rookies.

"Oh, they wanted to win and they hustled, but they had an air of complacency. Good salaries and the pension plan are great things for the players, but they do contribute to an attitude of self-satisfaction."

The only other years during the last quarter century when the Yankees blew pennants they were favored to win were 1954 and 1940. I asked Weiss whether there was any similarity between 1959 and those two earlier upsets.

"Not really," he said. "The 'Fifty-four team won 103 games, the top total during Casey's regime, but the Indians set a league record by winning 111. You hardly can say the Yankees loafed that season. As for 1940—well, I made mistakes last year, but at least I didn't pull the boner of giving away the pennant, which is what I did in 'Forty."

Time out, please. It came as a great surprise to learn that the Yankees ever gave away anything except rain checks.

"I talked Connie Mack into drafting the pitcher who beat us out of that pennant," Weiss explained. "He was Johnny Babich, a right-hander who had been knocking around for a long time and was with Kansas City, then our farm in the American Association. The rule was that only one player a year could be drafted from a minor-league team. We had several good young prospects at Kansas City, and Babich didn't fit into our plans. To protect the rookies from the draft, I persuaded Mack to claim Babich for the Philadelphia Athletics. Babich turned around and beat us five times in 'Forty, including the game that knocked us out of the race on the next-to-last day. Nothing like that happened last year. Things were tough enough without the opposition getting an assist from me."

I remarked, "This may be reaching for an angle, but there was another parallel between 1940 and 1959."

He looked puzzled. "You mean both teams were shooting for a fifth-straight pennant?"

"That's not it. I mean the fans' reaction to the center fielder on each team—DiMaggio and Mantle. They almost booed Mantle out of the park last year, just as they gave DiMaggio a rough time in 'Forty."

Weiss nodded glumly. Sooner or later the discussion had to get around to Mickey Mantle, the Yankees' chief threat and disappointment. Mantle seemed to have arrived as a superstar in 1956 when, at the age of twenty-four, he led the American League with a .353 average, fifty-two home runs and 130 runs batted in. However, he hasn't maintained that pace. In 1959 he fell off to a .285 average, thirty-one homers and seventy-five RBI's.

"It's strange how many things influence the fans' attitude," Weiss mused. "When DiMaggio retired nine seasons ago, he was the most popular player the Yankees ever had, with the exception of Babe Ruth. During most of his career, though, there was an undercurrent of hostility toward him. It began in 1938, his third year, when he got mixed up with Joe Gould"—a fight manager who later became an Army captain in World War II and went to prison for accepting bribes to influence Government contract awards. "On Gould's advice, DiMaggio held out past the opening of the 'Thirty-eight season for $25,000. That was a lot of money during the depression, and many people resented a kid's getting this much for playing a game while men with families were out of work or earning five dollars a day.

"DiMaggio was a great competitor, but the fans really didn't warm up to him until the last weekend in 'Forty-nine, when the Red Sox came into the stadium needing one of two games to clinch the pennant. DiMaggio got out of a sickbed and helped the team win both games to nose out the Red Sox. He could do no wrong after that, but it took thirteen years to change the fans' impression of him."

How about the Mantle case? What was the origin of the antagonism toward Mickey?

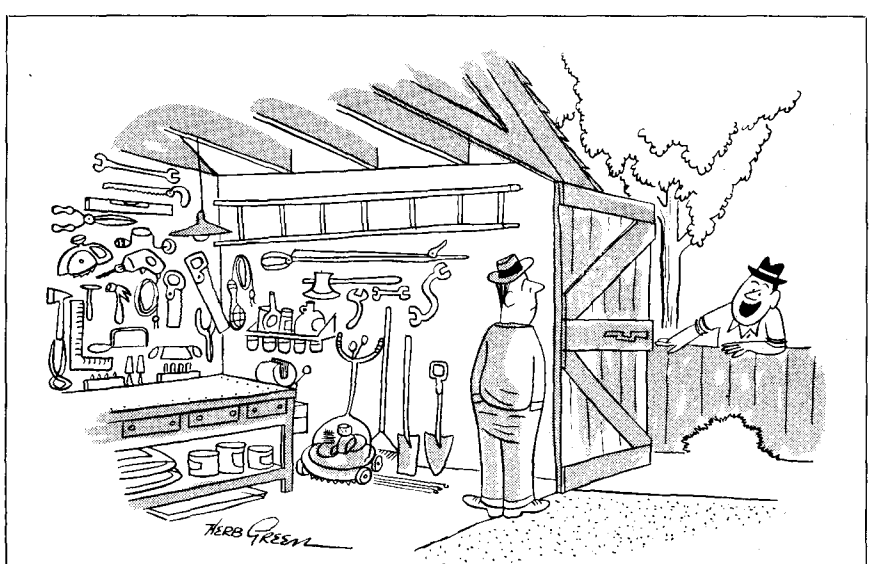
Weiss declared, "It probably was a combination of several factors. I suppose there were some fans who would have been critical of anyone who took DiMaggio's place. Then, about twenty-five per cent of the crowds at the Stadium are out-of-towners. They naturally get on Mantle, the star of the team, even when he's going well.

"I'm not so sure, though, that the abuse directed at him is entirely an expression of anti-New York feeling. He receives more applause on the road than he gets at home. The situation is a difficult public-relations problem that he and the team have to live with."

Did the Copacabana incident turn the customers against Mantle?

"It didn't help h[illegible]," Weiss snapped.

At two A.M. on [illegible]y 15, 1957, a party of Yankees—Mantle, Whitey Ford, Yogi Berra, Hank Bauer, Johnny Kucks and their wives—were celebrating teammate



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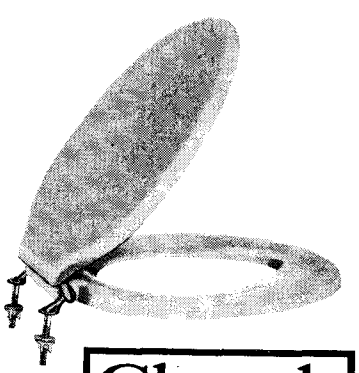

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Billy Martin's birthday at the Copacabana, a New York night club. A hassle developed with a group at the next table. One word led to another, and Bauer landed in court, accused of taking a punch at a disputant. He was cleared of the charge. Weiss was less lenient with the six players. He fined them $1000 each for breaking training rules. A month later Billy Martin, generally regarded as the ringleader of the team's café-society set, was traded to Kansas City.

"A private investigation satisfied me that our men didn't start the trouble," Weiss said, "but professional athletes should have better sense than to allow themselves to get involved in such affairs. You have no idea how damaging the publicity was. A national TV network was considering the Yankees for the same sort of inspirational show that is built around institutions like West Point and Annapolis. This might have steered some good prospects to us, and the players could have made some extra money appearing on the program, but the project was shelved after the Copa affair."

"Getting back to Mantle," I said, "does the rough treatment from the crowd affect his playing?"

"I don't think so—at least he never complains about it. All players cultivate a deadpan, a protective shell, toward razzing. A man who is bothered by it won't last a month in the big leagues. Besides, Mantle has a pretty phlegmatic disposition."

"That's a tactful way of summing up his attitude," I commented.

The implication was not lost upon Weiss. He leaned forward intently and chose his words carefully. "He's an enigma. We've never had a player who was the subject of as much discussion and analysis. Our entire organization has tried to discover why Mantle hasn't capitalized on his enormous potential, and we obviously haven't found the answer.

"Physically, Mantle has the attributes of a superstar, a blend of Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb. He is much faster than DiMaggio was and he has more power, with the added advantage of being a switch-hitter and getting the benefit of the short right-field fence in the Stadium. DiMaggio was a better fielder, but Mantle compensates for that with a stronger arm than Joe had after he hurt his shoulder. Add up Mantle's assets, and he's superior to DiMaggio—but he hasn't come close to proving it yet."

Would it be correct to say the Yankees believe it's entirely up to Mantle himself whether he ever reaches the top rung?

Weiss nodded gravely. "We've done everything possible to help him. We eased the pressure on him when he came up as DiMaggio's replacement and we tried to give him guidance when he became a celebrity. The boy got a bad break when his father died just before he started his first season as a regular. There was a close relationship between them, and I think Mantle would have avoided a lot of mistakes if his father had lived."

What about the theory that Mantle would pep up if Billy Martin, his old sidekick, came back to the Yankees?

The remark did not amuse Weiss. "I generally don't comment on men after they leave the Yankees, but I'm getting tired of hearing what a great money player and spark plug Martin is. Since we traded him, Martin has not lasted more than one year wherever he's played—Kansas City, Detroit, Cleveland. It's worthy of note, too, that when Cleveland offered Martin to National League clubs last December, John McHale, Milwaukee's general manager—who was with Detroit when Martin played there—didn't try to make a deal for Martin, even though the Braves were desperate for a second baseman."

I said, "I don't mean to belabor a touchy point, but there has been a steady flow of stories in the papers recently that seem to indicate discipline problems and a deterioration of morale among the Yankees. The public's concept of the team has undergone a decided change."

"That's true," Weiss admitted, "but there's no basis for it. People have been looking for incidents since the Copa affair."

"Have you been satisfied with the conduct of the Yankees off the field in the last two years?"

"Yes. Certainly last year. The year before there were things I didn't like, but the players were straightened out fast. There have been reports that we hire detectives to check up on the players. We haven't resorted to that to any great extent—well, no more than other teams."

"George, old-timers who knew Casey Stengel as a player wonder whether he has the temperament to enforce discipline because he was a cutup and a night owl himself. Do you think he's too indulgent with his men?"

"Casey can get just as tough as the occasion demands," Weiss replied. "He didn't pull his punches last year when he criticized them publicly for late hours and failing to measure up to their capabilities."

I persisted. "Casey didn't mention names, though. I've been told that players who were in the clear resented the blanket indictment. There are people who maintain that the blast cost the Yankees the pennant."

Weiss made an impatient gesture with his hand. "That's ridiculous. Do you believe a player going up to hit was brooding over Casey's outburst six months earlier? Anyone who said his morale was hurt by it was giving an alibi, pure and simple."

I trotted out another familiar charge—that some of the players dislike Stengel's two-platoon system and feel that his continual line-up changes and shifts to different positions have hurt their efficiency and cut down the salaries they could earn if they were regulars. "Do the players ever gripe to you that they could make more money if Casey didn't uproot them?" I asked.

"No, and I'd be the first to hear about it in contract negotiations if players thought they had legitimate complaints. Casey says he added several years to the major-league careers of men such as Bauer, McDougald, Brown and Collins by picking spots for them against certain types of pitching, and I think the players generally agree with him."

He tugged at his shirt collar. "Look, this line of questioning implies that there's friction between Casey and the team. I'd like to make one thing clear. The players have tremendous respect for Casey's ability. Don't be fooled by his double talk and his trick of telling four complicated stories at the same time. He does that deliberately to duck ticklish questions asked by newspapermen. Casey is perfectly capable of giving a straightforward explanation for every move he makes. His attention to details and the depths of his reasoning would amaze you."

I asked Weiss to cite a conspicuous example of Casey's masterminding.

"Well, he floored me in the final World Series game against Brooklyn four years ago. Newcombe, a right-hander, was pitching for the Dodgers, and I assumed Casey would load the line-up with left-handed hitters. Our left-handed platoon had such veterans as Collins at first base and Slaughter in left field, but Casey told me he was starting Skowron and Howard, comparatively inexperienced right-handed hitters.

"'My two fellers tagged that other feller real good in spring training the year before last,' Casey said. 'They were real brave taking toe holds on his fast ball, and I figger we'll need a big belt to win here in Brooklyn, which we ain't done yet in the Series. Those two fellers on the bench'—he meant Collins and Slaughter—'don't hit a long ball, and the kids have wonderful muscles which they can use for reaching the seats.'

"You know what happened. Howard knocked out Newcombe with a home run, and Skowron later hit one with the bases full off Craig, another right-hander. Casey doesn't keep statistics or notes. He arrives at his decisions by observation and instinct."

"George, that's the cue for a loaded question," I said. "Observation and instinct also guide a scout in appraising new talent. The Yankee farm system has not sent up a first-class rookie in three years. Critics say your department was directly responsible for the team's collapse last season by failing to provide the reinforcements it needed."

Weiss was unruffled. "We were prepared for normal emergencies. After all, we lost Skowron, McDougald and Carey from the infield at the same time. I can't deny, though, that there has been a decline in the caliber of our rookies. The farm system has been hit hard by the cutback in minor leagues all along the line."

Pictures on the walls of Weiss's den highlighted the radically different methods that have been employed to build winners in three distinct eras of the Yankee dynasty. In the 1920's, the late owner Jake Ruppert laid the foundation for six pennants by paying the Red Sox $500,000 for Babe Ruth and eight other stars. In the 1930's, when the farm-system idea originated by Branch Rickey became dominant, Weiss founded the most successful minor-league chain of all. Between 1936 and 1947 the Yankees won eight pennants with a steady flow of fresh talent developed on their own farm clubs.

In 1948, Weiss's first full year as general manager, the Yankees controlled some 600 players on twenty-three farm teams. Today they have 250 players on nine subsidiaries. Over all, the number of baseball minor leagues has dwindled from fifty-eight to twenty-one.

In recent years trades for pitchers have featured the Yankees' maneuvers. I pointed out to Weiss that such men as Reynolds, Lopat, Sain, Turley, Larsen, Shantz, Ditmar and Duren had been acquired from other big-league clubs. I observed that the only notable pitcher the Yankee farm system has produced in the last decade is Ford.

Weiss entered one dissent to this analysis. "You're forgetting that those trades were possible only because we could offer in exchange players developed in our farm system. I'll admit our farms have not been turning out pitchers, but they have yielded infielders and outfielders and catchers other clubs want."

On the matter of trades, there has been some violent criticism of the frequent deals—fifteen in the last five years—between the Yankees and the Kansas City Athletics. Critics bring up the fact that

NEXT WEEK

WHY DO THEY HATE US IN PANAMA?
By Harold H. Martin

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH THE TRUMANS
By PERLE MESTA
Part II of They Call Me Madam

IN COLOR:

NEW JERSEY'S EXOTIC BIRD SANCTUARY
By Roul Tunley

LOS ÂNGELES' CURE FOR DRUNKS
By Frank J. Taylor

A POST EDITOR REPORTS:

PILOTS AREN'T OBSOLETE YET
By Clay Blair Jr.

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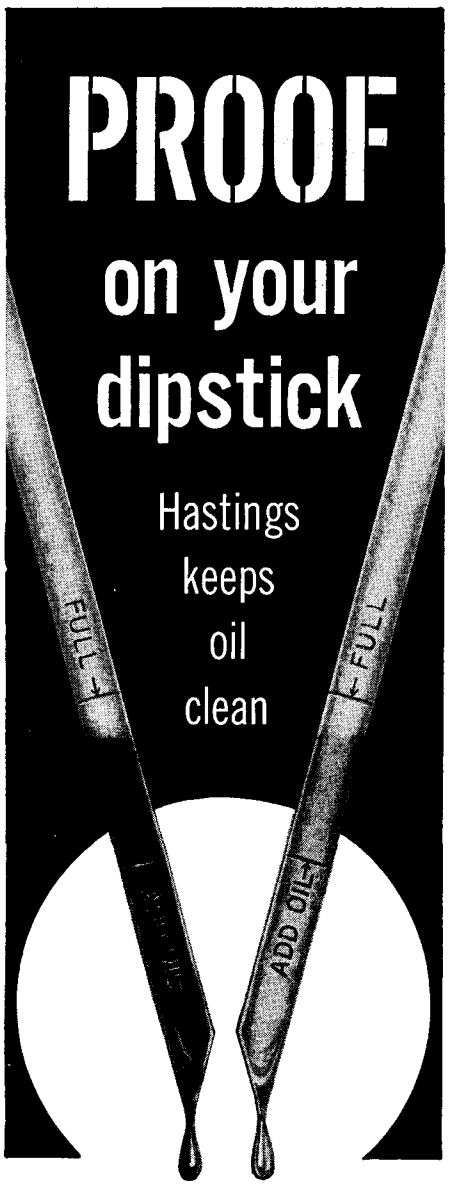

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Arnold Johnson, the Athletics' majority stockholder who died on March ninth, and Del Webb, co-owner of the Yankees, had been associated in business ventures outside of baseball. I invited Weiss to comment on this, and when he responded, there was a harsh overtone in his voice for the first time during the interview.

"Anyone who insinuates there is collusion between the Yankees and Kansas City isn't speaking the truth," he said. "I tried to swing deals with every club in the league last winter. Bill Veeck and Frank Lane are the only people who criticize our dealings with Kansas City. All the vicious stories are inspired by them."

Veeck, president of the White Sox, and Lane, general manager at Cleveland, seldom overlook opportunities to attack Weiss. When Chicago baseball writer Edgar Munzel and I did A VISIT WITH BILL VEECK for *The Post* last spring, Bill led off the interview by taking a gratuitous slam at Weiss as a man "completely devoid of a sense of humor and the milk of human kindness." Lane often refers to Weiss as an arrogant cold fish. I asked Weiss whether he wanted to respond to such blasts.

"I'd prefer to ignore them," he said, "but I can't under the circumstances." He motioned to the tape recorder on the table between us. "Turn that thing off. I want to consider what I say before it goes on the tape."

He stared ahead for perhaps two minutes, then addressed the microphone. "Both gentlemen are well known for their overpowering thirst for publicity, and their statements should be evaluated accordingly. I fail to recall when Mr. Lane ever won a pennant. If Mr. Veeck runs true to form, he will fold his tent and depart after he makes a quick profit in Chicago, just as he did in Cleveland and St. Louis."

I remarked that if Weiss had taken the opportunity that was offered him to become president of the American League after Will Harridge retired in January, 1959, his relations with Veeck and Lane would have been interesting to watch.

Weiss shrugged. "That would have been a prize package of headaches—Veeck, Lane and the Continental League. It was a nice honor to receive after a long run, but the aspirin bills would have been terrific."

Speaking of the Continental League, what is his opinion of this proposed third major circuit?

"I'd hate to have my money involved in it. I don't see how it can remotely resemble a major-league setup for years and years. It won't even be a good triple-A league. It's a tribute to Branch Rickey's eloquence that the idea has reached the discussion stage."

How long will it take the Continentals to reach the same level as the American and National leagues?

"Much longer than the backers realize, and I doubt they have the money to fight off the huge losses they must take. Look at Arnold Johnson in Kansas City. He had a nucleus of big-leaguers when he came into our league five years ago. He spent more than a million dollars annually and the team still is in seventh place.

"It's easy for congressmen to say we should donate players to the new league, but they can't expect us to give up heavy investments in talent. We've got to sink four hundred thousand dollars into farm systems for each acceptable man we get for the majors."

I suggested that while the new league might be inferior in quality for a while, it could still draw well with tight races.

"It hasn't worked out that way in existing minor leagues," Weiss retorted. "They have close races, but they're dying on the vine. The public won't accept a shoddy substitute for major-league ball."

The Continental League is a particularly controversial issue in New York, the only locality where it will buck an established big-league franchise. The city contemplates building a 55,000-seat municipal stadium that the new league could use. The estimated cost is $15,000,000.

"It's damned unfair for a stadium financed by public funds to operate against a private corporation that pays the city $200,000 a year in taxes," Weiss fumed. "Anyone who says the park will pay for itself is crazy. Every municipal stadium in the country is a white elephant. The bidding for big attractions is so intense the plant has to be given away practically rent-free. The city won't lift a finger to help us get the parking space we need desperately at Yankee Stadium, but it's ready to pour money down the drain to accommodate the Continental League."

In February the Yankees offered to turn over control of their park to the city and share it with the new league in return for a concession on parking space. The proposal was promptly rejected by William Shea, head of the projected New York Continentals.

"I can well understand why Shea wanted no part of the plan," Weiss said. "Imagine coming into the stadium with his bush-league outfit the day after a Yankee game. The fans would laugh him off the field."

Getting down to more immediate cases, what will the customers see at Yankee Stadium this season?

"The league's best team. I'm confident we'll win the pennant."

I pointed out that Casey Stengel had been unusually cautious in answering the same question over the winter.

"Casey went to the other extreme because he was burned on his pennant prediction last year," Weiss declared. "I think we'll surprise everybody with our pitching, even if Ford and Turley don't come back all the way. The pitching famine in our farm system ended last year. We're going to have a more solid club with less platooning than in the past."

What about the team's morale? The Yankees had a large contingent of holdouts during the winter.

"Some players reached the point where they made money too easily. They thought they deserved automatic raises just for putting on uniforms. I've gone back to the old-fashioned notion that raises have to be earned by performance."

I showed Weiss a copy of *The Saturday Evening Post* of July 24, 1948. "In this article I wrote about you, George, you made the following statement, 'I don't know much about the technique of the game; I wouldn't trust my judgment on a youngster for any sizable amount of money. But I do know this—you've got to go along with players over a period of years. Few men will let you down if they had it once and there is no discernible cause for them to lose it.' Do you still subscribe to that?"

"I do," he said. "You can't break up a winning combination and consign players to the scrap heap because of one disappointing year."

"What about two disappointing years in succession? Is 1960 the crucial year that will determine whether the Yankees are over the hill or still the dominant power in the business?"

"That's what we're going to find out," he said grimly. THE END

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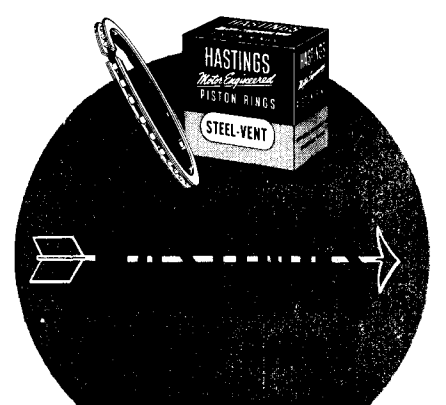

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Land of Misfortune (Continued from Page 35)

for presidential visitors, and when Duvalier attends public meetings, another guard follows close at his heels, gun drawn. The palace itself is a fortress, with 400 picked troops, who never leave the grounds, and an arsenal.

The president has reason to be vigilant. Haiti occupies the western third of a crab-shaped, wildly mountainous island, about 400 miles long and 150 miles wide, of which the other two thirds belong to her traditional foe, Trujillo's Dominican Republic. Fifty miles to the northwest lies Castro's Cuba, whose hot-eyed *barbudos* would, if they could, launch an attack against Dictator Trujillo, using Haiti as an advance base. "Haiti is a sandwich," Duvalier laments. Such an attack, moreover, would undoubtedly number among the attackers Haitian exiles eager to overthrow him. The threat has led him to the distasteful expedient of signing a pact with Trujillo. Since Duvalier took office in October, 1957, four invasions have been attempted.

Anti-Duvalierists inside Haiti periodically harry the administration with acts of terror. Last April six rebels, riding a domestic-airlines plane, shot the pilot to death and forced the copilot at gunpoint to fly them to Cuba. Two months later a fragmentation hand grenade exploded in the government-owned gambling casino at Port-au-Prince, wounding five people and killing four.

The state of siege which the government proclaimed not long after Duvalier's election continues, enabling him to suppress free speech, to order homes searched without warrant and critics jailed without trial. Several bombs, so his enemies charge, his own men tossed in order to furnish a pretext for prolonging his rule by decree. The president's hard-bitten, fanatically loyal private secretary, Clement Barbot, heads a Gestapolike secret police, reportedly 600 strong—the *Tonton Macoute* ("bogeyman" in Creole) the Haitians dubbed them.

Under a concordat signed with the Vatican a century ago, the state religion of Haiti is Roman Catholicism. Various Protestant churches also are active and influential. But the majority of Haitians practice, in addition to or exclusive of Christian creeds, *vodun* (voodoo), the African-born folk religion embodying sorcery and the worship of nature spirits and gods. (The Christian churches, of course, do not condone this duality.) Duvalier himself professes the Catholic faith, while maintaining close ties to the politically useful *houngans*, or voodoo priests. At the same time he resents the Catholic clergy in Haiti because they opposed his candidacy in favor of the wealthy mulatto senator, Louis Déjoie. Last July a bomb exploding during a religious festival injured forty-two people. Duvalier promptly deported two priests whom Barbot charged with concealing foreknowledge of the crime. When a thousand parishioners crowded Port-au-Prince's Notre Dame Cathedral to protest the expulsion, Barbot's gang stormed the aisles, swinging clubs, and sent the crowd flying. To Archbishop François Poirier's denunciation, Duvalier responded with an order for his arrest, rescinding it only after the Vatican hinted at excommunication.

Though once France's richest colonial possession, producing a third of the French foreign trade, Haiti today ships few commodities abroad. Six years ago Hurricane Hazel wrecked almost half the coffee crop, her chief export, and last year not only was the harvest poor but world coffee prices slumped to the lowest figure of the decade. Government revenue in 1959 totaled $32,600,000; her expenditures came to $35,600,000. The national debt stands at $70,000,000.

Last year, too, along the isolated northwest peninsula, drought reduced 1,000,000 farmers to famine. Hundreds perished before American relief agencies managed to get food to the region. Tuberculosis, hookworm and a host of deficiency diseases are rampant. The average Haitian worker functions at 20 per cent of his potential efficiency, not from congenital sloth and indifference, as some foreigners insist, but from malnutrition.

The decrepitude of the country's roads and communications defies description. A single highway connects Port-au-Prince, the capital on the west coast, with Cap Haitien on the north coast, the second-biggest city, a distance of barely 100 miles, and this highway is so pitted, narrow and twisting as to take six hours to travel by car. Only five towns have long-distance telephone hook-ups, and so defective is the equipment, so spotty the maintenance, that calls seldom get through. During national emergencies the government and the armed forces rely for communications mainly on a network of twenty-four little radio installations.

Because of illiteracy, most Haitians cannot grasp, let alone contribute meaningfully to political issues. Bribery, intimidation and fraud have long been standard procedures at the polls. The rules governing the historic 1957 elections were, it is true, promulgated with the best intentions, and in the sense that the outcome probably represented the majority will they were honest. To foil ballot stuffers an electoral decree obliged every voter to dip the little finger of the left hand in an indelible ink. But old habits persisted. The ink proved to be soluble in water, and some voters evidently washed it off and voted again; for one district with an adult population of 32,000 registered almost 36,000 ballots for Duvalier.

Haitian elections revolve around neither parties nor platforms, but rather personality cults and conflict, usually bloody, between the "ins" and the "outs." Partly because of this, partly because of general political disorganization, Communism has as yet gained no effective voice in Haiti, despite social conditions that tend to encourage it. Haiti has outlawed the Communist Party, and Duvalier claims that he has rejected offers of trade agreements from Iron Curtain countries.

Under the Haitian spoils system no experienced civil service can develop, for with each new president the entire administration, down to the lowliest clerk, changes. Constitutional government exists only theoretically. In practice the presidency is a dictatorship backed by the army. Army loyalties, however, can shift abruptly. Of Haiti's thirty-one presidents since 1807, seventeen have been deposed and six murdered.

Traditionally a perquisite of high office has been the opportunity to loot the public coffers. "Pluck the chicken," Dessalines cautioned his peculating entourage a century and a half ago, "but don't make it scream." The possessions left behind by the previous president, Gen. Paul E. Magloire, after the army kicked him out, included the most opulent private residence in the country. Since confiscated, it has been converted into a national museum. Magloire now lives in New York, where for a time he ran a haberdashery.

A substantial portion of the government's revenue, around $4,500,000 a year, derives from the national lottery and the state monopolies on tobacco, matches, soap and edible oils. What happens to it nobody except the president and his closest advisers know. It comes under a special budget for which no public accounting is made. The Haitian comptroller-general himself has requested an accounting—without result.

The Point Four technical and economic aid already granted the Duvalier government comes close to $13,500,000. A United States military mission, with a staff of twenty-four officers and twenty-eight enlisted men, all but eleven of them marines, is training the Haitian Army. Since 1957 the Development Loan Fund has approved $4,300,000 to irrigate the parched, eroded Artibonite Valley northeast of Port-au-Prince, $3,000,000 to build a sugar mill with an output of 40,000 tons a year near Cap Haitien, and $300,000 to study a road-construction project. If approved, the project will call for $10,000,000 to $12,000,000. In addition, the Export-Import Bank has lent Haiti $25,000,000. Last year the United States saved the country from bankruptcy with an outright gift of $6,000,000.

What tangible returns can the United States expect? The material prospects, though neither vast nor immediate, are not to be dismissed. Should Cuba's share of the American sugar-marketing quota be cut, as Sen. Homer Capehart, among others, advocates, a revived Haitian sugar industry could make up part of the shortage. According to American mining companies, Haiti has valuable mineral resources as yet largely untouched. These include petroleum, manganese and iron, and Haiti's new mining and petroleum laws—more favorable to foreign investors—should make them worth exploiting. For three years the Reynolds Metals Company has been mining bauxite for export to America, nearly 1,000,000 tons of it to date.

At the diplomatic level, in the councils of the United Nations and the Organization of American States, the United States needs Haiti's vote and so far has consistently got it. But the paramount concern is whether Haiti can continue to withstand the pressures exerted by her muscle-flexing neighbors, Cuba and the Dominican Republic. "An economically secure Haiti," says Harry Warner Yoe, chief of the Point Four program, "could be the greatest stabilizing influence in the Caribbean."

No instrument of United States policy in Haiti bears responsibilities more ticklish than the military mission under Marine Col. Robert Debs Heinl Jr. In requesting the mission, Duvalier shrewdly realized that, aside from the need for well-trained troops, the mere presence of the Americans would imply a moral support discouraging to his enemies at home and abroad. In approving the mission the State Department took a somewhat longer view. Conceivably, despite American backing, rebellion could flare up anew and unseat Duvalier. An assassin's bullet could end his regime. Poor health could incapacitate him. Last May he lay close to death from a coronary occlusion while the faithful Barbot, keeping the president's true condition secret, ran the government himself. If disaster should befall Duvalier, indeed even if he serves his full term, and if events follow the usual course, the army will assume power pending the next elections. But by then, so Washington hopes, American training will not only have equipped the army to enforce order but will have oriented it more firmly toward the United States.

It is not the marines' first tour of duty on the island. In 1915, after a succession of venal administrations had reduced Haiti to anarchy, gunboats landed two companies of marines to protect American interests. The occupation lasted nineteen years and though it conferred immeasurable benefits—electrification, sewage systems, paved roads, hospitals, to list only a few—national pride suffered deep wounds. To avoid opening those wounds is as essential to the success of the new "marine occupation" as it is difficult.

The head of the military mission cuts a figure that favorably impresses the Haitians. As trim and elegant as his own swagger stick, of scholarly tastes, a Yale graduate (class of '37), veteran of the Pacific, Heinl writes Marine Corps history in his spare time, speaks excellent French, and urges his staff to learn it. When he inaugurated the training program early last year, the Haitian forces of 5100 men were lacking some of the elementary military skills. The rifles, seven assorted types, were all of Spanish-American or World War I vintage.

To each branch of the army Heinl assigned a technical adviser who stayed tactfully in the background, leaving it to the Haitian officers to issue commands. He arranged for the top students from each graduating class of Haiti's military academy, as well as for promising NCO's from the ranks, to attend United States training schools. Twenty-five of them have been sent to the States so far. The training centers chosen, Camp Pendleton and Camp Matthews on the West Coast and the United States Marine Corps Base in Quantico, Virginia, are situated in areas relatively untroubled by the segregation issue. Every Haitian rooms with a white trainee. The lesson has not been lost of a virulently anti-American Haitian officer with whom the American mission must work. While training under an earlier program at Fort Benning, Georgia, he was roughly handled by a cop for not stepping off the sidewalk.

The Haitian army's gravest deficiency—modern light-infantry weapons—the United States Military Assistance Program has thus far not corrected. The State Department objects in principle to increasing the total stock of arms in turbulent Latin America. Yet an army without adequate armament is scarcely an army at all. Sooner or later the United States will have to solve the dilemma.

As Heinl sees it, Haiti needs no army for far-flung offensive action, but rather a tight internal security force able to quell riots, protect the frontiers and repel sneak raids. The danger of an overt, large-scale (*Continued on Page 116*)

The Wistful Ones

By Patricia Martin

O bless the shy,
Deer-eyed, the rare who
stand
At threshold, heart in hand,
Ready to come or fly
As kindness beckons or the
rude brush by.

Vast treasures lie
Unclaimed, Niagaras waste,
Deep wells of love are lost
While we go dry,
Hearing the brasses, meeting
the brazen eye,
Missing the shy.

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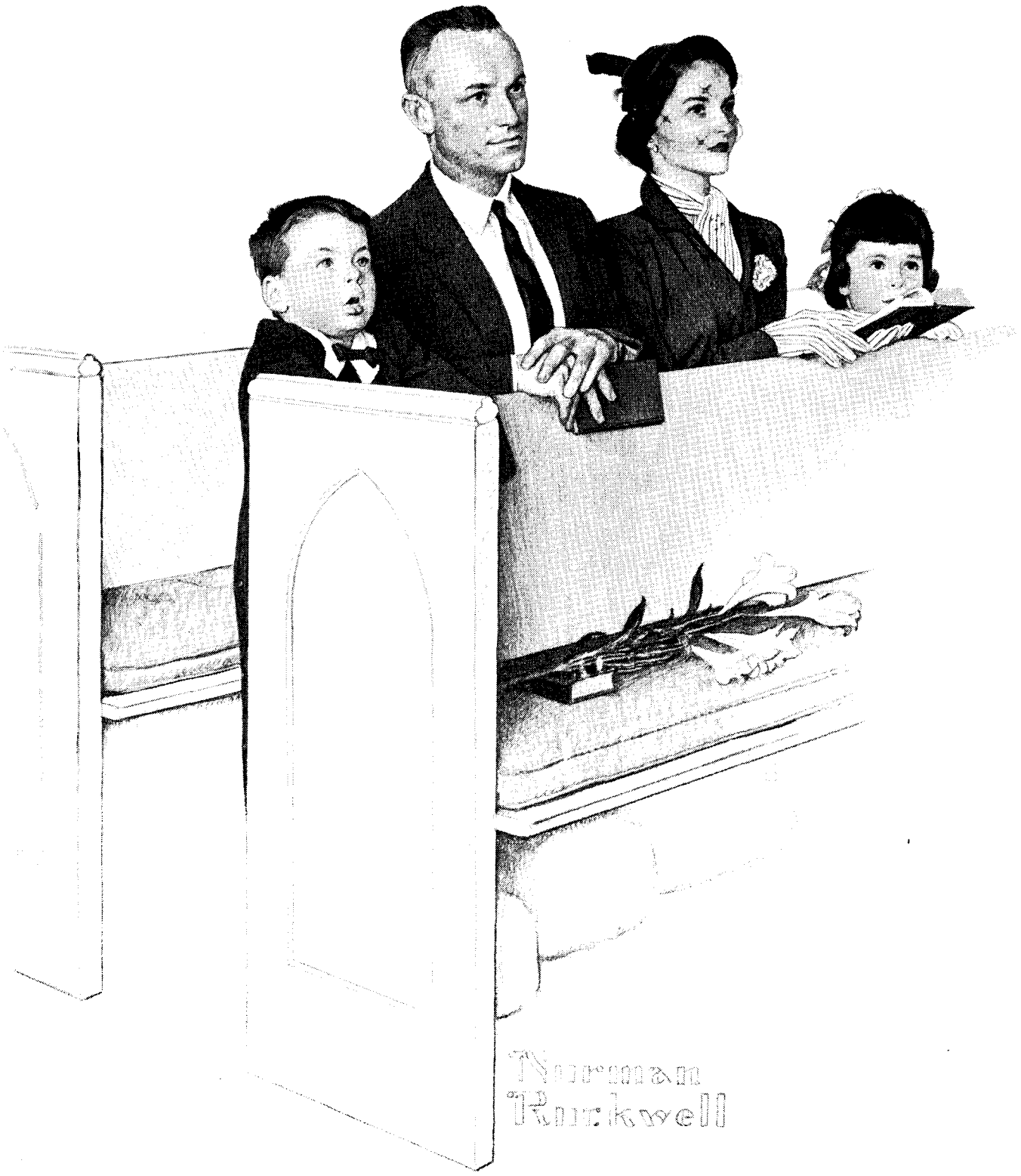

In this season it is well to remember that the hope of our world rests on faith. Through faith our forefathers—men of varied faiths—built this country. And only through faith can we, in our turn, build confidently for the future.

Faith is a family matter, too . . . and with it goes the responsibility for helping our children prepare for tomorrow's world.

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(*Continued from Page 114*) invasion by either Cuba or the Dominican Republic he considers remote; for under the OAS charter the American fleet could then be empowered to intervene. (An American warship drops anchor off Port-au-Prince every week.) The real danger, Heinl believes, is that a small band of Haitian exiles might, with Cuban help, establish a mountain guerrilla base, gradually rally the dissident elements of the population, and, after the fashion of Castro in the Sierra Maestra, effect a creeping conquest. In such an internal conflict the United States could not directly intervene.

On the night of July 28, 1958, three Haitian exiles and five American soldiers of fortune put ashore from a Key West fishing boat north of Port-au-Prince. Toting revolvers, submachine guns and grenades, they captured an army patrol jeep and headed for the National Palace. The guards at the gates, mistaking them in their khaki uniforms for palace troops, let them through. In the administration office of the Dessalines Barracks, next to the palace, they shot down the officer on duty and holed up there under the delusion that the city's anti-Duvalierists would rally to them. None did. Instead the loyalist forces led by Duvalier, himself, set up machine guns at point-blank range and cut all eight men to pieces.

In June, 1959, and again in July a sizable force—intelligence estimates run as high as 500—stood massed on the Cuban shore preparatory to invading Haiti. But both times Cuban reconnoitering sighted United States Navy aircraft and sea patrols in the Windward Passage, and the invasions were abandoned.

The army's toughest test since the advent of the marines came the following month. On August eleventh a platoon of thirty regular Cuban troops, led by a relative of the exiled Senator Déjoie, landed at Les Irois, an almost inaccessible, mountain-ringed village of *ajoupas* (mud huts) on the southwestern tip of the island and drove out the 200 inhabitants and three-man police garrison. Twenty-two hours elapsed before messengers reached the nearest radio stations. By that time the invaders had struck out deep inland, presumably to set up an even more inaccessible guerrilla base, and were trying to recruit sympathizers. The tiny Haitian Air Corps—four Mustang P-51's, eight AT-6 trainers and two DC-3's—began flying troops to the nearest landing strips. The Haitian Coast Guard also transported one unit by sea to Les Irois. From there the troops forged inland over some of the world's roughest terrain as far as jeeps could carry them, then switched to horses and burros, then shanks' mare. The skirmishing lasted three weeks, but in the end five of the invaders had been captured and the rest killed. Without American training it is doubtful whether the Haitians would have made as good a showing.

In Heinl's estimate the fundamental need is up-to-date "hardware"—not a large quantity, because Haiti's forces are not large. If the Haitian Army continues to train as hard and enthusiastically as it has during the past year, it will be able to use such armament effectively. This would equip Haiti to meet any challenge short of one requiring protective intervention either by the OAS or the United States.

Economic aid, meanwhile, is producing immediate benefits. Since the O.D.V.A. (*Organisation du Développement de la Vallée de l'Artibonite*) completed irrigation and drainage canals, 50,000 acres have gone under cultivation, with 30,000 more to be planted, offering salvation to a farm population of 100,000. An arid, cactus-speckled desert barely four years ago, the valley now yields some 24,000 tons of rice a year, Haiti's main staple. Because of year-round availability, the price of top-grade rice has dropped four cents a pound, while farmers' incomes have risen as high as $320 a year, almost five times the national average. "Eventually," predicts Norman Ward, the Oklahoma-born senior technician, "the valley could feed the whole country." What Ward considers the brightest aspect of the enterprise is that, besides a few American advisers like himself, Haitians run the show efficiently and honestly.

Farther north, in a region embracing 800,000 acres and a population of 500,000, equally spectacular progress is taking place under a Point Four pilot project. *Poté colé*, the Haitians calls it—in Creole, "Let's pull together." Here the 1959 drought wreaked the worst havoc. Small farms were burned out to the last red bean and ear of corn. Merchants closed their shops.

Today the area is actually exporting vegetables. Farmers are learning to thin out their coffee plantings for bigger, higher-quality yields and to grow more cacao as a hedge against falling coffee prices. The West India Fruit and Steamship Company has planted 1100 acres of bananas. Improved cattle and poultry breeding, dairy farming, reforestation and flood control have all been integrated under *Poté colé*, together with educational and public-health programs.

Not cash handouts but technical guidance furnishes the chief stimulus. Point Four distributes tools and seeds, but the farmers pay for it out of their produce. And, as in the Artibonite, Haitian technicians and administrators vastly outnumber Americans. "There's a new spirit stirring among these people, a spirit of self-help," says Harry Yoe, "and I don't think anything can crush it no matter what happens in politics."

Notwithstanding these gains, United States policy draws continual fire from two groups harboring totally disparate objectives and political philosophies. Exiles nostalgic for office in a strange bedfellowship with the libertarian International League for the Rights of Man, a UN consultant agency, denounce "all forms of assistance to the dictatorship of President Duvalier." To this, State Department apologists rejoin that Duvalier, while scarcely an exemplar of democratic ideals, has given Haiti a measure of stability, and that without American support the country might again lapse into chaos.

Undeniably Duvalier is an improvement over most of his predecessors. Few question his personal financial honesty. Even his enemies concede that however he may use the state monopoly revenue, whether, as some suggest, to maintain a slush fund or to pay the *Tonton Macoute*'s wages, he does not enrich himself from it. Concerning United States economic aid, Duvalier was so anxious lest suspicion of graft fall upon any Haitian that at first he insisted only Americans administer the various projects. When finally persuaded otherwise, he appointed the best men available to key posts regardless of their political views, which in several instances were known to be anti-Duvalier. One administrator, in fact, the president had not long before released from prison.

Duvalier has dismissed two ministers of finance for inefficiency and jailed a minister of public works for malfeasance. With a few influential followers, on the other hand, possibly to ensure their continued allegiance, he has been less severe. Though not rich before the elections, they now drive costly cars and occupy sumptuous estates. Nevertheless the gross abuse of office such as prevailed under past Haitian presidents he does not tolerate.

By comparison to these bygone freebooters Duvalier lives modestly, either in apartments at the National Palace or in a rented house above the city, with his wife, a former hospital nurse, and his two youngest children. The two oldest attend fashionable European schools, the family's only conspicuous extravagance. At risk to his health he often works an eighteen-hour day. Something of a mystic, he considers himself a spiritual descendant of Dessalines, whose blood-curdling battle cry he once echoed when threatened with rebellion—"Cut off their heads! Burn down their houses!" In similar moods of Dessalinian ferocity he likes to remind the world that his ancestors slashed their way out of slavery through a sea of blood.

A studious man, with a penchant for ethnology, Duvalier became engrossed, during his career as a country doctor, in the folklore of his patients. This interest, together with his current political links to the voodoo priesthood, has occasioned rumors that he, himself, practices voodoo. Be that as it may, when his heart failed him last year he sent for three Catholic priests.

In 1949 Duvalier served as Minister of Labor and Public Health under the president preceding Magloire. Violently opposed to Magloire, who was elected the following year, he fled for his life to a mountain hideout, emerging in 1956 after Magloire's downfall. After five provisional governments, the army, headed by Gen. Antonio Kebreau, decided to hold free elections. Privately, the army favored Duvalier for the presidency against three other candidates under the impression that the little doctor would prove easy to manipulate. At first Duvalier did nothing to disabuse them. Once elected, however, he rid himself of several encumbering associates by assigning them to foreign posts. General Kebreau, for example, became the Haitian Ambassador to the Vatican.

The defeated candidates suffered harsher fates. Déjoie, who represented Haiti's light-skinned upper class, took refuge in Cuba. Daniel Fignolé, who drew his main support from the Port-au-Prince slums, fled to America. Clement Jumelle, a proponent of fiscal reforms, died of uremia in asylum at the Cuban Embassy, and two of his brothers were shot to death "while resisting arrest."

Soon after taking office, Duvalier decreed a 10 per cent cut in all government salaries. He then retained a Washington firm of management consultants, Klein and Saks and the New York investment bankers, Lehman Brothers, to prescribe for Haiti's ailing economy. It was upon their recommendation that he recently approved the aforementioned mining and petroleum laws, plus unpopular but sorely needed high luxury taxes, tax concessions to attract foreign investors, and a development bank for financing production out of Haitian raw materials.

Toward the United States Duvalier has shown considerable ambivalence. At the outset of his administration he concluded, partly from Amb. Gerald A. Drew's warm social relations with Déjoie, partly from Déjoie's own claims, that the State Department would have preferred the senator as president. This was not the case. Nevertheless Duvalier's then minister without portfolio, Jules Blanchet, demanded Drew's recall for "going too far in our internal affairs." Drew was not recalled and, as American aid strengthened Duvalier's hand, the frost thawed.

The ultimate aims, the true nature, of this paradoxical, mercurial man are not easy to divine. Can America rely upon him through any crisis that may disrupt peace in the Caribbean? Or is he capable, with growing power and domestic security, of developing a Castrolike nationalism hostile to the United States? For the moment, nurtured as Haiti is by American benefactions, the outlook remains sunny. "We will stay where we belong," Duvalier assured a reporter not long ago, "on the side of the United States"—adding significantly, "We cannot do otherwise." THE END

"He's tall, handsome and very rich, and I wouldn't want him any other way."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Talking Dog (Continued from Page 41)

removed at once from the active list, although even then I'm not sure that a mad general can do much more harm than a sane one. But, if this Jumbo really can talk and really did play an important role in old Knatch's career, it will put an entirely different complexion on the whole thing. That's where you come into the picture, because if this is so, you will save him from an appalling amount of annoyance, to say the least, and thus earn his—and Julia's—undying gratitude. Taken all round, instead of scowling at me, you should be grateful."

"When would you like me to go?"

"Right now," he replied. "There's nothing to hold you here. Today's Tuesday, so you have until Friday evening—Saturday at a pinch." (The *Comet* is a Sunday sheet.) "I'd like an interview with old Knatch. That's only fair. Also interviews with people who have heard Jumbo talk—and, of course, one with Jumbo himself if it's a true bill. So long, Bill. I suppose you'll go by road. Useful to have a car with you. Let me know when you're ready for the camera crew—nice family group—readers will like it. The general, you and Julia and, of course, Jumbo ——"

Very funny. I hoped he'd choke. I still hope so.

During the drive to Cowford, about two hours upriver from London, I tried vainly to sort out my ideas. As a straight reporting job, without any personal considerations, it would have been easy. But there were personal considerations. On top of these, I knew Jumbo—and Jumbo, believe me, raised uncomfortable doubts in my mind. Had I ever heard Jumbo talk? Joe Chandler put that specific question to me, and I was forced to reply that I wasn't sure. I hedged by telling him that this story was his idea, not mine. I wasn't trying to sell a talking dog to anyone. I'm not now. All I'm doing is setting down the facts. Let other people interpret them as it pleases them.

I often think of the evening I first met Jumbo. It was at Cowford. Julia and I were in the garden. There was a moon. The night-scented stock was in flower. Frogs were croaking by the pond and the nightingales were singing above our heads. It was the kind of evening when one thing leads to another. In short, I got carried away by my subject. It was then that I became aware of Jumbo, lying in a pool of shadow beside us. Not having been brought up in a lunatic asylum, I have always spoken quite frankly in front of dogs, so Jumbo's presence didn't faze me a bit. A man occupied as I was in the moonlight with a pretty girl doesn't care two hoots in Hades about the conversational powers of a dog. I had other things on my mind. But I am prepared to say that from the general direction of Jumbo a derisive falsetto voice, which may or may not have been Jumbo's, uttered a perfectly clear monosyllable: "Nuts!"

"I must apologize for Jumbo," said Julia sweetly. "He's picked up some extraordinary expressions since grandpa has started to invite the Americans from the base to come over for a poker game on Thursday evenings."

"We mustn't forget the Fairmonts. They always stay afterward and help clean up the mess."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I said nothing because there was nothing to say. A man can't spend an evening nuzzling a girl in the moonlight, telling her she's the light of his life and so forth and then, thirty seconds later, call her a liar by implication when she apologizes for a dog's bad manners.

By the time I drove into the gates of Cowford Manor I knew what line I was going to take. I started the ball rolling by telling Julia about the scene outside Buckingham Palace that morning. Her reaction to this knocked me off balance. "Grandpa shouldn't have done that," she clucked. "Jumbo doesn't want medals—he's above that sort of thing. People who don't know the facts might think grandpa's gesture was a bit ridiculous."

"I'm afraid, my pet," I said heavily, "that unless this whole situation is handled with extreme tact and sympathy, a lot of people are going to find it—a 'bit ridiculous.'"

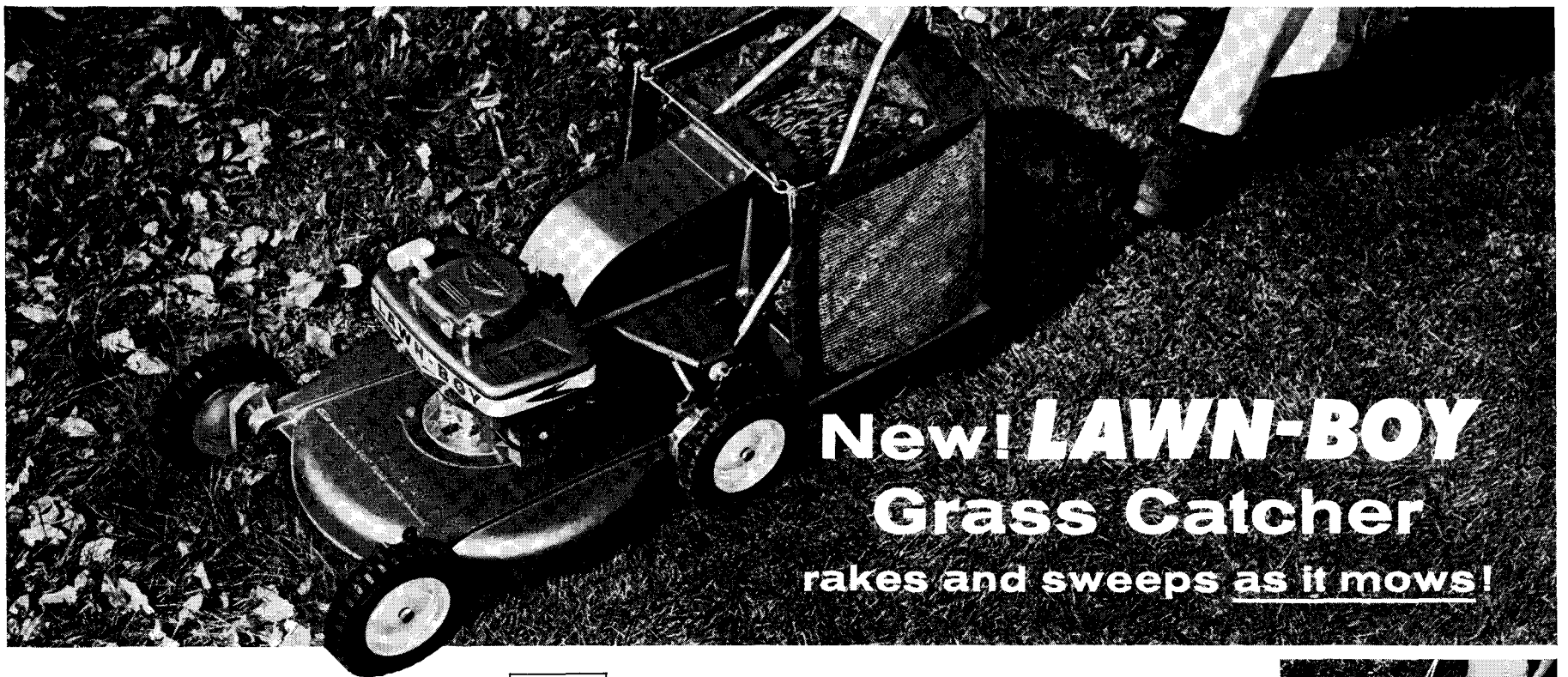
"Please, Bill," Julia implored me, "don't let people believe that grandpa is potty."

"I'll do my best," I told her, "but some co-operation from him would help. Meanwhile I'd like to meet a few people outside the family who can shed light on the subject. Whom do you suggest?"

"I'll take you and introduce you to Colonel Bushmill—he was on grandpa's staff in North Africa. He knows more about Jumbo than anyone living—except grandpa, of course."

With some difficulty we ran Colonel Bushmill down in the bar parlor of the Angler's Rest, a pleasant little pub on the riverbank. Julia left us together.

Colonel Bushmill wore an expectant look, like a walrus waiting for the keeper



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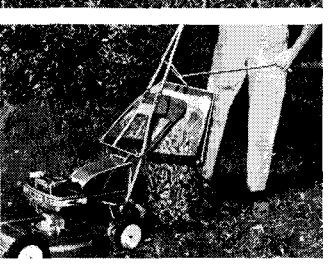

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to toss him a herring. He had protruding walrus teeth and what had once been a white walrus mustache, but which had become somewhat stained with beer.

"Jumbo, eh?" he said when I had explained my errand. "Far and away the most remarkable dog I ever knew. You know what the troops used to call him, don't you? Hitler's Secret Weapon—that's what they called him at first.

"I suppose I'd better begin at the beginning. It makes me thirsty even now to recall that day in the desert when Jumbo arrived as the sun was setting." I took the hint and called for more beer. "We, that is to say, old Knatch and his staff, were just having a quick one before dinner, when out in the dust haze we saw this gigantic brute lolloping toward us. Knatch thought it was a mule. Somebody else said it was a young elephant. It went unhesitatingly to old Knatch, reared on its hind legs, put its paws on his shoulders and gave him a great slobbering lick across the face. It then curled up at his feet and went to sleep. We still didn't know what it was. But after a while it awakened for long enough to drink a gallon of beer out of a wash bowl and went to sleep again.

"After dinner," continued Colonel Bushmill, taking a swig at the new tankard of beer, "Knatch sent word over to the armored brigade, asking if they would lend us their veterinary surgeon to examine the creature ——"

"But why," I interrupted, "should an armored brigade have a vet?"

"Matter of tradition, my dear boy. The tanks were manned by cavalrymen—cavalry regiments mechanized between the wars, don't you see. Anyway, let that be as it may, the vet came over during the evening and, after a long examination, pronounced the animal a member of the canine race—just. We named him Jumbo because he had elephants' ears—and that was that.

"Knatch and Jumbo became inseparable over the weeks that followed. Then one evening the officer of the guard came to me and asked me to come with him to the general's tent. Something very odd was going on. I could hear Knatch's voice plainly, but his companion's voice was high-pitched—like a girl's. 'I wonder how he smuggled her in,' said the young officer. 'The less said about this the better,' I told him. It might have caused a dreadful scandal. 'Probably one of our Arab agents being interrogated,' I told him. 'Disguised as dancing girls they can penetrate enemy lines easily. Know what I mean?' 'Yes, sir,' said the young officer, but he didn't sound convinced.

"Well, to cut a long story short, there was no girl in the tent. I know that for a fact because I watched until dawn. Knatch was alone with Jumbo. Excuse me," he added, clearing his throat, "but I find talking thirsty work. Not used to it. Nobody listens to an old soldier."

I sent for more beer. It was all on the expense account.

"One evening soon after that," continued the colonel, "some ugly doubts were raised in the minds of the staff. We were listening to the German radio when a voice suddenly said, '*Achtung, achtung!*' What did that dog do but sit bolt upright at attention and give the Nazi salute! 'Shall I take him out into the desert and do it quietly, sir?' I asked Knatch. 'Or shall I order a firing squad?'

"'Neither, Bushmill; neither,' said old Knatch. 'I daresay if you'd spent six months at Rommel's headquarters, you'd do the same.' Then, so help me, that dog sniggered at us, walked out of the tent and, turning in the entrance, said, '*Heil* Hitler!' If I'd had my way, I'd have shot the brute out of hand.

"Then," continued Bushmill, "one morning Jumbo was missing. Our best hope was that he'd trodden on a mine. But no such luck. Knatch announced at lunch that he had sent Jumbo on a secret mission, and not another word would he say. On the evening of the fifth day, Jumbo returned. He was just about all in. Regardless of courtesy and discipline, he reported direct to the general—Knatch at this time was only a major general, by the way, but not for long.

"According to our intelligence reports and air reconnaissance, Rommel's armor at that time was in bad shape, waiting for repairs and replacements at a spot some two hundred odd miles south and west of us. No danger of his attacking, see? The staff, therefore, was urging Knatch to take the offensive. Then he really put the cat among the pigeons.

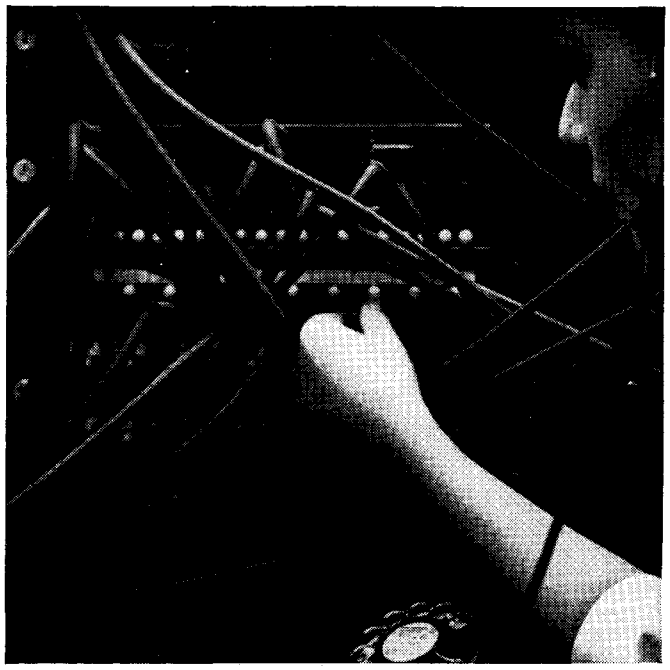
"'Gentlemen,' he told us, 'your information is wrong. Rommel will attack before dawn—and he will attack right here.' He put his finger on the map. 'And we shall be waiting here,' he indicated an area of dried mud flats, 'to attack his unprotected flank. Tomorrow will go down in history. Master Rommel has been too smart this time.'

"'May I ask, sir,' I said with great dignity, 'what source of information you have to cause you to disregard the advice of your trusted staff?'

"'You may, Bushmill, you may,' he replied very haughtily. 'Jumbo has just returned from three days at Rommel's headquarters and he has convinced me that Rommel will attack before dawn.'

"'But, sir,' I protested, remembering that Nazi salute, 'what guarantee have you that Jumbo isn't a double agent?'

The baby is coming—



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"'None, Bushmill, none,' he replied, 'except my own intuition, on which I propose to act.' He then issued orders for the disposition of our armor, and we had no choice but to obey. But," he added, drawing deeply on his cigarette butt, "I don't mind admitting to you now that it was one of the most humiliating moments of my entire life—having my advice totally disregarded and that of an elephantine dog taken in its place. Even now it makes me thirsty to think of it."

I took the hint and two more pints arrived. This was strong stuff, but if it was ever published, I realized that all was over between me and Julia.

"Well, colonel," I said, "what happened?"

"What happened, eh? Well may you ask. Rommel attacked an hour before dawn at the spot where Jumbo said he would. We counterattacked on his unprotected flank. One *Panzer* division was knocked out and another badly mauled. We took seven thousand prisoners. That's what happened."

Just then Jumbo sauntered into the bar, which ended the colonel's recital. It was as well, for the old boy was practically awash.

"The usual, please, Mrs. Hepplewhite," said a falsetto voice.

"Who's going to pay for it—that's what I'd like to know," said the good lady thus addressed. "You owe me for sixteen pints already."

"I'll be glad to pay for his drink, Mrs. Hepplewhite," I said. After all, it was a legitimate expense.

Four pints of beer were drawn into an earthenware basin and set down on the bar floor. "And," said Mrs. Hepplewhite severely, addressing Jumbo, "kindly watch your language. This is a respectable house, I'd have you remember. I blush when I think of what you called that American sergeant when he only bought you a half pint."

There came from the floor a series of disgusting sucking sounds—the kind one associates with defective plumbing—and the bowl was empty. When I offered a refill, Mrs. Hepplewhite would not allow it. "Let him go and cadge beer at the Old Bell," she said unfeelingly. Which is what Jumbo did. Quite regardless of ethics, I wanted to prime Jumbo with liquor before the interview, for I supposed *in vino veritas* held good with dogs as with men.

When I returned to the manor, General Knatchbull-Ballater was not in evidence. It was then ten o'clock. Everyone but me had eaten. Julia and I had words. They had waited dinner until nine. I pointed out to her that since she was going to marry a newspaperman she might as well start getting used to odd hours. In reply to my plea for blotting paper, she brought me a hunk of stale bread and some cheese. After telling me I smelled like a brewery, she went to bed. After four hours spent drinking beer with old Colonel Bushmill, what did she expect? Lilies of the valley?

The other name Julia had given me was that of the vicar, the Rev. Joshua Teesdale. He ought to be a reliable witness, I decided after breakfast—a chilly feast—and with Julia's help I ran him to earth in the village, where he was visiting the sick. He was disposed to be helpful. "I prefer," he said judicially, "not to express any opinions regarding Jumbo beyond the somewhat trite opinion that he is a most remarkable dog. Let me rather tell you a story so that you may judge for yourself ——"

I whipped out my notebook and pen, taking the story verbatim.

"Last Quadragesima Sunday," began the vicar, "which as you may or may not know, is the first Sunday in Lent, was exceptionally mild for the time of year. My wife and I breakfasted with the French windows open. I confessed to my dear wife during breakfast that, owing to the pressure of parish business during the preceding week, I had not prepared a sermon, but intended to use one which I had preached at Quetta, in India, in the year 1929, about thirty years ago. While I do not approve in principle of this practice, I felt that in this instance I was justified.

"During breakfast Jumbo, who is a shameless cadger, lurked in the garden. Twice while my wife and I were talking we were disconcerted by hearing his dreadful snigger. However, I thought nothing more about him until lunch. Among our guests was General Knatchbull-Ballater, who gave me a great shock. 'You know, vicar,' he said apropos of nothing, 'I didn't think much of that sermon you preached today.'

"I made some fatuous remark to the effect that I was sorry he had not liked it, to which he said, 'Frankly, vicar, I didn't think much of it when you preached it the first time—in Quetta, wasn't it, 1929, or thereabouts?'

"My wife and I exchanged looks and we tried to change the subject. We left the house at the same time as the general and we all walked together for part of the way. 'Were you in Quetta in 1929, general?' I asked him point-blank. 'No, of course not, my dear chap,' he replied. 'I was only pulling your leg.'

"'But the fact remains, general,' I told him, 'that I did preach that sermon on Quadragesima Sunday in 1929 in Quetta, so that if you were not there I fail to see how you could have possibly known that today's was the same sermon.'

"Jumbo chose that moment to snigger. I find it a most distressing sound. 'Shut up, Jumbo, you eavesdropping old reprobate,' said the general. 'Please forgive him and me, vicar,' he added. 'I fear that my little joke was in questionable taste.'

"There it is, Mr. Emerson," said the good man. "That is what happened. I leave it to you to put your own interpretation upon it. If this is not a happy village, Mr. Emerson, it is because of Jumbo.

"Courting couples no longer dare to use Lovers' Lane after nightfall. People with confidential or scandalous matters to discuss do so now behind closed windows. At least one poor girl has had to leave the village, and a young man only last week was compelled to emigrate to Australia—all on account of Jumbo.

"Until recently Jumbo's favorite stance was outside the porch of the parish church on Sundays, just when the congregation was filtering away to roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. I was compelled to ask the general to keep Jumbo on a chain at that time. 'May I ask why?' the general demanded.

"'Well, the fact is,' I was compelled to tell him, 'your dog is responsible for my dwindling congregations. People come out of church wearing their best clothes and their Sunday faces, feeling that pleasant glow of virtue which comes, or should come, from humble worship. The soul is uplifted, the spirit refreshed. And then—and then they see that dreadful dog. The mood of exaltation vanishes. They blush. They avert their eyes. They bite their lips, wondering the while just how much Jumbo knows, just what he may have heard.'

"'Jumbo,' called the general to the dog, who had been listening to all this, 'for the future you will stay in the manor grounds on Sundays until after lunch. Do you understand?'

"All I can tell you, Mr. Emerson," said the vicar, "is that Jumbo has not been near the church door since."

I whistled out loud. This was terrific—if anyone would dare to publish it. "One last question, Mr. Teesdale," I said. "Are you convinced by these and other experiences that Jumbo talks and understands ordinary conversational English?"

"Excuse me," the good man said uncomfortably, "but I have several calls to make. I have nothing more to add."

I struck more pay dirt in the bar parlor of the Angler's Rest, where I found Colonel Bushmill looking anxiously at the clock and waiting for the sun to cross over the yardarm. I invited him to wet his whistle at the expense of the *Comet*. At eleven seconds after noon by the bar clock he wetted it. "I've been thinking about things since last evening," he said, "and I feel your best plan, if you really want to understand Jumbo, is to spend Thursday evening at the manor. Do you play poker?"

I admitted the soft impeachment. "Old Knatch and Jumbo play a sort of partnership," he went on. "Knatch likes what he calls talking poker—talk people out of good hands if (*Continued on Page 122*)

"I'm afraid by tangible assets we don't mean 38–23–38."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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For many people, here's the successor to the station wagon!

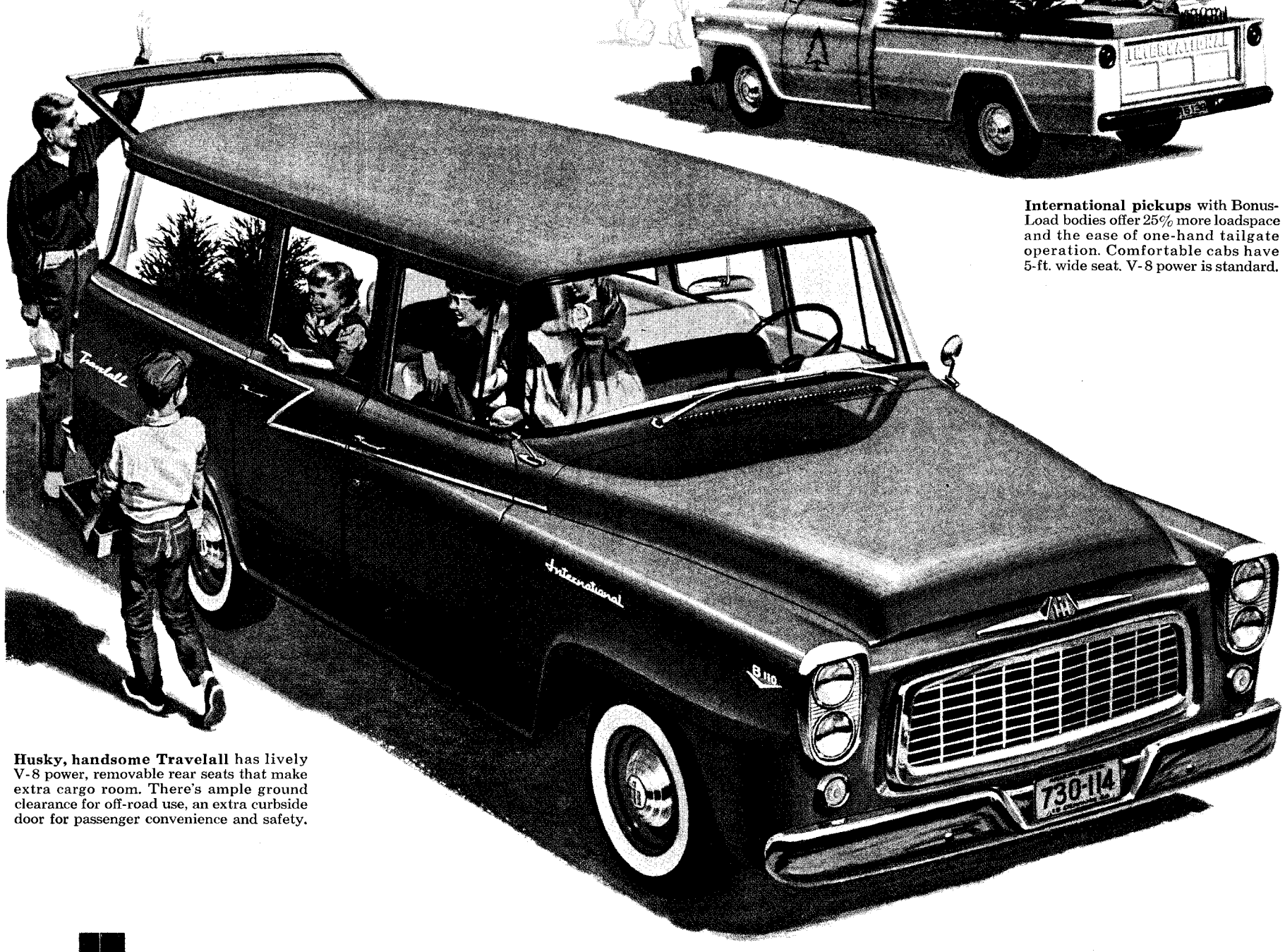
Many families—and businesses—are finding the INTERNATIONAL Travelall® a better investment than a "wagon."

The Travelall carries 8 in style, without crowding—and with easier entry and exit, more head room and "spread" room.

It can haul a truckload of merchandise without strain—has extra height and width for tall or bulky pieces, a low tailgate and flat floor for easier load handling.

See your INTERNATIONAL Truck Dealer now. Find out more about the Travelall and other INTERNATIONAL light-duty models. They're *priced* lower than you might think.

International pickups with Bonus-Load bodies offer 25% more loadspace and the ease of one-hand tailgate operation. Comfortable cabs have 5-ft. wide seat. V-8 power is standard.



Husky, handsome Travelall has lively V-8 power, removable rear seats that make extra cargo room. There's ample ground clearance for off-road use, an extra curbside door for passenger convenience and safety.

INTERNATIONAL® TRUCKS

WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE LINE

International Harvester Company, Chicago • Motor Trucks • Crawler Tractors • Construction Equipment • McCormick® Farm Equipment and Farmall® Tractors

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(*Continued from Page 120*) they're fools enough to fall for it. Know what I mean? You sit in that game tomorrow night and you'll learn a few things about Jumbo."

This sounded like a good idea to me. It was even better than it sounded, because from it sprang another idea. Joe Chandler, I was beginning to realize, had put me in an impossible position. There was no way I could see of writing the story of Jumbo without incurring the general's enmity and, therefore, Julia's. To refuse to write it might have worse repercussions for them and would surely cost me my job. It was while reporting to Joe Chandler by phone that the idea came to me. "Joe," I said softly, "there's a good poker game here tomorrow night. You're invited to dinner here first. You'll meet the general and Jumbo. A couple of officers from the American air base are coming in to play and, I'm told, Jumbo's pretty good."

That did it. "I'll be there," said Joe. It isn't easy in England to get a worth-while game of poker. It isn't a game that has really taken root. A poker game with a story in it was more than Joe could resist. I had twenty-four hours to think of some way of exploiting the situation to my own advantage.

Julia was becoming difficult. "If your paper writes about Jumbo in a way that makes grandpa sound potty," she said, "I'll never speak to you again."

"But be fair," I protested. "Even you must admit that his conduct outside Buckingham Palace was a little odd to say the least of it. Look at it from the standpoint of people who don't know Jumbo, or the story of his wartime exploits and wouldn't believe a word if they did. There are probably two to three million dogs in this country. How many of them talk? And out of those, how many eavesdrop in German and spill the beans in English? How many dogs walk into their local pub and ask for 'the usual' and are told that they've reached the credit limit? I'm prepared to bet there aren't six dogs in the entire kingdom that know when and what Quadragesima Sunday is or, knowing, can pronounce it. So you see Jumbo is by way of being an oddity and the publicity is bound to be embarrassing."

Julia was curiously unresponsive. It was my fault, I gathered, that the general had made a fool of himself. I was on the spot.

Joe Chandler's line when I met him on the late-afternoon train was that the story of Jumbo was just a hoax and that I was either a liar or a simpleton. I could take my pick. What was more, the *Comet* had no use for either. Joe owes much of his success as a newspaperman to a kind of aggressiveness and assertiveness, which needles people into saying too much, or committing wild indiscretions. Nobody likes him, which is his real strength, because he has no outside loyalties and carries no dead weight of sentiment. He would have made a good hangman.

It was too early to go to the manor, so I took Joe to the Angler's Rest for some local color. I had hoped to find Colonel Bushmill there. But Jumbo was there, cadging beer from Mrs. Hepplewhite. I gave her the green light and she gave him half a gallon. "Thanks!" piped a falsetto voice from near the bar. Joe Chandler frowned at the disgusting sucking noises which followed. "I had a word this morning," he said, "with our tame biologist, who tells me that even if dogs had the requisite intelligence—which they haven't, of course—the mouth formation and the nature of their vocal cords makes speech out of the question."

Jumbo, whom I had not introduced, was sitting a few feet from Joe, gazing at him unwinkingly. A man at the bar belched loudly. "*Gesundheit!*" said a falsetto voice, followed by that evil snigger.

"Who said that?" asked Joe, looking around.

"Oh, that was only Jumbo," I said lightly.

"Listen," said Joe nastily, "I don't mind your having a little fun at the expense of the great British public, but if you know what's good for you, don't try to make a monkey out of me. Dogs don't and can't talk."

Jumbo looked Joe squarely in the eye for at least thirty seconds and then—I wish I knew how to inject such scorn and derision into a monosyllable—the same falsetto voice said loudly and distinctly, "Nuts!"

Joe choked on his beer, erupting like a geyser. "*Gesundheit!*" said Jumbo, if the voice was his. "Well, I'll be something most indelicate!" said Joe. It was time to leave then.

There was just time before dinner to tell the general how vitally important it was to convince Joe Chandler that Jumbo could really talk. That and that alone could save him, the general, from being made to look ridiculous.

Poor old Knatch looked bleakly uncomprehending. "My dear chap," he said witheringly, "if the fellow won't accept the evidence of his own ears, what does he want? An affidavit sworn by the Archbishop of Canterbury?"

At dinner, by the general's urgent request, Jumbo was not mentioned, but it was a gloomy meal, the atmosphere too heavily charged with unsaid things. We sat down to poker as soon as the others arrived. We were six, just the right number. The general, Joe Chandler and myself, two American officers from the air base and a neighbor who had once been a British consul-general somewhere in the United States, where he had learned his poker in a hard school.

The game was a big one—far too big for me—but I stayed with it. The general was a good player, added to which he played a nice friendly game. One of the Americans was like that too. The other played a really hard game and so did Joe Chandler. The rest of us—I am a medium-to-good player—played more lightheartedly. I sat on Joe Chandler's left, with Julia between us and slightly behind, until Joe made it painfully clear that he did not like the arrangement. On my left was the general. Jumbo sat between us most of the time, but wandered round the table when it pleased him, peering at the cards when he could.

Big as the game was, it was soon apparent that other things than money were at stake, for the antagonism which flared between Jumbo and Joe Chandler was quite frightening.

Joe and the general were the only two left in on one occasion. Joe had raised ten pounds. The general was about to chuck his hand in when a falsetto voice—I was not looking at Jumbo—said, "A big pair beats a busted flush any day."

The general put up ten pounds to see Joe, who had a busted flush. The general's pair of kings won.

"I don't like playing against a partnership," said Joe nastily as the pot was raked in.

"What possible difference can it make, Joe," I asked, "if, as you say, dogs have no intelligence and can't talk?"

I was likely to be out of a job the next day, but I enjoyed needling Joe as he enjoyed needling others. "But of course," I went on, "if you're finding that Jumbo's understanding of the game is putting you at an unfair disadvantage, I'm sure our host will bar him from the room."

"Let the brute stay," said Joe, reacting as I expected. "I don't believe these tales of superdogs."

You could have heard a pin drop as Jumbo walked round the table and sat behind Joe, who gave me a dirty look. A few hands later the general and Joe were again left to fight for a pot. The former drew two cards and Joe did the same. "A pair of aces and a kicker!" said the falsetto voice. I laughed. Jumbo sniggered. "Keep your mouth shut!" snarled Joe.

Joe by now was badly rattled. He was a big loser, which hurt, but he seemed unable to face the malignance in Jumbo's eyes, or those dreadful mirthless sniggers.

"I've lost all my ready money," said Joe brusquely. "Is my check good?"

"If you can't answer that question," said the general coolly, "you surely can't expect me to."

Joe's reply to this was unprintable. It was then I burned my boats. "I will guarantee his check, general," I said, "but not his manners." Then the gloves were really off.

Then came the biggest and last hand of the evening. It was a jack pot. Joe opened it for five pounds. We all came in, but nobody raised before the draw. Joe drew one card. I had a four flush and drew one. I forget the other draws, but they don't matter because the others soon dropped out, leaving Joe and me to fight it out. He was in an ugly mood now. He looked at his card before he bet. Then he bet the limit, which was half the pot. I raised him half the pot with my draw lying face down as it had been dealt to me. The best I could have was a flush. I placed him as coming in with three of a kind and keeping a kicker.

With a limit of half the pot, the game soon gets big. Joe raised the limit again. "It begins to look as though I may need five cards to beat you," I said, picking up my draw and looking at it.

"A busted flush!" came the falsetto voice behind me. That is exactly what it was—four hearts and a club.

Now try to see all this through Joe Chandler's eyes. Dogs couldn't talk. He had said so. That was his theme song and he was going to stick to it. Joe knew nothing at all about my poker, for we had never before played together. On the other hand, he knew all about my income, and it must have seemed to him that for me to bet like this I had a pretty good hand.

I raised the limit.

"I suppose you can pay if you lose?" he said nastily.

"In this game," I reminded him, "my check is worth more than yours. Nobody has had to guarantee mine."

Joe gave me a dirty look, but said nothing. It would be his turn in the morning. A full two minutes passed while he was debating with himself what to do. "Well, make up your mind," said that horrible falsetto voice behind me.

"Will someone shut that damn dog's mouth," he shouted.

"Dogs can't talk, Joe," I said mockingly. "You told me so yourself."

That was the moment when his nerve broke. "You're better than I am," he said, throwing in his hand.

"I'd still like to see your openers, Joe—that is, if you have them," I said softly.

"Yes, your openers, please," said the general.

Joe turned over a pair of aces.

"All five cards, please," said the general inexorably.

Joe turned over the three others, revealing a third ace.

I turned over my busted flush, and I don't ever remember winning a pot which gave me so much pleasure.

Then from behind me came Jumbo's terrible snigger, which became a bray as it was prolonged. It was unbelievably malicious. It stripped Joe of the last remnants of his dignity. His hand trembled with rage so that he could hardly write his check, which was a large one.

"It looks as though you've lost your job, Bill," whispered Julia.

"I don't think so," was all I had time to say as the party broke up.

"Care for a lift back to town, Joe?" I asked. He nodded without saying anything, and we drove back to London in complete silence.

In the morning I paid Joe's check into the bank and made arrangements for a special clearance. When it had been cleared, I went to the office as though nothing had happened.

There was blood in Joe's eye when he came to my desk. Before he had time to say what I knew he was going to say, I asked, "Have you decided what you want done about the talking-dog story?"

"You're fired," he said curtly. "Go to the cashier, take what's due to you and get the hell out of here."

I knew how to play it dirty too. "Joe," I said softly, "I can walk out of here and get half a dozen jobs today. Any one of the Sunday papers would love the story of Joe Chandler outsmarted by the talking dog—Joe Chandler throwing in three aces against a busted flush. That's how I'll tell the story, so help me! How about it, Joe?"

He was licked. He couldn't face it and he knew I knew it.

"Shall we forget all about Jumbo?" I suggested.

"O.K., Bill. Let's forget it," he said quickly.

"Fine, Joe," I said. "I'll send you a card to the wedding."

"Who's your best man? Jumbo?"

I felt I could afford to let that one pass. THE END

One Day, One Accidental Day

By Doris Moore

Next week, next month, next
year—time is a word
To say but this: The earth
spins round the sun,
Spins all with it. But we,
sensing the run
Of sand between the fingers,
heard the blurred
"Oh, hurry!" in the cold
metallic tick
And tock that twitch along
the nerves to start
A swell of nameless sorrow
in the heart.
Then did we whisper
separately: Quick!
For all we know next year
may stillborn be,
Yet how it spins! Then did
we blunder loose,
Distraught, to lunge away
from Time's abuse
In search each for the other;
nor could see
Our footprints circling
nearer in the sand,
Until each, groping, touched
the other's hand.

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© FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS COMPANY, N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

Set 'em up for the Four Roses Society

(Bowling, anyone?)

And after a few frames—set 'em up again with their favorite brand of enjoyment.

That has to be Four Roses, the famous flavor that founded a society and gave a new meaning to the word "smoothness."

No other whiskey in all this land is so full-bodied and mellow-perfect. Every drop is blended to golden perfection. Tailored to your taste, sir.

As they say in the Society—"to know Four Roses is to know the score."

Four Roses—*Same great quality...new popular price!*

No other full-bodied whiskey is so smooth. 86 proof

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Fighter's Wife (Continued from Page 30)

"There's going to be a big squawk."

"Let 'em squawk."

"You'll probably be suspended."

"So I'll be suspended," Rocky said. "Who cares?"

Abe sighed. "Is it O.K. if I wait until tomorrow?"

"You can wait forever if you like."

Abe stood up. "No, I'll wait till tomorrow. You just might change your mind."

"Don't count on it, Abe," Rocky said.

At ten-thirty that night Rocky got out of a cab in front of the Blue Room. He paid the driver and then stood on the sidewalk, irresolute, staring at the front of the building. There were heavy doors with highly polished brass handles. On each side of the doors was a large brass plate, each with the name BLUE ROOM etched in black script.

Well, go ahead, Rocky told himself. *Walk right in. The joint is open and you have a wallet full of nice, green money, so what are you waiting for?*

Two couples walked past him, pushed open the doors and went inside. A black-haired, handsome young man greeted them. The doors closed.

Rocky patted his coat where the piece of paper rested in an inside pocket. It was in an envelope, tied with red ribbon. On the outside, Rocky had carefully printed, TO ANNE, WITH ALL MY LOVE—ROCKY. But now he was afraid to go inside and give it to her. Now, after nearly two years, maybe it wasn't as important as it had once been. Two years ago Anne had begged for that piece of paper—a deed to forty acres of vineyard land in the Napa Valley; a deed to security, to normalcy, to a woman's dream of a nest of her own. Two years wasn't forever. It only seemed that way.

In most households mother is the softer voice, but father is the softer touch.

HAL CHADWICK

Well, Donovan, you can't stand out here all night. He walked to the door and pushed it open.

The place was dimly lighted—a discreet tourist trap—with a small stage, heavily draped behind, heavily carpeted underfoot. A lean, crew-cut young man worked at a piano on the stage, gently playing *Exactly Like You* with professional ease. A tall young man, eyes closed, plucked rhythm from a bass fiddle. There was a long, mirrored bar running along the left side. On the right, upholstered booths held quiet people.

Beside him a voice said with pardonable surprise, "Well, Mr. Donovan."

Rocky turned and saw the young man who had greeted the couple before him.

Rocky nodded.

"A table? A booth?"

"No, thanks," Rocky said. "I'll just go to the bar."

"Certainly, Mr. Donovan. By the way, the best of luck on Wednesday. Not that you'll need it."

"Thanks," Rocky said. There was small point in going into the fact that he would not need luck, or skill, or very much of anything on Wednesday night because he wouldn't be there.

Rocky found a stool near the end of the bar and ordered a short beer. He left it on the bar in front of him, looked at it and reflected that by morning the word would go around that Rocky Donovan had been boozing it up in the Blue Room the night before. Rocky picked up the beer, sipped it and looked at his reflection in the mirror. He was not impressed by what he saw. Black hair, cut short. High cheekbones and a wide mouth and the skin stretched tautly over his jawbones. Happily the dim lights hid the scar tissue over his eyes, and the thin white scar on one cheekbone. Anyone not knowing would find it hard to believe that this lean man was ranked third among all the world's middleweight fighters.

Engrossed in broodings on his shortcomings, he did not see Anne when she walked out onto the little stage. It was only when he heard her voice that the muscles in his stomach tightened, the butterflies beat their wings inside.

Carefully he put his glass of beer on the bar. Carefully he turned on his stool, and there she was.

She was wearing a gold dress, clinging to her sleekness. Her hair, picking up lights from the spot which bathed her, seemed like a shining gamin's cap. She was a small and delicate creature. She had a tip-tilted nose, a little cleft in her chin, and her voice was not one which would fill a three-car garage. But with the help of a microphone and speakers placed strategically here and there, she seemed to be whispering love songs to everyone in the room.

Four years ago—in a smoke-filled basement gin mill—Rocky had first heard her and had assumed that she was singing to him. She wasn't, but Rocky's tender worship, night after night over a soft drink, brought her finally to his side. Petey Gaston, who ran the place, told her, "The guy sits there over a two-bit drink, his heart chipping away. Go talk to him. Get rid of him. He's bad for business. Some guy sneezes when you're singing and his life is in danger."

Now she was singing *Embraceable You,* and the piano and the bass fiddle went along for the ride, backing her up softly. There wasn't a sound in the place. Even the two bartenders stood and polished glasses.

Watching her, it was very nearly impossible for Rocky to see in this poised, sleek little mantrap the girl who had walked out two years ago. It was hard to believe that she was still Mrs. Rocky Donovan, his wife, whom he had not seen for nearly two years.

Two years ago? It seemed a lifetime.

The girl sat quietly in the drab little apartment, listening for the heavy sound of footsteps on the stairs. The room was chilly, for it was March, and the heat had long since been turned off by the landlord, who doubtless felt that by eleven o'clock everyone should keep warm by being in bed.

She rose and walked to the window. The rain outside was invisible until it was caught in the lights from the passing cars, and it was then a brief flash till it hit the pavement and became a part of the shining film on the blacktop. The girl looked out the window for perhaps a minute, then turned and walked to a small table. She nervously thumbed a magazine.

She heard him on the landing and ran to the door. He barely had time to enter when she hit him with the full force of her rush. Her arms went around his neck and she held him closely and pressed her face against his hard chest.

When he released her, she kept her head down, and then swiftly and resolutely she grabbed his lapels and looked up into his face. She let one hand trace the line along his jaw, and then she hid her face (*Continued on Page 127*)

ON-THE-SPOT REPORT

Products and Ideas that can pay off for you

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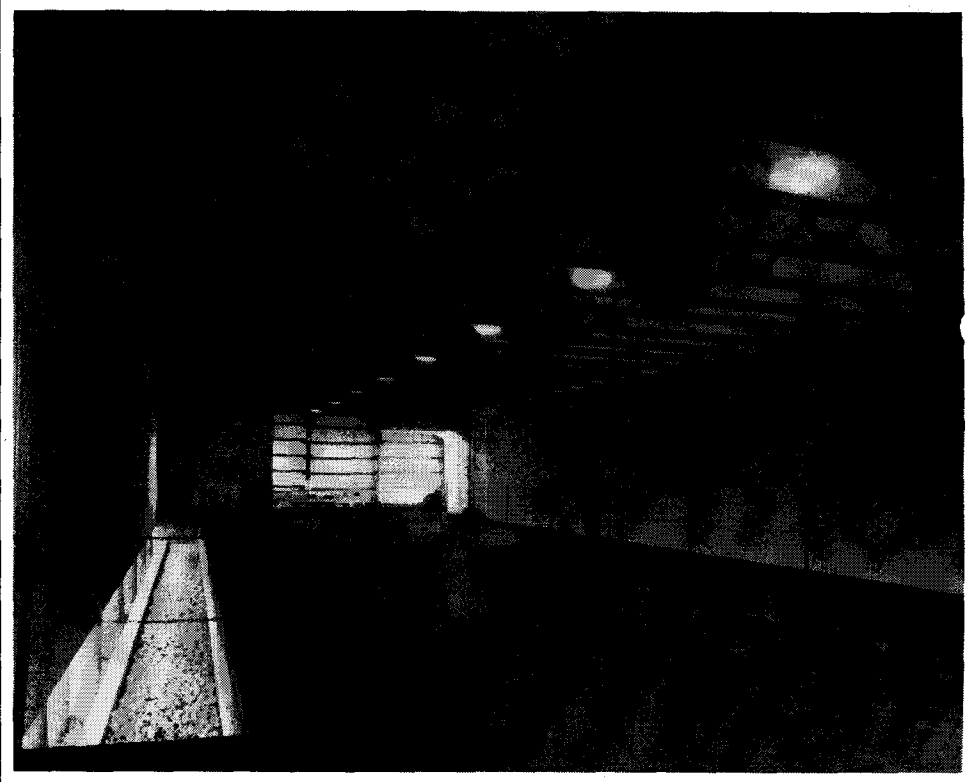
These stories illustrate how Koppers customers are using our products to cut costs, make a better product and improve efficiency. If there is an idea here that suggests a money-saving solution to you, just return the coupon and we'll send you full information on the subjects you check.



Imagine! Wood with a built-in fire extinguisher

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—The Upjohn Company, a major producer of pharmaceuticals, has just completed two new buildings for warehousing chemicals. Their construction requirements were rigid: fire-safe, explosion resistant, permanent yet low-cost! With these in mind, examine the construction and you will wonder about the materials. The buildings are sheathed with aluminum, and rest on wooden poles . . . in fact the entire framework is wood.

But this isn't ordinary wood. The poles supporting the structure have been pressure-treated with chemicals to prevent decay and termite attack. All other wood members and roof trusses are NON-COM fire-protected lumber . . . the first automatic non-combustible lumber ever offered for industrial and commercial construction. When temperatures approach the ignition point of wood, the chemicals impregnated into NON-COM wood catalytically produce carbon and water vapor to choke off any flame and prevent the spread of fire.

NON-COM wood is permanently protected . . . safe from the mechanical and human error you normally associate with fire protection systems.

The combination of economical pole construction plus NON-COM treated lumber made it possible for Upjohn to put up these buildings at low cost, and still have maximum protection against fire. One building is 36′ x 94′; the other is 36′ x 111′. The buildings were erected by Thornton General Contractors of Williamston, Michigan.

Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. have assigned to NON-COM treated materials the lowest fire hazard classification for flame spread and fuel contribution ever given to lumber, plywood and glulam materials. Factory Mutual Engineering Division and the Factory Insurance Association classif NON-COM treated wood as a basically incombustible material. Sound interesting? Check the coupon for complete details.

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Sealing ring life extended ten times

BALTIMORE, MD.—Ever see the gigantic steel rolls in a strip rolling mill? You'd wonder how anything so big and heavy can spin so easily without burning up from friction. But the rolls have excellently designed bearings and lubricating systems—especially the large backup rolls that take up the pressure on the work rolls. A critical part of the lubricating system is an oil sealing ring about the size of a hula-hoop.

Strip mill operators have tried several different types of sealing rings—but they all wear out, and an entire strip mill is frequently shut down just to replace the rings. Recently, Koppers Metal Products Division devised entirely new sealing rings, made from alloyed cast iron, chromium plated on the sides. They last from three to five years, about *ten times longer* than other types of rings. They afford tremendous savings because they eliminate so much down time. They save on oil, and they give added protection to the bearings and journals. All this, and the cost is comparable to other types of sealing rings.

Are you one of the few special people in the entire country who has something to

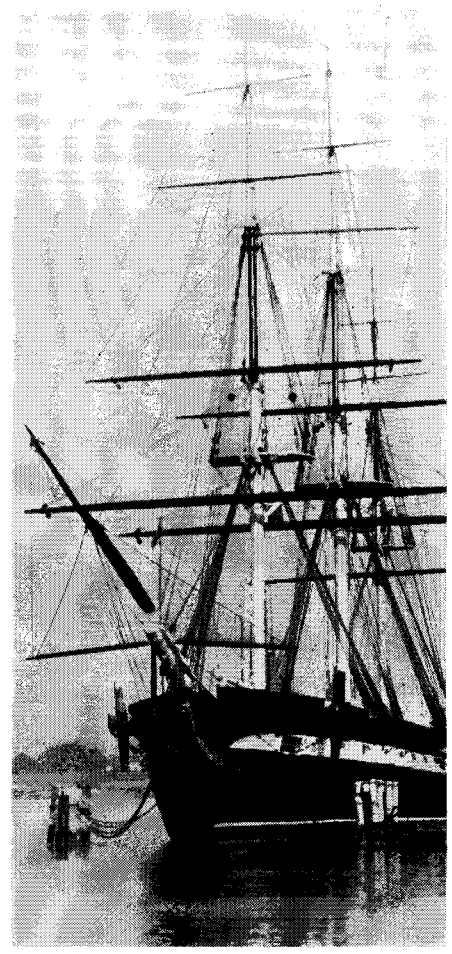
say about the purchase of a better backup roll neck seal? If so, you're probably an expert on the subject, but check the coupon and we'll be glad to send material that may give you some helpful new information.

A truly waterproof glue helps restore oldest ship afloat

BALTIMORE, MD.—Know your American history well enough to name the U. S. Navy's first warship? It's the Constellation, commissioned in 1798, and two days older than the U. S. Navy Department. She was the official Flag Ship of the Atlantic fleet *during World War II!*

Today, the Constellation is harbored in Baltimore and she's a new National Shrine being restored through private and company contributions. Borden Chemical Company furnished one hundred gallons of glue to bind up the Constellation's planks. This unusually tough, waterproof glue is based on resorcinol, a chemical made by Koppers. The glue forms a bond that's stronger than the wood itself. It holds the massive exterior hull planks to the 12″ by 12″ ribs of the ship.

You can buy this same remarkable adhesive in local stores. There are several fine brands including Borden's *Elmer's* waterproof and United States Plywood's *Weldwood* waterproof glues. Just look for a two-compartment container—one compartment contains a powder catalyst and the other contains a liquid derived from resorcinol. Mix the two and you've got a waterproof glue that *exceeds* military specifications for strength and waterproofness. It's ideal for your sports equipment, furniture, and almost any do-it-yourself project. If you want complete information about Koppers resorcinol, or the adhesives it's used in, check the coupon.

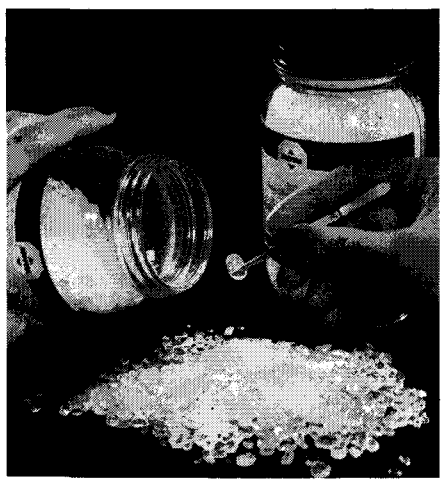


"There's some foundry coke in the morning mail!"

KEARNY, N. J.—Koppers sent it. We wanted to point out to purchasing agents some of the features of Koppers Premium Foundry Coke that make it a superior product. We particularly wanted to give them a chance to check its absolutely uniform size, structure and chemical analysis. So we packaged some chunks of this premium coke and mailed the packages to the people we wanted to convince.

Koppers salesmen followed up the unique mailings and they found doors open . . . and bemused customers who wondered, "What's with this coke?" A very happy climate for salesmen. They pointed out that, because of its exceptionally high carbon and low ash, Koppers Premium Coke enables foundrymen to maintain higher furnace temperatures than are possible with most foundry cokes. Thus they are able to increase the cleanliness of the iron, reduce fuel consumption and lower operating costs.

Can Koppers Premium Foundry Coke help improve your operation? It is available anywhere in the United States or Canada in sizes to fit your needs. Just check the coupon for more information.



This pound of Koppers BHT will protect 5 tons of food

PITTSBURGH, PA.—You've seen things oxidize. That's what happens to wood when it burns, and iron when it rusts. And when it happens to foods we call it rancidity—or we just step back and say, "Wow"!

There are several substances which will inhibit oxidation in food. The newest and most economical of these antioxidants is a chemical compound called BHT. It's highly soluble in fats and oils, and one part of BHT will effectively inhibit oxidation in 10,000 parts of the food product. Lard, for instance, will last ten times longer when inhibited with BHT, and you could protect five tons with one pound of BHT—about 68 cents worth.

Koppers pioneered in the development of BHT, or butylated hydroxy toluene, and about 4 million pounds are now used annually to protect 40 *billion* pounds of food, vitamins, animal feed, and food wrappings. For these applications, BHT enjoys sanctions under the 1958 Food Additives Amendment to our Federal Food & Drug Act.

If you use antioxidants in your operation, investigate Koppers BHT. You'll find advantages in its uniform particle size, flowability, color stability, purity, solubility, and its substantial economy. Check the coupon for more information.

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PITTSBURGH, PA.—This cooler chest is one of those plastic marvels. Because it is made of DYLITE® expandable polystyrene, it's almost as light as paper, but you could stand on it. It's waterproof—tough—buoyant—washable—and when you put something cold inside, *it stays cold* . . . for as long as 96 hours without ice refills.

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GO OLDS '60!

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(*Continued from Page 124*) against his chest and quietly let the tears come. There was a strip of adhesive tape over one eye, holding a bandage. Under that bandage would be a cut, slashed open by a glancing blow or a head butt. It would already have two or three stitches and would heal. But there would be scar tissue, more vulnerable to the next blow. There was a swelling bruise on one cheek and his lips were puffed.

Rocky patted her clumsily. "Hey—hey! Lay off. I won, Anne. I caught him in the fifth and ——"

She raised her head, forcing herself to smile. "I'm glad you won." Not that she cared. Not that she cared one iota whether he won or lost, except that when he won there were usually fewer cuts and bruises.

"Besides that, I got something for you." He reached in an inside pocket and brought out a small, thin box. "I didn't have time to get it wrapped."

She took the box and opened it. Inside was a bracelet—black panels with delicate, Oriental designs, linked together with fine chains. She stared. "Oh, Rocky!"

"Here, let me," he said. He put the bracelet on her wrist. "It's from Siam. Do you like it?"

... ...

Ladies Meeting

By Georgie
Starbuck Galbraith

What makes you think
They're not sincere?
Their screams of "Darling!"
Echo clear—
As, matching mink,
A gushing pair,
They touch cool cheeks
And kiss the air.

... ...

"Oh, Rocky, I love it. You shouldn't have, though. It looks expensive."

Rocky grinned fatuously. "You really like it, don't you?"

"I really do, Rocky. I love it." She pulled his head down and kissed him.

"It's nothing. Gimme time and you'll wear diamonds."

She looked down at the bracelet. *If he only knew. If he only knew that I would rather a thousand times have this bracelet, only this and never any diamonds—ever. He'll pay for diamonds with split lips and scars over his eyes and aching ribs, and I would look at the diamonds and loathe every shining facet.*

"I'd rather have this," she said. "I never wanted diamonds, and I don't want them now."

"You'll have 'em if you want 'em."

"I just want you, Rocky. Just you." She squeezed his arm and then said, "Did you eat, Rocky? After?"

He shook his head.

"There's some cold beer and some tongue. I'll fix us some sandwiches."

He followed her into the kitchen and squeezed between her and the stove so that he could look at her as she made the sandwiches. She got out the tongue and mustard, and sliced the tongue as Rocky eagerly explained about the fight.

"Abe had it figured, all right. He was always dropping his left after he leads. So in the fifth —— Hey, look!" Anne was busy building the sandwiches, just half listening to the fight talk.

She turned to him and Rocky said, "So in the fifth I nailed him—like this." He threw a right hand at his wife's jaw, stopped it short, pulled her to him and kissed her hard.

When he released her, she looked up at him, was breathless for a second, then said, "Oh, Rocky, you big baboon!" She turned him around and spanked him. "Get out of here while I get this food fixed."

Rocky went into the front room. Presently Anne came in with the sandwiches and two glasses of beer on a tray, and they sat down and ate.

When they were finished, she carried the dishes and glasses out, and then she, as always, sat at one end of the davenport, and he sprawled full length and put his head in her lap while they talked.

"Now Abe thinks," he said, "that we might take that go in Buffalo, and then he has a Los Angeles fight lined up. That's getting to be a good fight town, and the take could run . . ."

As he unfolded Abe's plans, fear nipped at her heart. She stared at the wall, and her mind conjured up the picture which always hung in her subconscious mind to leap forward and plague her at moments like this, Four months ago she had been waiting outside Gilman's gymnasium for Rocky, and turned as she heard someone coming. Two men had come out. One was a sports writer, thin and dapper, by the name of Jimmy Crandall. The other was a big man, who held onto one lapel and talked earnestly in a halting, husky voice.

"You talk to Fritzie, willya, Jimmy? He remembers. I been workin' out. I'm in good shape since I quit the booze. You talk to him, huh, Jimmy?" He looked earnestly into the other's face. "Remember the' show me and Artie Metzger put on? Remember? Me and Artie, we draw a full house every time out."

Jimmy nodded. "Sure—I remember, Micky. I'll speak to Fritzie."

"Thanks, Jimmy. You're a pal. You always was a pal. It was the eleventh round I caught Artie comin' off the ropes. He come off and ——"

"I remember, Micky. I know all about it."

"Sure you do, Jimmy. Well, I gotta go. See you around." He walked past Anne, and she saw the scar tissue over his eyes, the cauliflower ear, the flattened nose. She looked at him and shuddered.

The other man watched for a few seconds and then said slowly, "And five years ago they were comparing him to Ketchel." Then he smiled at Anne and said, "You waiting for Rocky? He'll be right down."

She forced the memory from her, let her hand run along his jaw and thought of the plan and the dream which she had tucked in her heart to take her through the days.

"Rocky," she said, "remember when we were going to buy that vineyard in Napa Valley? Remember the place we looked at—the forty acres with the big white two-story house and the fireplace in the bedroom?"

"Yeah, I remember."

"Rocky," she said swiftly, "maybe we could still get it. Or a place like it."

"We didn't have the dough then. We don't have it now."

"Couldn't you get a veteran's loan? Or something. You didn't even try. There's always a way if you really want something hard enough."

"Anne," he said, "in two or three years I'll buy you three or four vineyards."

Anne closed her eyes and looked forward two or three years. She looked forward and saw the face of Micky, talking to Jimmy Crandall. Then she opened her eyes and looked down at Rocky. His eyes were (*Continued on Page 129*)

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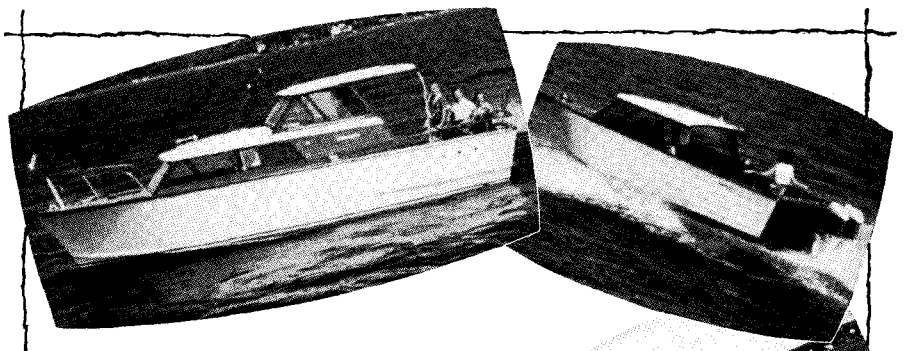

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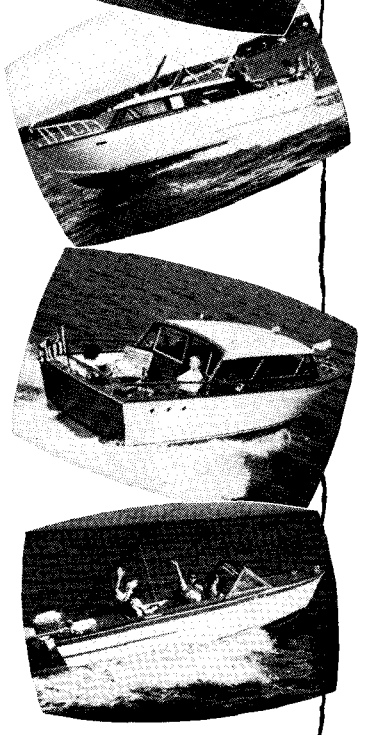

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(*Continued from Page 127*) closed. "Rocky," she said gently enough, "why don't you quit? Why don't we go to California and raise grapes? I want to do it now, not in two or three years. I want my own home, and I want a boy just like you and a girl like me. I want ——"

"Look, Anne, learn the facts of life. Fighting is my business. Before I started fighting for a living, I worked in a wholesale packing plant, wrestling sides of beef for peanuts. O.K., so it was a living, but the take wouldn't buy forty acres of swampland. I don't say I'm going to be champion. Sometimes the breaks don't go that way. But I'm going to rack up some dough while I'm giving it a try."

She lifted his head and got off the couch. She walked across the room, turned and came back, a kitten turned into a tiger. "All right," she said, "go ahead and rack up that dough. Go ahead and get your brains scrambled. You'd listen to Abe before you'd listen to your wife. And where will Abe be when you're all through? I'll tell you where he'll be. He'll be giving some other youngster the same song and dance he gives you. But he won't look any different. He won't have taken one, single punch. Your years of fighting won't hurt him a bit."

"It isn't Abe's fault. Nobody drafted me, Anne."

"Well, it isn't mine either."

"You knew I was a fighter when we got married."

"Oh, sure. I knew a lot. I didn't know anything. I didn't know about the gnawing fear, the waiting to see how bad you were cut up, the endless training, the weeks when I couldn't even be a wife to you because a wife isn't good for a fighter."

"Anne, I ——"

"We never go anywhere because you're training; we can't even sit up at night and watch television together because you were up at five in the morning for road work and have to get your rest. I'm not a wife to you. I just run a training table."

He sat up and frowned. "Anne, that's not true. You know that I love you."

"Then prove it. Stop fighting."

"What has fighting got to do with my loving you?"

"I just finished telling you what it has to do with it. You don't have the time for loving. You're a slave to the scales, to the light bag, to road work and to Abe. There's not a single place in your life for a wife."

"It's a living. You can't deny that."

"So it's a living. What isn't? I'll go back to singing, you go back to the packing house, if that's all you're worried about."

"Oh, sure, that would be great. I work all day and you work all night. Is that what you want?"

"I want you to stop fighting," she screamed.

Rocky came off the couch. "I don't want to stop fighting," he yelled.

"Well, I don't want any part of it. I'm sick of it."

"Nobody drafted you either," Rocky yelped. "You volunteered."

"Then I resign!" Anne shouted. She turned away, went into their bedroom and slammed the door.

After the first hot flame of his anger cooled, Rocky knew that he should go into the bedroom, put his arms around Anne and, after a while, everything would be all right. But even so, the basic fact was there, and no amount of conversation, no kisses, no wiping of tears, could alter the fact that Anne wanted him to stop fighting, and that he would not stop. It was as simple as that.

Later, on the couch in his underwear with a blanket over him, Rocky had to admit that it wasn't simple at all. Women were not simple creatures, loving was not a simple matter, and certainly marriage did not respond to simple rules.

Rocky tossed and turned and finally got to sleep, his last conscious thought being that in the morning everything would be different. In the morning he would go to her, put his arms around her, and she'd maybe cry a little and tell him that she had acted the way she had because she was so frightened about his fighting, and he'd point out that you could get hurt quicker by crossing the street. With this picture in his mind he slept.

But in the morning it was not the way he had pictured it. Anne was up, dressed and cooking breakfast when he awakened. He put on his shoes and socks and trousers, went into the bathroom, shaved, then went into their bedroom and put on a short-sleeved sweater.

When he came out, Anne said, "Your breakfast is ready." Just that—nothing but that.

He went into the kitchen and sat down at the breakfast nook. Anne put grapefruit, poached eggs and coffee in front of him.

He looked up at her and said, "Anne."

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry."

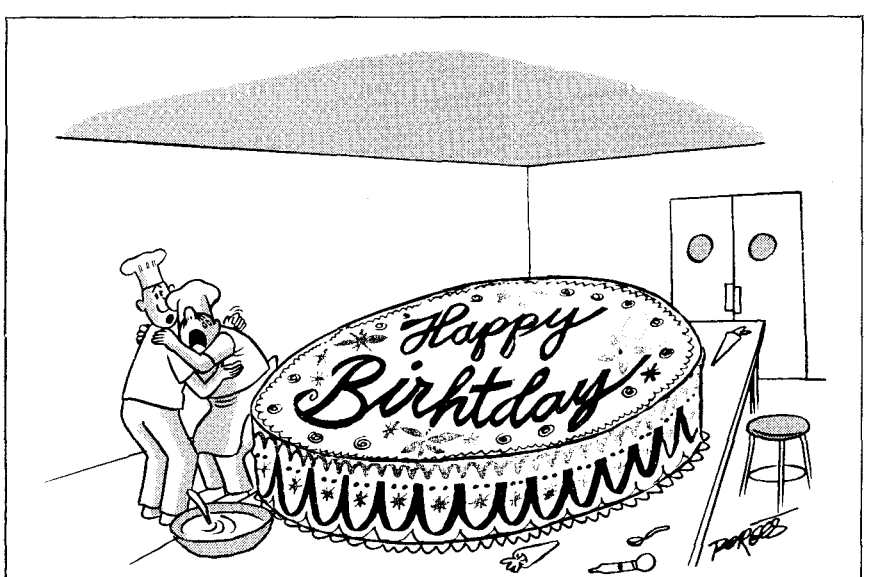
She didn't look at him. "So am I."

"Well, then?"

"I mean that I'm sorry that you won't stop fighting, because I meant what I said last night."

"You can't resign from a marriage."

"Why not?"



"Come now—don't take it so hard."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why not!" Rocky said. "Because it's crazy to talk like that, and you don't mean it."

"I never meant anything more," she said. "I told you that I can't stand it. So I resign. When you're through fighting, come find me."

Well, Donovan, now you have found her. He signaled the bartender, asked for a pencil and a piece of paper and wrote a note. *Anne:* Got time for an old friend? ROCKY.

He folded the note, gave it to the bartender and said, "Will you see that Anne Donovan gets this when she's through?"

The bartender nodded and said, "Put a head on that beer?"

Rocky shook his head and listened to Anne as she sang *Young at Heart.* She finished to thundering applause, thanked the people and left the stage.

A dark-haired, thin and dapper man with sparkling brown eyes was suddenly beside Rocky. "Mr. Donovan, Anne will be a few minutes. My name is Johnny Masters. I own this joint."

Rocky shook hands with the man. "Nice to see you."

"Sure hate to lose that girl," Masters said. "I suppose you heard the news?"

"No."

"She's booked for the Bill Brinkley television show. Five hundred a week to start. In six months she'll probably be making twice that from records alone. It couldn't happen to anyone nicer."

"I see," Rocky said. "When does she start?"

"This is her last night here. She's been rehearsing daytimes for a week. She goes on the show as a regular tomorrow."

Rocky looked carefully at his beer glass. "It's a nice break for her." *But not for you, Donovan—not for you.* Suddenly the envelope in his pocket didn't seem to contain very much in comparison with Johnny Masters' news. She would hardly trade forty acres of grapes and a renewed life with a man she had walked out on for the glittering and richly rewarding life of a singer on Bill Brinkley's show—the most successful of its kind in the country. *Well, Donovan, back to the salt mines for you. Back to the lumps and the road work and the light and heavy bag and put away that dream of Anne back with you in a home of your own.*

He did not see her until she was beside him and said, "Hello, Rocky."

He turned on his stool and got to his feet. He looked down at her, and time was sluiced away like a soap bubble in a shower. He wanted to enfold her in his arms, right here, right now, and then he realized that this was Anne, all right, but not the Anne of two years ago.

This was no child, afraid of the things that fighting would do to her husband. This was not the girl who had pleaded for a vineyard and a home and children. This was a sleek, lacquered stranger—a girl with the calm assurance that success had brought.

"Hello, Anne," he said. "It's been a long time."

"Yes, Rocky. Let's find a booth."

He followed her, his nerves singing like a fiddle string. They sat down, a waitress came and was waved away.

"You're looking fine, Rocky."

"Oh, I creak a little in the morning, but I get loosened up by noon."

"I read about you in the papers. You're fighting Sonny Walls?"

Rocky wanted to tell her that he was not fighting Sonny Walls or anyone else again, ever. He wanted to take that deed out of his pocket and lay it on the table and then wait for her glad cry and some tears, and then he'd take her away and it would be as if they had never parted.

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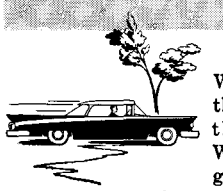

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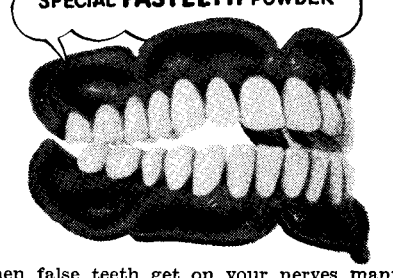

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But a man had his pride. He did not want to lay his heart on the table and be forced to pick it up again.

He nodded. "I hear things about you too. About the Bill Brinkley show."

"Uh-huh. Imagine. His business manager was in here one night with some friends, heard me sing, brought Bill back the next night, and that was it. Funny how things happen, isn't it?"

"Yeah. You got to the top before I did."

"You'll be the Number One contender after Wednesday night, won't you, Rocky?"

"That's what they say."

She looked down at her hands. "Well, I'm glad for you, Rocky. It's what you wanted."

"I still have to get by the dancing man. He's the champion. They keep saying that he's getting old, but he's like wine. He improves ——" Rocky didn't finish. The mention of wine was too close to saying out loud the thing that had parted them.

There was a silence, and then they were both embarrassed and they both started talking at once, and were forced to laugh. The moment had promise. Nostalgia was with them—but then there were people at the booth.

There was Rick Jordon, Anne's agent—a lean and handsome man—quietly polite, and a Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Daniels, who were so nice that Rocky had to like them even as he wished that they'd drop dead.

Rocky finally let it filter into his numbed brain that these people were here because Rick Jordon had planned a party when Anne was through to celebrate her last night at the Blue Room and her first appearance tomorrow on the Bill Brinkley show. They had not, he knew, planned on him, but they invited him, politely insistent.

Suddenly Rocky had had enough. He hadn't put the deed on the table, and she hadn't collapsed in his arms, and the years hadn't vanished. She could very well say, "You're too late, Rocky. Then I was a frightened little housewife, clinging to a cloud. Now I'm aiming for a star." She could very well say, laughing, "Why, Rocky, that's sweet of you, but really—me on a farm?"

"I'm sorry," Rocky said, looking at his watch. "I'm overdue for the sack right now. Abe would skin me alive if he knew I was out this late."

If you criticize the wealthy these days, you may be accused of being antilabor.

HAROLD COFFIN

"Sorry, too," Rick Jordon said. "Nice meeting you."

"The best of luck on Wednesday," Jeff Daniels said. "I'll be there."

He looked at Anne. All she had to do was bite a lip. All he had to see was one, single tear. All she had to say were three words, "Rocky, don't go."

But she didn't bite a lip, or shed a tear, and she said, "Rocky, it was nice to see you again."

He took that back to the hotel with him. Nice to see you again. People were saying the same thing all over America to near strangers. He let himself into his room. Abe was stretched out on Rocky's bed, the early editions beside him. He glanced up as Rocky came in. Abe sat up.

"Well, Rocky?" he said softly. "Well, boy?"

Rocky went to the dresser and emptied his pockets, slapped the deed down, took off his coat and pulled at his necktie. "All right," he said. "Don't cancel."

"I'm sorry, Rocky," Abe said. "Believe me. I really am."

Rocky smiled tightly. "O.K., Abe. I know. And thanks."

"How was it?"

Rocky told Abe how it was. "So she's a television star—or will be. So she needs me? So she needs forty acres of grapes? You bet. Like she needs a third leg."

"Did you ask her?"

Rocky shook his head. "No, I didn't ask her. What was the use?"

Abe stood up. "You'd better hit the sack." He turned away, opened the door and left the room.

In bed Rocky stared at the ceiling, and he felt dead inside. He heard the elevators going up and down, people in the halls saying good night. He knew when the hotel bar closed because there were loud voices in the street below.

And then he heard a key in the lock. He frowned and sat up in bed. The door opened, and in the lights from the hall he saw Anne in the doorway.

He reached up and turned on the bed lamp. Anne closed the door, crossed to the bed, sat down on it, put her arms around his neck and said, "Oh, Rocky!" and then she began to cry.

He held her tightly, his heart singing. He didn't know how she happened to be there, and he didn't care. She was there, and that was enough for him.

Presently she took her arms away and put her hands on either side of his face and kissed him and then said, "Rocky, you big ape, why didn't you tell me?"

"I don't know. I ——" Then he frowned. "How did you find out?"

"Abe," she said. "He came to the Blue Room. He told me that he had a fighter who wouldn't be much of a fighter any more, but that he thought he'd be a good vineyard man and a pretty fair husband. He said he'd make me a present of the man if I wanted him. Rocky, he told me about the deed to the land in Napa Valley, and he told me about you going to cancel the fight."

"Oh," Rocky said. He couldn't think of another thing to say.

"But you wouldn't say anything, you big clown. Oh, no. You just sat there like a wooden Indian. What did you think I was going to do—drop dead when you walked in?"

"Not exactly. I just thought ——"

"Oh, Rocky, don't you know anything about women?"

He shook his head.

"You didn't have to come to me with the middleweight championship and a pocketful of deeds to vineyards. You didn't have to come with a white charger after slaying the dragon. Men are such boobs. But I'm not going to give up the Bill Brinkley show unless you ask. It's all you have to do."

Rocky grinned at her. He put one hand on her cheek. "Baby," he said, "are you nuts enough to trade a singing career to come live with me? Only because I love you?"

She looked at him gravely and took hold of his hand. "Oh, Rocky, you idiot. Of course I will. I just wanted you to ask."

Rocky grinned and took a deep breath. Suddenly he felt nine feet tall. Suddenly he was king of the world.

"But you'd better call the desk and tell them the woman in your room is your wife. Hotels are kind of stuffy."

Rocky put one arm around her. With the other he reached for the telephone.

THE END

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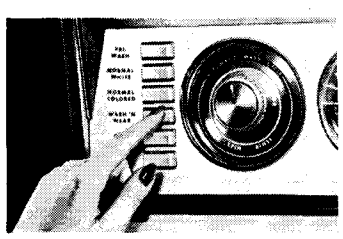

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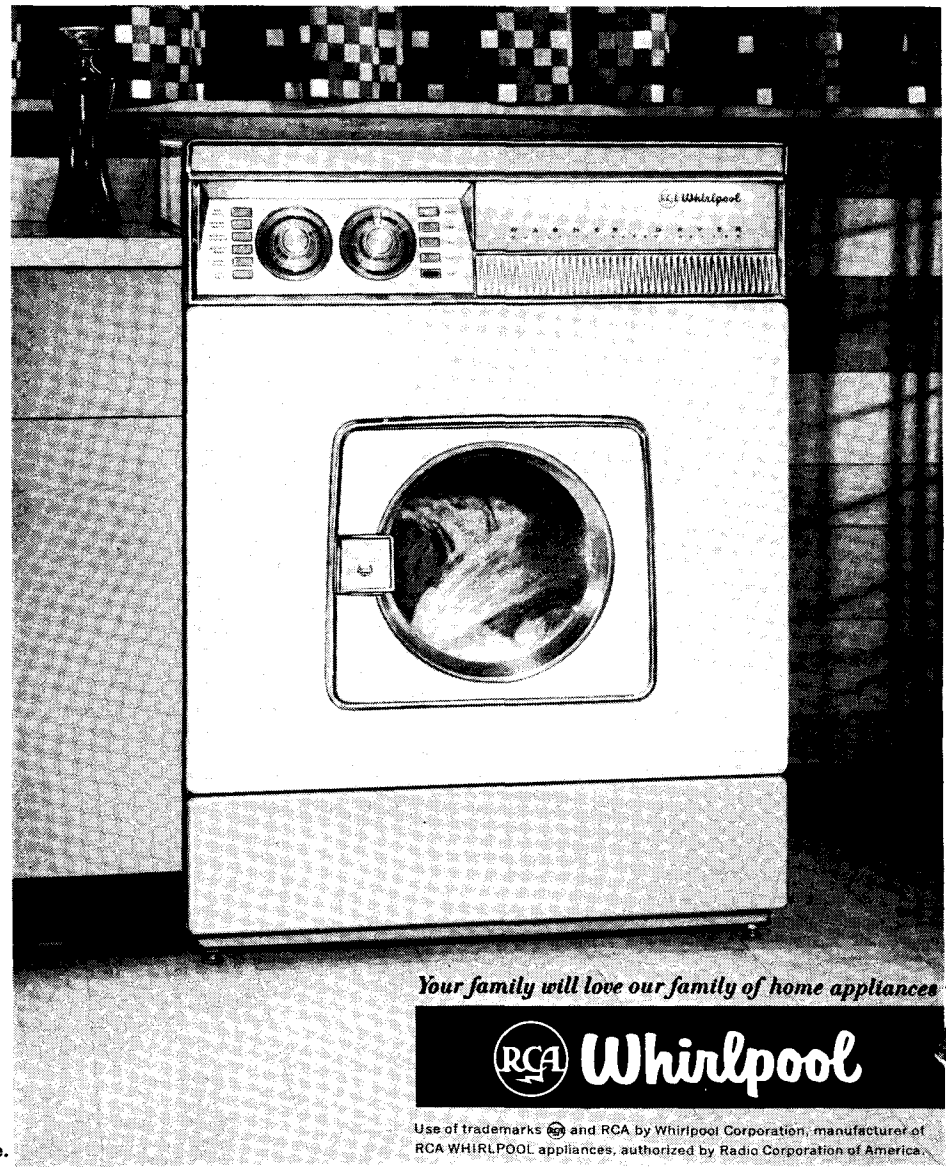

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I Call on Jack Lemmon

(Continued from Page 39)

Lemmon shoved luggage from his bed to make room for me. "My part in *Some Like it Hot*," he said, "was the best part I'd ever read. I'm not trying the false-modesty bit on you. I came on strong in that picture, but the real secret of its success was in its writing and direction. Remember its last line?" I nodded.

"I say to Joe E. Brown, 'I can't marry you because I'm not a girl; I'm a boy.' And Joe E. says, 'Everybody can't be perfect.' That line itself was perfection. One of the things I like about Wilder is the fact that he's a genius who comes through in the clutch. He didn't have an ending for that picture until we were almost finished with the shooting; then he came up with the most memorable black-out line since *The Front Page* was staged."

"Is there a difference between a black-out and a fade-out?" I asked.

"A black-out sketch ends with a punch line—pow!" he said. "But usually in movies, or even in theatrical comedies or farces there is just a fade-out. A black-out line is either a blockbuster or a bomb you wish you'd never laid. You drop it, run for the hills and hope for the best."

"You had a couple of other lines in *Some Like it Hot* that I liked," I told him. "One of them was when you said to Tony Curtis, during the time you were both impersonating girls, 'I'm going to be married. I'm engaged. I'll have security.' And Curtis said, 'But what are you going to do about your honeymoon? After all, since you're a man, that might present a few problems.'"

"I remember," Lemmon chuckled. "I said, 'He wants to go to Miami Beach and I'd like Niagara Falls, but we can iron that out.' I thought it was the highest scene in the picture. When I read those two pages of dialogue I told myself, 'This is it.' Moreover, Wilder is great at giving you bits of business to help you with your staging. When that scene was written, I could think of nothing to do while delivering my lines. Billy suggested that since I had just been dancing a fandango with Joe E. Brown, it would be natural for me to come home playing maracas. Those gourds filled with bird shot or seeds threw me completely until I got used to them; then they pumped energy into my action and gave the entire scene flavor."

I said to Lemmon, "Another thing I liked about that film was that neither you nor Curtis seemed to be in what is called 'in drag.' In other words, you didn't seem to be abnormally female in your roles."

"I never even thought about that while we were making the picture," Lemmon told me. "If there had been any need for it, I could have supplied credentials that I'm normal. It was only afterward that I realized that playing the part of a man made up like a girl and dressed to look like a girl could have been tricky. I just threw myself into the part right up to the hilt without any self-consciousness. To me the character I played, Daphne, was such a kookie that I didn't act. I merely reacted without thinking and without evaluating anything. I did whatever occurred to me instinctively. That's a wonderful thing for an actor to be able to do. If you are lucky enough to be playing a character which justifies such liberties, you can do anything. The wildest thing in the world is not too wild."

"It would be nice to be able to do that in real life," I said.

Lemmon grinned. "Unfortunately," he told me, "I do it too often."

"What does 'kookie' mean?" I asked. "Odd-ball?"

"You've almost got it," he said. "'Kooked-off' means 'a little nuts.' some-one who reacts regardless of the rules and regulations, and that's the way I played Daphne. She did whatever bubbled to the top of her weak little mind." He paused a moment and then went on, "But to get back to the 'in drag' implications of *Some Like it Hot*. Wilder did a great job of keeping us from giving off any hint of 'queerness.' He continually built up the fact of our frustration at being surrounded by lush broads in various stages of undress and having to remember that we were supposed to be girls."

The conversation brought back an unhappy memory. "The only time I ever had to wear women's clothes," I said, "was on a vacation cruise from New York to New Orleans. There was one of those shipboard parties in which the passengers were supposed to get up on a stage and do something funny. For some reason the cruise hostess thought it would be a howl if I dressed in women's clothes. It was horrible. I felt vulnerable and naked. I once ran the quarter mile on a track team, but compared with a dress, a pair of panties and a garter belt, a pair of track pants was a tweed overcoat. I couldn't get over my feeling that there was nothing between me and the audience. Did you ever get the feeling of being undressed while you played Daphne?"

"Tony and I were embarrassed at first," he said, "but not so much because we felt half-naked as because of the hand-on-hip jokes everybody flipped our way. I don't mean while we were on the set. If I'm on a set and I'm supposed to be playing a lion, I play a lion. I forget the rest of the world,

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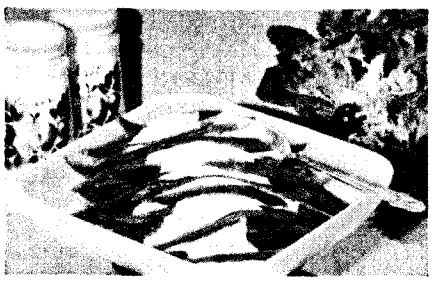

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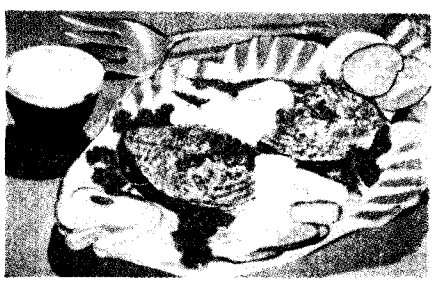

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including the camera crew, grips and electricians. But when Tony and I went to lunch or to the rest room, we walked into another country."

I was trying to picture the whistles and woo-woo noises when Lemmon added, "Our greatest problem was when we visited the ladies' powder room."

"When you did what?" I asked.

"After three days of trying out our make-up and learning to walk on high heels without spraining our ankles, I had an idea," he said. "Now that I think of it, it was a stupid idea, but at the time it seemed valid. I said to Curtis, 'Let's test our make-up. Let's go to the ladies' powder room in the studio and see if there's an atomic explosion when we walk in.' We made it as far as the anteroom of the ladies' rest room, where a lot of babes were putting on their faces. They looked at us, and you could see them thinking, *Well, here're a couple of old bags trying to look young*. Anyway, nobody spotted us as men and we backed out. After that we figured we'd pass for dames on any screen."

I said to him, "I don't quite know how to put my next question tactfully, but when a number of my friends heard that I was coming to interview you, they begged me to ask you confidentially what you and Tony Curtis wore under those dresses in *Some Like it Hot*."

"I don't want to be indelicate," Lemmon replied, "but basically we used the kind of support any athlete uses. In addition we wore woolen, skin-hugging sheaths from mid-hip to neckline. And boy were they hot!"

"I wrote a story about foundation garments once," I told him smugly. "I think you mean a long-line corselet."

"All I know is that getting in and out of them was hell," Lemmon said. "And the stuffing under our bras was hot, too," he added. I remembered another line from the film, when Tony Curtis grabbed him. Lemmon glared at him reproachfully and said, "Now you've done it. You've torn one of my chests."

I said, "It was fun to see a picture which didn't give me a big, significant social message. I could do with fewer Tennessee Williams imitators."

Lemmon said, "It's my guess that the people who like that kind of theater are only a flyspeck. Only one per cent of the people in New York City visits a legitimate theater every season. Of that one per cent, how many go for Tennessee Williams I wouldn't know.

"Actually," Lemmon went on, "*Some Like it Hot* was one long series of clichés, older than putting a lampshade on your head and pretending that you're a guy dressed as a dame. Wilder made two hours and three minutes unforgettable by inventing stuff, all of which had been done; only he made you forget obviousness after obviousness. And he did it on such a plane that, while it was a naughty picture, it wasn't a dirty or a vulgar picture."

I said, "I don't see how your newest picture, *The Apartment*, to be released next month, can be any funnier than *Some Like it Hot*."

"It's not supposed to be," Lemmon told me. "*Hot* was only supposed to provide laughs. *The Apartment* will use drama, tragedy, hope and compassion. One moment there will be a scene of hilarious comedy; the next there'll be deep pathos."

"Tell me about working with Marilyn Monroe," I suggested. "I wrote a series of interviews with her once."

"Did you really get to know her?" Lemmon asked me.

"I don't know," I said. "The first time I interviewed her I waited for her for two hours; the second time I waited for her an hour and a half. I wanted to kick her, but I ended by feeling sorry for her. Why, I don't know, except that I got the impression that someone dropped her on her head when she was little. As a result she's offbeat."

"She's all of that," Lemmon agreed, "but I still like Marilyn, although I don't feel that I know her. We worked together for weeks in *Some Like it Hot*. When I'm in New York I usually call up Marilyn and her husband and we have dinner together, but I still can't define her. Usually no matter how individual people are they conform to certain group-behavior characteristics. Most of us behave certain ways in certain areas, but Marilyn is absolutely unpredictable. She simply isn't like other people. If we were all in the same building and it began to fall down, we'd all run. But Marilyn would probably run in a totally different direction."

I said, "She might even run backward."

"She might at that," Lemmon said. "But the point is she wouldn't get hit by any falling bricks because she's not only different, she's smart. In addition she resembles some of the old-time stars in that she's completely glamorous. She may be a lot of things, but what she's not is the girl next door." *That*, I thought, *was the understatement of the year*.

I said, "During the making of any picture in which she's cast, there are stories about how difficult she is to work with."

"Most of those stories have to do with her feeling unwell," Lemmon told me. "And in her case it's difficult to figure where temperament takes over and being ill leaves off. I heard that she and Billy Wilder were fighting like wildcats on the set of *Some Like it Hot*. That was simply not true. I heard Billy say, 'With this girl, you may take a lot more takes than you think necessary, but when she's finally got a scene right, it's worth it.'"

I said, "Some people have told me *Some Like it Hot* was like an old Mack Sennett picture. I've seen a lot of old Mack Sennett pictures, and it wasn't like any of them."

"I couldn't agree with you more," Lemmon said; "it wasn't like anything else. Essentially it was broad farce, but that hasn't been done in such a long time that the public harked all the way back to Sennett for a comparison."

Jumping from *Some Like it Hot* all the way to music, I said I had heard he had learned to play the piano by listening to Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*. "I've been told that you just went home one day and played it. It was as simple as that."

"Your version is a lot simpler than it actually was," Lemmon laughed. "I had taken piano lessons for a year, but I had never concentrated on them enough to read music. I was eight or nine and I wanted to go out and play baseball with the other kids. Not only that, but the boy next door, who was two years older than I was, made it very clear to me that I was a great big fat sissy for taking piano lessons. The whole setup was like a Norman Rockwell cover."

"I 'took' for six months, myself," I said. "Then my piano teacher gave me a note to take home. It read: 'Mr. and Mrs. Martin: I suggest that you don't send your son back any more. You're wasting your money.'"

"I didn't get a note," Lemmon said firmly. Then he went on, "When I was twelve I heard the *Moonlight Sonata*, not at a concert or any sensible place, but in a movie theater where I watched a film starring Paderewski. He played this thing, and it fractured me. I cried like a baby. It was right afterward that I started playing it by ear, and a lot of other things. Ever since then the piano has been one of the main sources of joy in my life. In fact, it's a necessity. If I don't play the piano every couple of days, I get itchy."

"What kind of piano playing do you do?" I asked.

Ex-Manhattan jazz pianist Jack Lemmon gets "itchy" if he doesn't play the piano every couple of days. Here he entertains colleagues on a Hollywood sound stage.

"A loose form of modern jazz," he told me. "Improvising different chord structures gasses me. When I was in college I'd light out for New York every weekend I could muster up enough loot. I practically lived on Fifty-second Street in a jazz strip then."

"Who were your favorite jazz virtuosos?" I asked.

"I had several," he said. "There was Art Tatum, and I like André Previn, and in a completely different way I like Stan Freeman."

Of the three he mentioned, I'd heard of only two—Tatum and Previn—but I tried to look wise and knowing and I asked him if knowing how to play the piano had helped support him when he left college, before he'd begun to get acting jobs.

"I was constantly pounding the piano somewhere for a couple of bucks," he said. "Mainly at a place called the Old Nick. I did everything there before I was through. I was a bus boy, headwaiter, orchestra leader and master of ceremonies. Last of all I was the star there. Mostly my salary was five bucks a week. I say 'mostly' because it varied. It depended upon how much the owner had in the kitty each Saturday night. All the employees lined up then and split what was in the till. That was the only way the owner, Paul Killian, could pay us. As you can see, the joint wasn't unionized."

"Seems to me the best way to describe what Killian did for you," I said, "is to quote George Burns' remark when someone said it's hard for young performers to get a start nowadays. Burns said, 'The problem is there's no place in which a kid can be lousy.'"

"That's true," Lemmon said. "There's no more vaudeville, and summer stock has become such big business it demands established stars instead of beginners. All that's left for a kid who's just learning can be summed up under the phrase, 'The nadir of nothingness.' A kid won't be offered a television role unless he's already a star today. I was lucky. In the past I've played a lot of TV roles before the casting demands became impossibly high. I played leads in shows like *The Kraft Television Theater* and *The Web*, and some of the plays put on by Robert Montgomery. The only good show still left is *Playhouse 90*. I doubt if I'd go for TV today even if they wanted me. I'm not too fond of television the way it's run these days."

"I'm not wedded to it either," I said. "Night after night my wife and I make an honest effort to find something we want to see, and sometimes we can find nothing."

"When less money was being shoveled out," Lemmon explained, "and there were fewer experienced people in TV and you didn't have to be a name actor, there was a tremendous excitement and immediacy about it. It was like being let in on the creative ground floor of something. But the excitement and immediacy have been lost somewhere on Madison Avenue. The more dough involved, the more the people in TV are afraid to let themselves go."

"Let's get back to you," I said. "I've heard it said you are always looking for a scene in which you can let yourself go."

He told me, "In any script I read I like to find at least one scene where the character I'm playing takes off, where he dominates, where he really busts loose. If he does, it can be a hell of a scene. People still talk to me about the soap-suds scene in the filmed version of *Mister Roberts*, although that was about five years ago. A scene like that not only gives the audience something to latch onto and remember vividly, it also gives an actor a chance to feel satisfied." (*Continued on Page 135*)

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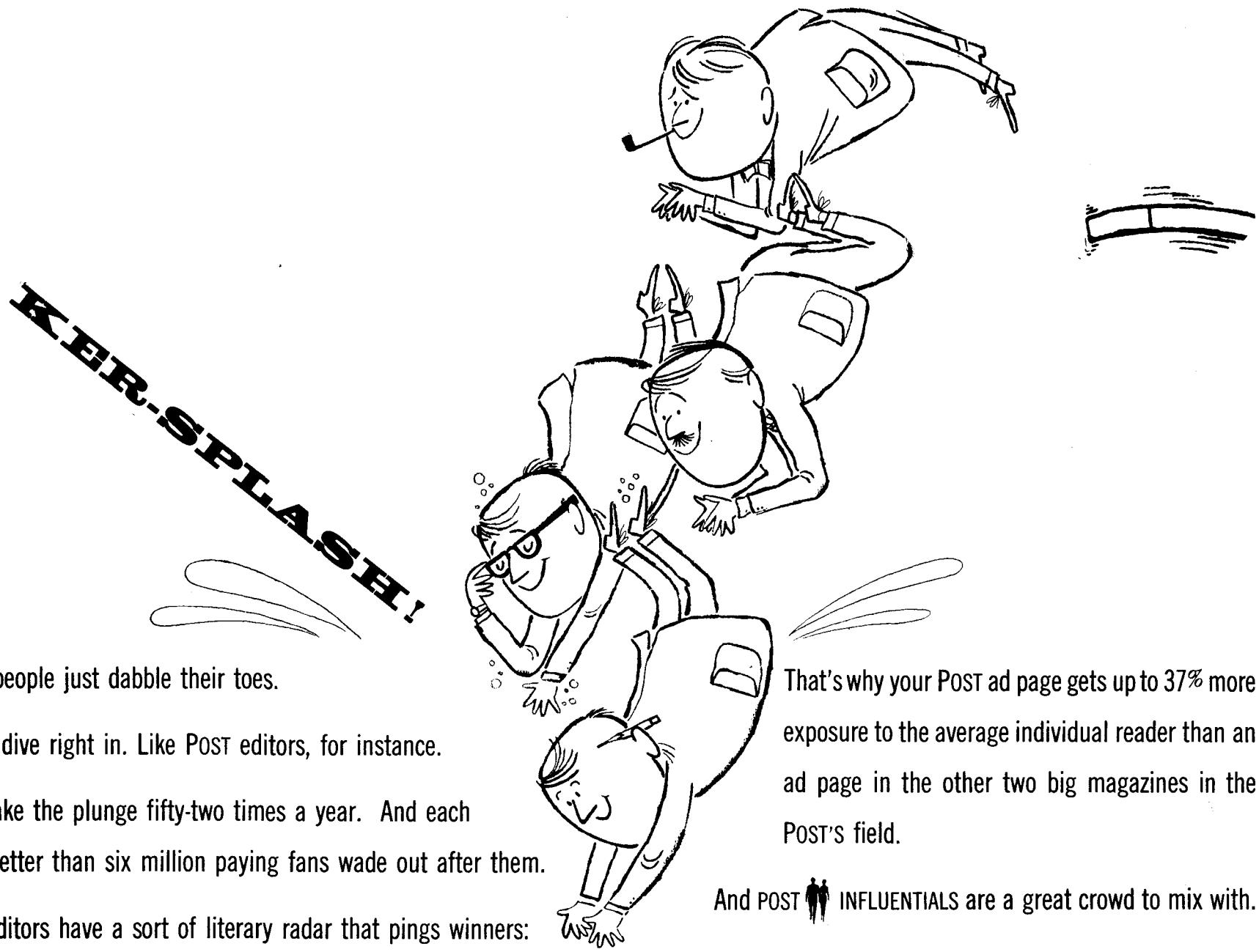

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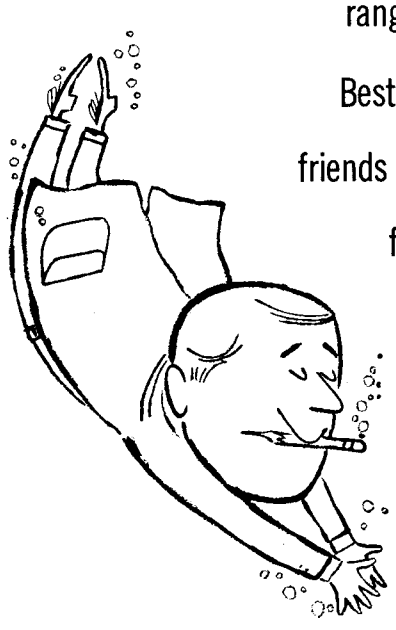

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(*Continued from Page 132*) I said, "I've heard that you have decided ideas about the difference between being a comic and an actor."

"You heard it right," he said emphatically. "It really bugs me when someone thinks I'm a comic. If I read about 'comedian Jack Lemmon,' I gag." He made a very realistic gagging sound.

"That means that I'm not an actor," he went on, "which I am. Good, bad or indifferent, I'm an actor. If you're a comic and somebody comes up to you and says, 'Be funny. Make me laugh,' you're supposed to knock him into the aisle with a brilliant remark. I couldn't do that if my life depended on it. If someone wrote the material for me to do a Bob Hope monologue, I could deliver it, but I don't want to. I could make a fortune playing Las Vegas, but I wouldn't do it for all of the money in Onassis' yacht.

"I don't think I would be as good that way as I could be by doing what I'm trained to do—act. To me, going to Las Vegas to make a fortune each week, most of which I would hand over to Uncle Sam anyhow, is for the birds. Certainly it has nothing to do with the position I'm striving for, which is to win a certain prestige and stature within my profession. I'm more concerned with what people think of me as an actor than I am with how many tickets are sold at the box office. Not that I'm unconcerned with that. It's important, and I wouldn't be around very long if they didn't sell.

"Basically I think people should be concerned with those whose opinions they respect, rather than what the public in general thinks of them. If someone in my own industry considers me a fine actor, that means more to me than flattery from some Joe Blow who knows nothing about acting. The latter can be pleasant, of course, but it's not why I'm an actor. I want to accomplish something more than merely winning popularity contests."

"About your role as Ensign Pulver in *Mister Roberts*," I said. "I know you got an Oscar for it, but a lot of people have forgotten that you did."

"That's fine," Lemmon said.

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"I hope they'll remember something I've done of more recent vintage," he said. "I don't think about Pulver very often myself. After all, an actor must keep pushing on or he's dead. If I went out tomorrow and remade *Some Like it Hot* or a picture I did with Doris Day called *It Happened to Jane*, I hope I'd do it better than the first time around. Every good scene can be played a variety of ways."

"How do you decide on the right way?" I asked him.

He said, "Training or instinct, or by trying them out on the poor director."

"I guess that's one way to avoid getting yourself tagged as a type," I said. "If somebody said 'a Jack Lemmon type,' what would it mean to you?"

"It wouldn't mean a thing to me," he said. "I don't have the slightest idea what a Jack Lemmon part is. I hope I never find out. If I ever become identified in the public's mind with certain mannerisms and habits, so comedians can imitate me in night clubs, that's when my personal raw egg will hit the electric fan. Could you imitate Spencer Tracy or Alec Guinness or Lawrence Olivier? Not in a million years. Of course, I know that the public wants some of its favorite personalities to have recognizable mannerisms and identifiable tricks. I know that—because those personalities have lasted so long, while so many good actors have disappeared. Yet to me, a true actor does not behave the same way in two different parts."

I told him, "The first time I saw you on the screen was with Judy Holliday. Was that your first film?"

"Yes," he said, "I hadn't cared much about movies until then. I was strictly a drugstore actor, one of those ambitious kids who sit at a counter, stretch a coffee and tell each other how great they are. Part of the deal was that every once in a while you had to say, 'The hell with the movies.' Nobody is more dedicated to Broadway than an actor who has never had a Hollywood offer. In my own mind I was a young guy who'd come down from Boston to save the theater—only nobody would let me save it."

He went on, "My second movie with Judy bore the worst title I've ever seen on a picture, but it made lots of money."

"What was its title?" I asked. "I've forgotten."

"*Phfffft*," he said.

I looked at him suspiciously, but he was deadly serious. "One day," he told me, "all production stopped while we were making it. The money kept squirting out of the overhead seams at thousands of dollars a squirt, while the brass rushed upstairs for a title conference. A few hours later the picture's producer, Mark Robson, came downstairs again, and everybody asked him eagerly, 'Did you get a new title?' 'Yes,' he said. 'We took out one "F." It reads *Phffft* now.'"

I said, "It seems to me that you had an unpromising start as an actor. You weren't born in a cold-water flat near the East River, like Jimmy Cagney; you weren't a boy who could find nothing to eat in the family ice box, like Kirk Douglas. Your father always made a good living. Your family lived in a pleasant home. You were given a better-than-average education. I don't see how you ever made it."

He admitted, "When the other kids at the drugstore counter found out about my background, it did set me way back in their estimation."

"And don't forget," I said, "you even had a greater handicap to overcome. You were president of—you'll pardon the expression—the Hasty Pudding Club while at Harvard."

He explained, "In my last year at Andover I was eighteen. That automatically made me eligible for the ROTC. I took the exams, and the Navy sent me to Harvard. I think the only reason I wound up as president of the Pudding was that the other candidate was a fellow named Appel, and everybody was intrigued with the thought of running a Lemmon against an Appel. I guess there were more Lemmon lovers than Appel lovers."

I said, "I hear you're a song writer too."

"You might call it that," he admitted. "I wrote the background score for a picture called *Fire Down Below*. Then, four years later I got a check for seventeen dollars as royalties for the sale of the sheet music. So I think it fair to assume that it wasn't a smash hit. The best you can say for me is that I'm not a rock-and-roll writer. I think rock and roll is the lowest musical point ever reached. It's like telling a child that two plus two equaling four is all he needs to know about addition. Rock and roll isn't actually music. Most of the guys who plonk those guitars use only three chords."

He changed the subject abruptly. "I've never forgotten a thing my father told me when I left Harvard and borrowed three hundred bucks from him so that I could hurry up and become an actor. Dad said, 'I'm not going to give you any advice, but I hope you like what you're going to do.' I said, 'All I know is that I have to do it.' My father was in the flour-mix business and he said, 'That's fine. The day I don't find romance in a loaf of bread I'll quit.' I can't imagine myself ever doing anything except acting. If I didn't act I'd go fruitcake."

"Was it tough living on that three hundred bucks?" I asked.

"Tough is a flabby word for it, friend," he said. "I started doing the rounds, but I got nowhere. In my letters home I lied like a trouper. I wrote, 'I'm doing a bit here and a bit there,' but I really wasn't working in the theater at all. I was a food checker for a restaurant chain. I'd go in, order a meal and then write a report about how good the service was. But because I never turned in a bad report on a waiter, I was fired. The boss said my reports weren't constructive.

"If I wasn't checking food I played a piano somewhere. In those days—forty-six, forty-seven and forty-eight—I lived on five bucks a week. My room rent came to a dollar and a half a week. There were no windows in the room, and the bath was on another floor; but the landlord, who owned a delicatessen, sometimes

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gave me a link of sausage to nibble on. I didn't land a job on radio or TV for a couple of years, and that hacking around from office to office not only makes a youngster feel like an idiot, it's humiliating. It wasn't that everybody was rude and slammed doors in my face; it was just that I didn't mean anything to anybody and I wasn't conditioned to it. It was quite a leap from cocktails at the Ritz-Carlton bar in Boston to not even being able to get in to see a producer's secretary. I even bought paper-backed novels and read them all night. Then I slept all day to escape from hitting those offices.

"Fortunately I was too stupid to give up," he continued. "If I'd been bright, I'd have realized that I was horribly uncomfortable, amazingly frustrated, and like any sensible person, I'd have quit. But it never occurred to me that I wouldn't be successful eventually. I accepted the fact that someday I'd become an actor, although that wasn't necessarily true. I found out later that the percentage of those who were making it was so low it was frightening. At that time, less than eight per cent of all the actors in New York were earning a living as actors. All the rest had to supplement their livelihoods by doing something else."

He grinned at me and the corners of his eyes and his eyebrows went up again. "Even if I'd known that, it wouldn't have stopped me," he said. "If someone had told me that only one per cent was earning a living, I'd have answered, 'O.K., I'll be in that one per cent.'

"For a few nights I had a job in an off-Broadway show, Tolstoy's *Power of Darkness*, at a place I think was called the Ethnological Dance Hall on East Fifty-eighth Street. It was summer; there was a heat wave on, and outside on the street there was pneumatic hammering even at night. So we had to close the windows. As a result it was a hundred and ten inside. I walked out on the stage, said five sentences, and a guy in the front row fainted. I was sure that my acting had moved him so that it had knocked him out. But when other people began to keel over, and I got woozy myself, I decided that wasn't the complete answer.

"The first real job I got came as a result of a radio audition for a running part in a soap opera. The director was named Art Hanna, and when I finished auditioning, Hanna's secretary said, 'O.K., Mr. Lemmon, you'll get your call.'

"I said, 'You mean I've got the part?' And she said with what to me was amazing calmness, 'Yes. You're to be on our show every week.' Calmly I picked up Hanna's briefcase, his hat and his coat and walked home, trying not to let anybody see that I was stiff with excitement. When I got home there was a message from Hanna. It said, 'Look, I've been waiting here for three quarters of an hour. Would you mind very much bringing me my hat, my coat and my briefcase?'

"I stayed in that show for a year. My name in it was Bruce. While I was still Bruce I got a job in another soaper, *The Road of Life*. All of a sudden I was making big money, like a hundred and a quarter a week. Then I heard that the producer, Worthington Miner, was doing a TV show called *Shadow and Substance*. I walked in through his door and said, 'I'm from the Abbey Players in Dublin, y' know.' I had been practicing a Jimmy Cagney accent for the interview. Miner listened to me, asked me deadpan questions about my experiences with the Abbey Theatre and about some Irish families he knew. Finally he looked me in the eye and said, 'I saw you on the Kraft show last Wednesday, you phony, and you were about as Irish as Eddie Cantor, but I'll give you a part anyhow.' Time passed, and I must have done five hundred live shows in two or three years."

"I've often wondered what makes actors become actors," I said. "Is it an inner drive to focus attention on themselves?"

"Your guess is as good as mine," Lemmon said. "I got that attention anyhow when I was little. I never felt rejected. Yet, even then there was something inside me that made me demand more attention and more applause. I was a great one for the 'look-at-me-mommy' bit.

"There's another thing about being an actor. It's the desire to be somebody else. That way you can temporarily forget your emotional frustrations and guilts."

"I don't know about the guilts," I said. "But Sid Caesar fits the first part. I tried to interview him once, but when he's just being himself he seems miserable. It's only when he's playing someone else that he comes to life."

Lemmon told me, "I don't know about Caesar, but many actors are like that. When they're off stage there's a paleness in their eyes. They're quiet and withdrawn. Then, when the curtain goes up, they're somebody else. They're alive, they're vital, they're open. They've escaped from themselves."

"I have one more question to ask," I said to him. "Why do some theatrical personalities who already have all the money they'll need, keep on sweating it out behind the footlights when they ought to stay at home with a mud pack on their faces? Is it ego? Is it because they miss the autograph hounds, people eying them when they walk into a restaurant?"

"You've asked me something pretty deep," Lemmon told me. "There must be something in a performer which makes him or her rebel at the idea of quitting. It must be especially rough if you're a leading lady in the movies and suddenly you don't look like one any more. On a big screen your eyes are three feet wide, and if you've got bags under them, the bags are grand canyons.

The thing is, if you're a dame and you want to keep on acting, be careful of your parts. Take Roz Russell as Auntie Mame. She was great, but, after all, she wasn't trying to play a young girl who was in love with Rock Hudson.

"With a guy it's different. He can keep on being a character man. I'm going to be happier as a character man than I am now. The character parts are the rich ones."

The Secret of the Welsh

(Continued from Page 28)

of an up-and-coming community that knows what it is after. And the imposing civic center, with its widely spaced, outsized public buildings set among fine old trees, conveys an air—almost—of sovereignty.

It is not much to go on—just enough to give one's preconceived ideas a tumble. To most of us Wales had long been synonymous with poverty. We knew that the depression of the 1930's had hit the little principality worse than any other place on earth, and almost all the connotations the name used to call forth were black; we would say "Wales" and see long rows of hollow-cheeked, dejected men—coal miners out of work, shopkeepers out of business. That picture, happily, is obsolete. Things have changed for the better here, and although Wales today is not by any means a land of millionaires, it is no longer a black spot on the map of Europe.

A leisurely two-hour drive from Cardiff takes you up to Exhibit A—the scarred and pitted coal country of tragic memories. Here, just above the coastal plain, a series of deep, narrow valleys, parallel like the fingers of your hand, traverse a modest mountain range. The naked cones of slag heaps, some of them reaching heights of 250 feet, mar what would otherwise be pleasant countryside. Villages, held in check by steeply rising hillsides, line up along the roads. We are on top of the Welsh coal fields.

The Cardiff man who takes me up—a miner's son and graduate of the University of Wales—recounts the epic of despondency whose echoes will ring through these valleys for many years to come. He starts his tale with Wales' "iron age"—iron ore had been found here in the eighteenth century, and before 1850 South Wales, whipped on by the Industrial Revolution, had left behind its happy agricultural pursuits to become the greatest iron-producing country in the world. Huge coal deposits provided all the fuel needed, and when demand for steel outstripped the local ore supply the Welsh imported iron ore from overseas. The smelters moved toward the ports, leaving the hills behind—and thus the tragedy began.

"The valleys now depended on a single resource—coal," my friend continued. "At first, it was all right; our coal, famed for its steam-raising capacity, was highly marketable. European merchant shipping, the railroads and Britain's Royal Navy were our steady customers. For years the Italian State Railways maintained a buying office on the Cardiff docks. Then, in the 1920's, things began to happen. German coal nudged us out of our dominant position, and other European countries soon started mining their own coal. That wasn't all—coal itself had no longer a monopoly. Trains, factories and ships were gradually switching to fuel oil and electricity. Demand for our coal fell drastically. Even the Royal Navy deserted us."

We were now driving up the narrowing canyon of the Rhondda Valley, the best known of these furrows of deep sorrow. Here, where the coal boom had transformed two joining valleys into one of the world's most thickly settled areas, unemployment in the early '30's had hit one half of the entire working population; in spots, unemployment was as high as 80 per cent. Pit after pit closed down, and because no alternate industries had been developed, whole villages were on the dole. There was nothing to do, no place to go. Coal miners by the thousands were squatting on their haunches along Main Street, in the characteristic posture of the collier who, during years spent underground, has learned to sit Oriental-coolie fashion. There was some agitation, to be sure—a "hunger march" or two to London, and public conscience throughout Britain was aroused. But no one could persuade the world to run once more on Rhondda coal.

Today these hillside villages, with their neat rows of slate-roofed brick houses, look prosperous enough to make one wonder whether the black days really happened. Cottages seem to be competing with one another for the best groomed appearance. Many of them have newly painted doors and window frames—red, mauve or sky blue. And, inside, the lady of the house will proudly show off the "improvements" recently put in—a brand-new kitchen stove, a television set, even a bathroom. Along clean streets children ride toy bikes that cost money. A bus stops, and a flock of well-dressed, well-fed working girls gets out, dispersing with a happy chatter.

Coal, to be sure, has made no comeback. The industry was nationalized in 1947, and of the thirty-odd pits in the Rhondda, half are shut down for good. Those still in operation have modernized themselves and now employ about 10,000 miners. You still won't get rich mining Welsh coal—thirty dollars a week is the average take-home pay—and, what with the ever-present dangers of accident and lung disease, the older generation is not always keen on seeing the young one follow in its footsteps.

"This is our boy," a woman said. "He won't go into the collieries if we can help it."

Luckily coal has long since ceased to be the Rhondda's sole means of support. Ever since 1938, when the first clothing factory—coaxed by a worried British Government—established itself in this valley, light industries have taken advantage of its ample supply of willing and intelligent labor. Some thirty plants today are pumping cash into the Rhondda, employing not only young men but girls who in the bad old days would drift away to England to work as maids in private homes or boarding houses. One modern factory we saw was making lifesaving equipment for both air and sea, a most unlikely product, one would have said in the black '30's, to come out of the Rhondda coal fields.

The valley's population, which had increased from 24,000 in the past century to a frightening 167,000 in the mid '20's, by now is down to 106,000 and, in the words of one local official, "will stabilize itself around 100,000." That way, coal or no coal, the Rhondda won't starve again.

The march of industries into depressed South Wales was, from the start, a product of both happenstance and planning. The planning part consisted of a government program providing sites, in some of the worst areas, on which manufacturers were welcome to set up their plants as tenants of the British Government—which would provide light, power, water and, in some cases, the walls of the factory itself. The fluke part was a result of international politics. Europe was hurtling toward World War II—German and Austrian manufacturers who did not wish to become victims of Hitler's persecution fled to Britain, bringing with them their skills, their processes, their order books. Directed by the government to areas that could supply the labor, many of them came down to Wales.

These newcomers, when war broke out, lost little time switching to defense work—and the authorities themselves, looking around for empty spaces, set up a line of ammunition plants in the Welsh backwoods. Thus little Wales, less vulnerable than London or the Midlands, found itself suddenly promoted to a kind of British Siberia. Unemployment, up to around 200,000 just five years before, eased off to zero.

And that is pretty much the story—about 200,000 industrial jobs have been created here since 1939; and where there were 250,000 coal miners in Wales before the slump, (*Continued on Page 139*)

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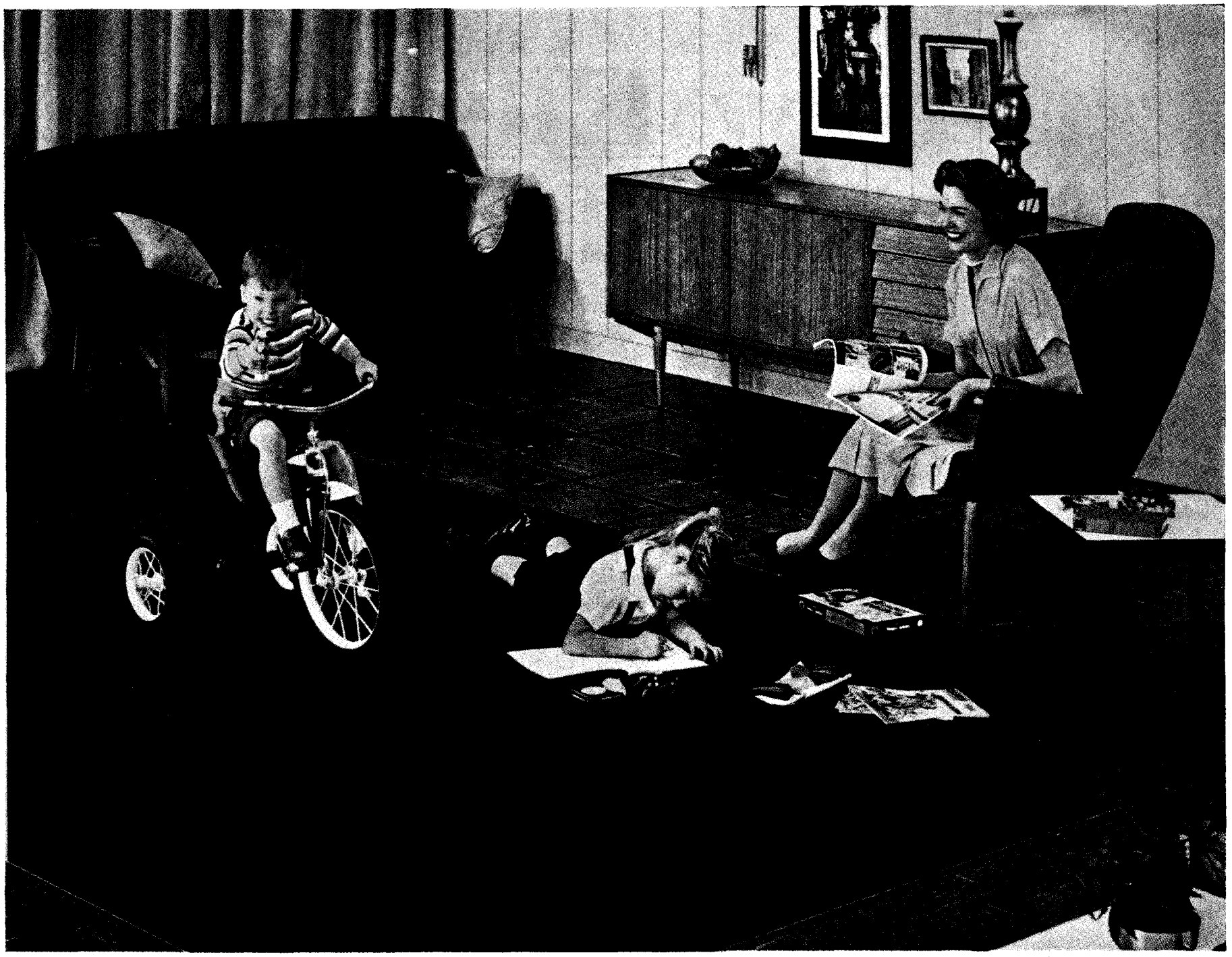

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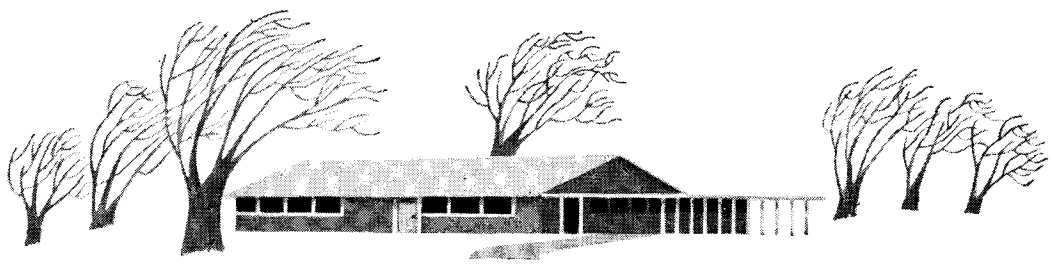

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(*Continued from Page 136*) there now are no more than 100,000. Bristling with every type of factory, including thirty-odd American-owned plants, South Wales has freed itself at last from the old curse of too many eggs in too few baskets.

Outside the busy port of Swansea I visited Europe's largest integrated steel plant, which, it turned out, was Wales' ancient iron industry in modern dress. Four and a half miles long, sprawling over a 1600-acre plot that just twelve years ago was a mere swamp, the mill now makes one third of all the sheet steel and 75 per cent of all the tin plate produced in the United Kingdom.

"Look at the map," an enthusiastic young executive said to me in the ultra-modern office building. "This back country was dotted with small tin-plate works, most of them dating back to the last century—straight out of Dickens. The iron sheets were rolled by hand, dipped in hot tin and shipped abroad to become tin cans. At one time Wales made all the tin plate the world needed. We got the first shock during the depression, and then came World War II; when it was over our backward plants could not compete with the Americans, who had adopted the continuous rolling process. So in 1947 four companies pooled their resources in order to put up a modern mill and to absorb redundant tin-plate workers. Well, here you are. So far we've spent nearly $600,000,000 on this project."

We walked around the site, watching the ore being fed in at one end and the finished steel pour out the other. In silent cabins high above the red-hot ingots that rumbled down the strip mill to be rolled into thin sheets, workmen were fingering controls while watching each block's progress on a closed-circuit television screen—a long way, I could not help thinking, from Charles Dickens.

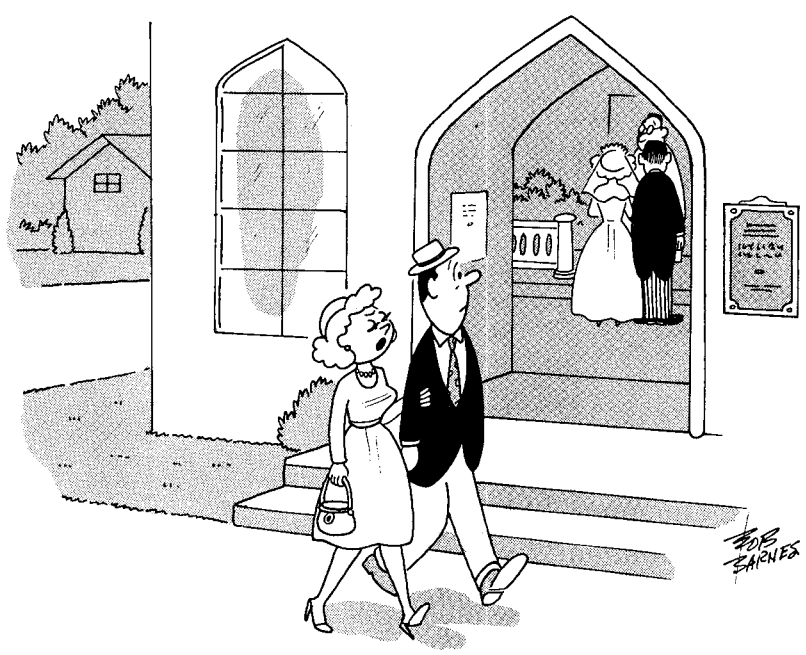
With this kind of a payroll cornucopia emptying each week—the mill employs 17,000 workers—small wonder that the little towns nearby are in prosperity up to their gingerbread Victorian gables. "I well remember," said Ralph Hanford, draper in neighboring Port Talbot, "when this was a street of closed shops. The tin-plate industry was doing badly—almost everyone around here was laid off. Quite a few shops went out of business, and we held on, you might say, by the skin of our teeth."

Today, as owner of a two-story establishment, with some chic dresses in the window and high-grade prints and household linens on the shelves, Hanford had no complaints. He and his shopkeeper neighbors up and down the street were manifestly in the money. His boy, just down from Oxford, was looking over some accounts as we were talking in the back room. Outside, one of the worst, most prosperous-looking traffic jams in the United Kingdom was building up to its rush-hour peak—the day shift was now leaving the steel works.

More than one half of the small country's population is packed into two southern counties, Monmouth and Glamorgan, and it is true that the thick concentration of industries, the movement back and forth, have robbed South Wales of much that is typically Welsh. To see "the real Wales," to hear Welsh spoken as a matter of course, you'll have to head upcountry.

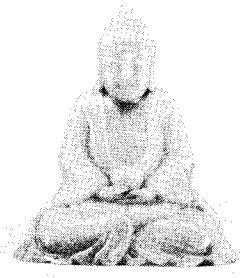
In fact, only some 700,000 persons still use Welsh as their first, and sometimes only, language. Baffling to look at, with its oversupply of *w*'s, *y*'s and *c*'s, the language was formed about seven centuries before Chaucer—the Welsh have got the English there—and since has undergone no more than mild modifications. It is so close to Breton, the dialect still spoken in French Brittany, that farmers from that region coming over with their onions have little trouble making themselves understood. Its deep, rich sounds, its tensile strength and its alliterative beat make it agreeable to listen to. Some of these traits spill over even into the English used by modern Welshmen who grew up in a Welsh-speaking environment.

Before you penetrate into the hinterland—before you come to grips with the Welsh soul—you might glance back and ponder for a moment. Who are these people and how did they get this way? Some Celtic-speaking tribes, it seems, arrived in western Britain, centuries before Christ, from the Eurasian land mass. There were two major groups. You will, after a little traveling in Wales, identify some of their offspring—the tall, blond, and sedate; the squat, black-haired, green-eyed and bold. It is this latter strain that keeps producing the rambunctious type. The best-known living Welshman, British Labor leader Aneurin Bevan, belongs to it ("Aneurin," a fairly common name in Wales, may derive from *nerino*, the "little black one" in Medieval Latin), and so does our own bushy-browed John Llewellyn Lewis, former president of United Mine Workers, who takes much pride in his Welsh ancestry.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That's a mighty catchy tune they're playing."



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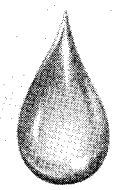

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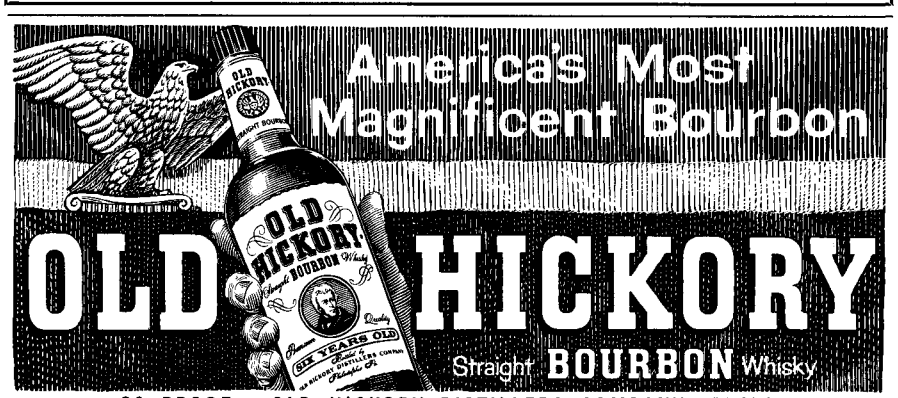

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Christianized even before the appearance of their patron saint, Saint David, who died around the year 600, the Welsh lived happily under their princes—until the Normans, and soon enough the English, began to jostle them. For a few centuries they fought back with their longbows whose missiles could nail a man to his horse. When England's King Edward I, in 1301, grandiloquently made his first-born "prince of Wales"—a custom followed by the royal house of Britain to this day—the gesture soon proved premature. Revolt after revolt shook "subdued" Wales, the most successful of them led by Owen Glendower, the storybook Welsh hero who fought a brilliant war from Harlech Castle and, after his defeat, faded away.

What beat the Welsh, at last, was what they still look back on as an act of perfidy. One of their own, one Henry Tudor—still a common name in Wales—stepped to the English throne straight from Bosworth Field in 1485 and promptly started integrating his countrymen into the British realm. The Act of Union, signed in 1536, made English the official language in the principality. Welsh freedom was now dead.

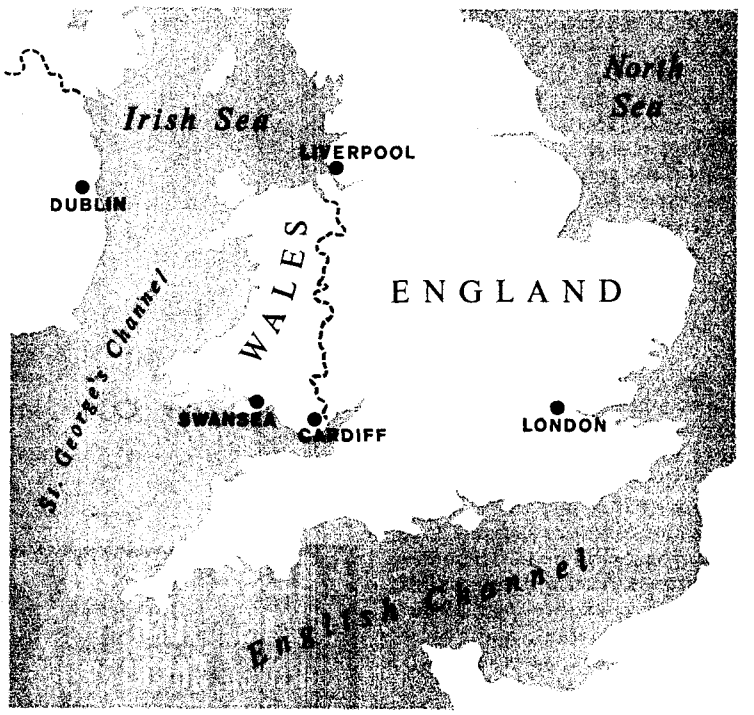
But the Welsh spirit was not broken. It lived on in the poetry and in the songs that best expressed the Welshman's wistful, lyrical mentality. Stop in at Wales' National Library, sitting incongruously on a hill at Aberystwyth, halfway up the Welsh coast, and you may see the venerable tomes, some of them dating back to the thirteenth century, containing poems, romances and tales in the Welsh tongue. The poet's art, which had once been the attribute of bards, was practiced by Welsh farmyard lyrists long after Welsh resistance had ceased. And though the Welsh are sometimes called a people of Rugby players and hymn singers, it would be at least equally correct to call them, even now, a race of poets. Scratch any Welshman and you'll find the bard. The colorful Welsh festival, the *Eisteddfod*, first celebrated some 800 years ago and now held every summer in a different Welsh town, is in effect a jamboree of poetry and music; men dressed as bards get a big hand, and the two most coveted prizes are a crown and a hand-carved chair awarded for the two best poems.

in Nonconformist chapels. Here was a new, deep source of strength. "If it were not for Nonconformism," the Welsh will tell you, "there would be no Welsh people."

You still hear tales of famous preachers whose flamboyant oratory made up for a humdrum life and for the lack of entertainment—one spellbinder would place a lamp in such a way that, spreading his arms at the proper moment, he could throw the image of Christ crucified onto the wall behind the pulpit; others would write their sermons in the form of stirring dialogues which they'd enact with generous gestures. It wasn't until 1914 that local pressure forced the Church of England to climb down and become, in Wales, the "Church in Wales." To this day, Nonconformism colors Welsh life—it may be true that more liquor is sold in private here on Sundays than publicly on any weekday; still, public houses remain

tionalism, consequently, lacks the blood and thunder of the Irish brand. For years its major vehicle was Britain's Liberal Party, whose World War I prime minister, David Lloyd George, a Welshman born in Manchester, had risen to fame as a Welsh nationalist. A rather nice bronze monument, hard up against the gray walls of Caernarvon Castle, shows him haranguing an imaginary crowd, his coattails flying in the breeze.

Nevertheless, a full-fledged Nationalist Party has been around since 1925 and is still trying hard to rally its compatriots to the battle cry of "independence." Having shocked its own followers in 1936 by burning down a Royal Air Force installation, the party now professes strict nonviolence. Its present leader, Gwynfor Evans, forty-six, whom I met in mid-Wales, where he lives with his wife and seven children, is a persuasive, mild-spoken, redheaded vegetable



Never conquered by England, Wales has its own language and way of life.

Welshmen still shake their heads with disapproval when telling you, the stranger, how their squires flocked to the British court, turned into bogus Englishmen and left their people high and dry. A breed of peasants, with no one to tutor them, the Welsh fell back on their own resources. Itinerant schools brought education to the villages—until a generation or so ago, it was not unusual to hear Welsh farmers discuss problems of Greek philosophy with one another. At the same time a strong feeling of brotherhood sprang up among the people. What sets the Welsh apart today from their English neighbors is their classless society. Or as one simple Welshman put it, "The difference between us and the English is that we know no snobbery. We have no false values." In Wales, you'll soon find out, nobody wants to know what is your station—or your income.

This feeling of being different expressed itself with rising force in Wales' religious life. Already, in the seventeenth century, Welsh Quakers, at odds with the prevailing British fashion in religion, had gone off to America where they had sown the seeds of their superior culture. Now, in the eighteenth century, another mighty movement of dissent swept through the hills of Wales. Great preachers roamed the countryside, exhorting Welshmen to defy the Church of England, and a strong local brand of Methodism was dispensed

closed on Sunday this side of the English border.

Today, with the Welsh language and Welsh culture threatened by movies, television and the great grinding processes of our time, the Welsh are more than ever conscious of their heritage. And things are changing in a subtle way. All of a sudden it is fashionable to speak Welsh at home. The landed gentry who were only yesterday trying hard to forget their "Welsh connections," discover that they are Welsh rather than English. More and more schools use Welsh as their language of instruction. And even in an English-speaking school no teacher would dare hang a knotted rope around the neck of a child caught speaking Welsh—the little culprit in the old days could pass his "Welsh knot" to the next offender, the last one stuck with it that day taking a birching. Gifted young playwrights are turning out Welsh plays which are produced successfully. Even the *Eisteddfod* has become so powerful a symbol of resurgent Welshness that several members of the festival committee recently resigned in protest against the mere possibility of Queen Elizabeth II's addressing the Welsh gathering in English.

The trouble with the Welsh, some Welshmen like to say, is that they have been treated kindly by the English—for several centuries there has been no oppression, no beating down. Welsh nafarmer with an Oxford education. "We're not against the English people," he told me, "but we want self-government—dominion status, say, like Canada."

A reasonable man, Evans agreed that he and his 15,000 followers—most of them students and professional men—would be content with halfway measures, such as, perhaps, a local parliament. In fact, some halfway measures—unless you chose to call them sops—already had resulted from the party's agitation. Since 1951 a member of the British cabinet had served, concurrently, as "Minister for Welsh Affairs"; and under him a "Minister of State for Welsh Affairs" was holding forth in Cardiff. What irked Welsh nationalists more than anything was England's disregard for the Welsh language—TV and radio time were strictly rationed. In retribution, some party stalwarts had set up illegal, highly mobile radio stations whose spry Welsh-language broadcasts, Evans said, had met with great success.

For the time being, there is little chance for a free Welsh republic—which would, needless to say, promptly collapse for want of cash. But while the British Government looks at Welsh nationalism with mild amusement, the tourist—who, of course, has all the wrong reactions—is apt to see in it another affirmation of the Welshness of the Welsh. Spain has its bullfights, Wales has other things.

There is no room here for a handy guide to Wales, but a few pointers are, perhaps, in order. The average visitor, cautiously granting Wales three or four days of his grand tour of Britain, invariably comes away enchanted and wishing he had granted more. Cheap, pleasant inns, and streams full of trout and salmon keep you from moving on; so do the beaches, stretching in great arcs along the coast—sandy and pebbly ones, with or without surf. You have your choice of seaside places, from Llandudno in the north, with its Victorian comfort, to New Quay, with its sheltered little bay, and restful Tenby on the south shore.

There are the ancient castles, with their muscle-flexing names—Harlech, Chirk, Chepstow, Caernarvon, Conway and Caerphilly, gaunt monuments of an embattled past. And there is old St. David's Cathedral, with its bishop's palace—one of the finest ruins in the British Isles. It's a short hop from there to Milford Haven, where Nelson courted Lady Hamilton by the blue waters of the fiordlike inlet—a natural deep-water port that, in a pinch, could handle the whole British fleet.

Much of the time you'll simply lose yourself in the green country which, in its jungly depths, is wondrously untouched. You'll drive down half-forgotten lanes, imbedded between tall, thick hedgerows, canopied by the intertwining branches of old trees—green tunnels flecked with golden light. Wild flowers scent the air, ferns tremble in the breeze, the birds come close and ogle you. And where you least expected it, the sudden vista of a winding valley, a silver waterfall or merely a small, gray-stone village, breaks in on you and interrupts your meditation.

You'll find incredible variety. Welsh landscape ranges from the sweet, idyllic mood to vast, heroic panoramas—a long, bleak mountain pass recalls the ruggedness of Central Asia; a deep-green thicket, its flora coddled by the Gulf Stream, might be subtropical. Small wonder that the movie makers have adopted Wales—*Drums*, with Sabu, was made here, as were *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness*, and parts of *Moby Dick*.

Nor is the ruggedness of Wales good only for make-believe. One of the most majestic mountains in the world, 3560-foot-high Mount Snowdon, completely dominates the wild northwest. You'll find the tiny inn near the great mountain's foot packed with the souvenirs and trophies of famous climbers who used it as a training camp, including Sir Edmund Hillary and Sir John Hunt of Everest fame, and Dr. Charles Evans, conqueror of Kanchenjunga. Amateur climbers from all over can be seen scrambling up sheer cliffs directly from the winding highway—an average of six fall to their deaths each year. The foothill country, thickly wooded, torn by wild gorges and swift, foaming streams, is reminiscent of our Rockies; and Britain, fittingly, has turned the region into a national park.

But you would miss the finest product of the principality if you were to run in and out again without getting to know its people. Rest up a day or two in one of those small, unspoiled towns—Caernarvon, Aberystwyth or Dolgellau—and you will soon forget you are a stranger. If you do not forget it, the locals will. You'll find them a great race of storytellers, and of good listeners as well. And it will strike you that their way of life—its easy brotherhood, its lack of pomp and circumstance—is not unlike our own. It is a way of life, you will agree, worth holding on to; and in its plain, authentic values you have found the secret of Welsh staying power. THE END

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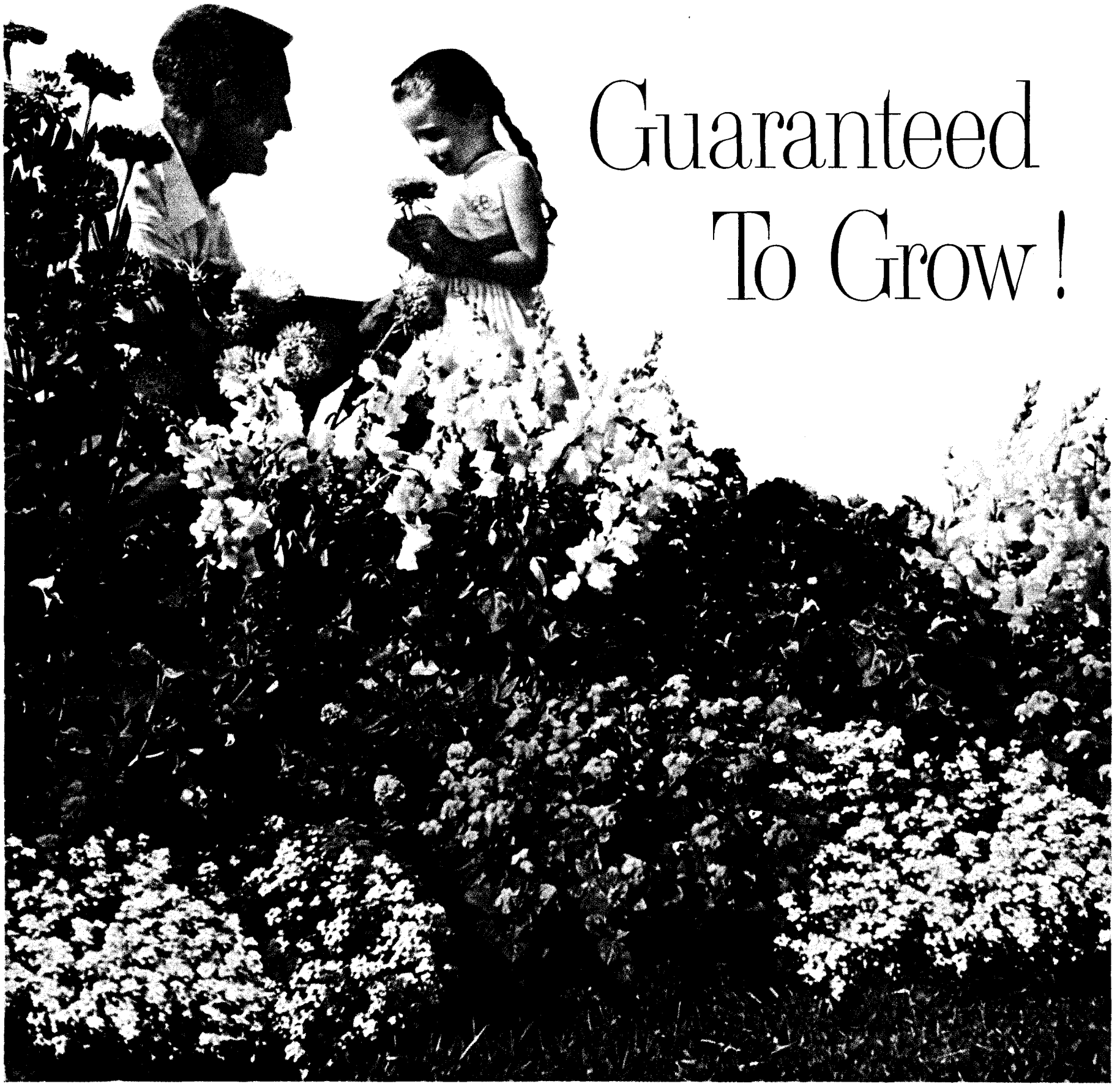

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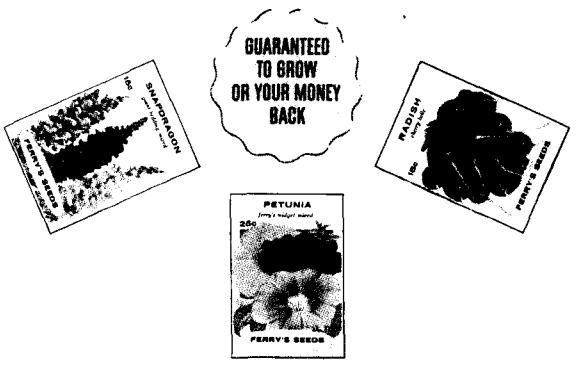

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We Won Our Children From Khrushchev

(Continued from Page 36)

corresponds to the American West Point. My colleagues and I were commissioned as lieutenants in the Red Army. We had not been called to active duty because our loyalty to the Soviet cause was suspect. But now that the Russians were returning I felt certain I would be conscripted for active duty—and I would rather have faced death. I never would have fought for the Soviets.

So, then and there, my wife and I decided to flee west with our family. It may seem foolish now, but we thought of going only twenty or thirty miles. Then, if the Russian lines were thrown back, we would return. My wife's mother pleaded with us to leave our children with her. She lived on a farm where there was at least plenty of food. There was no telling, she argued, what risks we might encounter in the two or three days or even weeks that we might be gone. In those hectic days nobody thought far ahead; we lived from hour to hour. My mother-in-law's advice seemed to be wise.

I took what belongings I could stuff into a briefcase, and we set out on a borrowed bicycle, my wife Elena riding on the handle bars. A German army truck drawing a field piece stopped to give us a lift. After forty miles or so we stopped for the night at a farmhouse. Next morning the road was alive with Lithuanians fleeing on foot, on bicycles and in carts. A Nazi officer riding in a truck overtook us and announced that the Russians were very close. The driver of the truck, a Ukrainian in a German Army uniform, who was doomed if the Russians captured him, went berserk. He brandished a pistol before each of our faces. Then he shot himself through the head. We buried him by the roadside.

Elena and I became more and more tense and less rational about what we were doing and why. Elena thought that perhaps she should make her way back through the fighting lines and return to our children. I tried not to influence her. There were perils either way, and I thought that she should decide for herself. Then she realized that if she returned, she would be suspect for having fled—might, in fact, be suspected of espionage. For the first time it dawned on us that our separation from the children might last for some time. As more news of the extremely rapid advance of the Russians reached us, I became convinced that we should cross the German (East Prussian) border and then seek escape into neutral or Allied territory. At the border, guards directed us to a collecting camp for refugees. They said we would soon be permitted to cross. But inside the camp, Nazi soldiers handed us spades and ordered us to dig trenches for the defense against the Russians. To me, this was slave labor, as intolerable as fighting for the Russians. As I was later to do many times in a perilous trek across Europe, I did some hasty improvising.

I told the guard at the gate that before beginning our work my wife and I and several others with us had to deliver our luggage to a local address. I know this does not sound like a brilliant ruse. It wasn't, but the guard took me seriously. We were, after all, not prisoners, but refugees seeking admittance to Germany.

"What address?" he asked.

I knew every Lithuanian town with a railroad station had a Railroad Street.

"Number fifteen Railroad Street," I replied.

"Who authorized you to go?"

Fifty yards away was a Nazi officer.

"He did," I said, pointing to the officer. The guard waved our little group out.

For three nights we slept in the hayloft of a barn. Then we learned from a farmer that the Germans now were permitting refugees to cross the border. On the other side my wife and I boarded a train for Vienna, where I got a job in a metal-parts factory. I handled one tiny part for a weapon, over and over again. It became clear to me that I might become chained to this job as an essential war worker. So one night my wife and I boldly got on a train for Berlin. Having accumulated a little money, we registered for courses at the university. Our student cards would explain our presence in Berlin.

Before long the Allied armies were rolling toward Berlin so fast that I decided we should move west in the hope of early liberation. West of us—but not so far west that traveling there would create suspicion—was a city named Glückstadt. This means "city of good luck." So we went there and I found a job as a proofreader in a print shop. My employers seemed to trust me, and I found myself proofreading confidential documents. On the surface this looked good, but it really wasn't; possessed of such information, I would be watched and my movements limited. So, again I decided on bold action. From a friend I obtained a blank letterhead of a company in another city. I addressed a letter to myself, offering me a job and signed it with a false name. I showed the letter to my employer. This was a foolish risk. If my boss had submitted my request to the labor office, as he was supposed to do, I would have been as good as locked up. But he handed the letter back to me and said I could go.

To get us started in the general direction of the Allied lines, we headed for Bremen and on to Oldenburg. It was the day before Easter, 1945. The train was crowded with war workers and wounded soldiers. Near Oldenburg it stopped. Bombers were coming. Suddenly our coach seemed to explode. I was momentarily blinded. My wife screamed in my ear. She had been struck by the falling roof, but was unharmed.

Eventually we found refuge with a farmer named Wills. On Saturday, April twenty-first, we were planting potatoes when shells began to whistle. I called to Wills and his family to head for the shelter I had built for them. Neighbors came too. In all, seventeen people crowded into it. For eighteen hours we huddled there, with explosives whining overhead in two directions. During the night the retreating Germans passed the farm. The next morning the first Allied tank rumbled down the road.

We were free. We could no longer be harmed by tyrants. But now a great wall stood between us and our children. How long would it be until we could climb it? V-E Day came and passed. Unthinkingly we had anticipated that Lithuania, by some stroke of political magic, would immediately be made free. It soon became obvious that this was not going to happen.

My wife thought that perhaps she should find a way to go home again. I disagreed. If she were to return home, she would be treated as an escapee by the Soviets—and that meant Siberia. It was difficult for me to argue against her yearning to go to our children, but I could not allow her to sacrifice her life.

We entered a camp for Lithuanian displaced persons at Oldenburg. I became assistant headmaster of the camp's high school and wrote five small Latin textbooks which we mimeographed and circulated to other DP camps. Also, I began to learn English. We stayed there two years. In 1947, when the British began to recruit workers to help overcome their labor shortage, we went to England.

Now a free, independent citizen at last, I was able to begin my amateurish efforts to get news of our children. I wrote a letter in 1949 to Princess Elizabeth, who later became queen, to ask if she could help us. She had recently been married, which I thought might make her especially sympathetic to our plight. The reply said the princess was turning our letter over to the proper authorities. Nothing happened. Then we went to the British Red Cross. They offered to try getting a message to our children via the German Red Cross. My message said merely that we were alive. But until this year we did not know that they had received it.

My wife and I found work as attendants in a London home for the aged and managed to save a little money. As soon as we had reached England, we applied for entry permits to the United States. Almost all refugees dreamed of coming to America, but most of us knew it was a dream too good to come true. So when we were offered a chance in 1950 to go to Canada, we took it. I worked in a sawmill in Vancouver and then at a farm-machine plant in Toronto—a night job. During the day I became a real-estate salesman.

In 1953 we received our United States entry permits. We came to Chicago and met many other Lithuanians whose families had been split up. We all feared that efforts to communicate with our loved ones might bring them harm. We waited, in anguish of spirit.

I got a job selling real estate in a Chicago neighborhood where many Lithuanians live. Before long I was in business for myself. (I now employ a half dozen salesmen.) We were growing prosperous. But never did we go to sleep content, never were we truly happy. By 1955, Stalin had been dead for two years. We had no way of knowing if his death had brought changes in the Soviet attitude that might affect us. But as we wondered, we found the silence overseas even harder to endure. My wife often cried half the night. She was weak and irritable. We simply had to know if our children were alive.

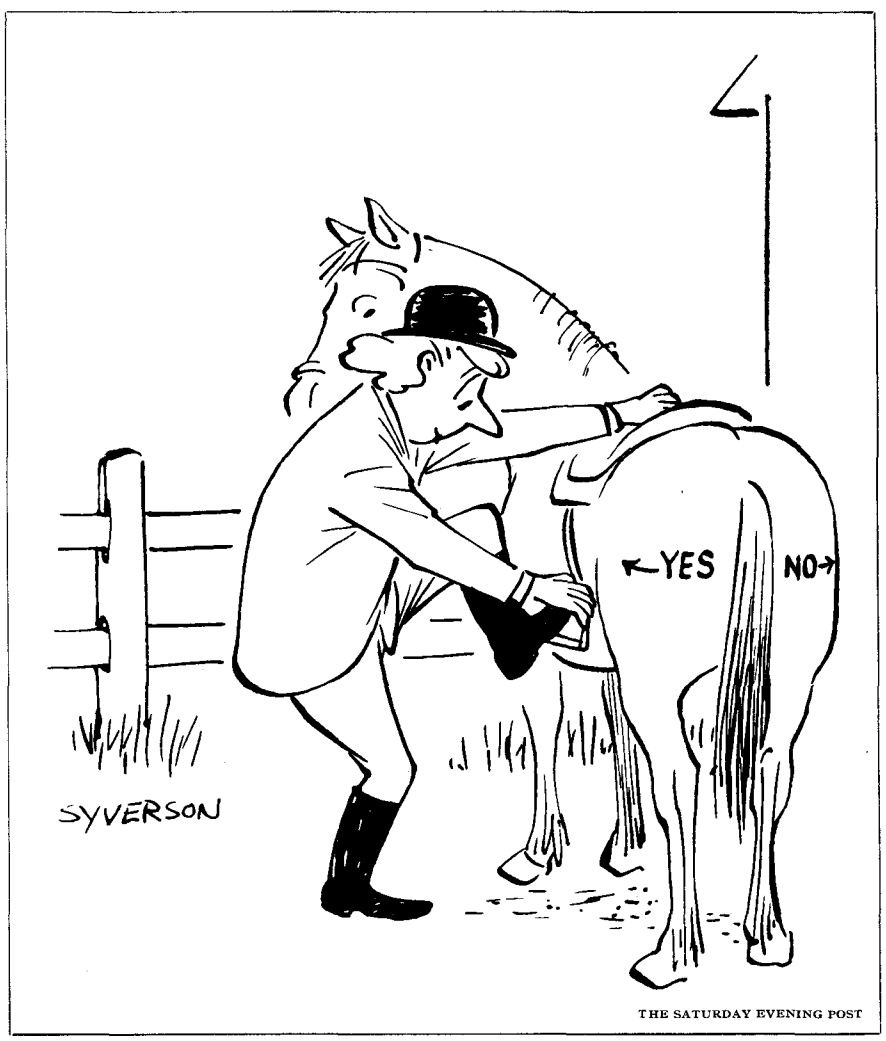
I addressed an innocuous letter to a girl we knew in Bajorai. Anxiously we waited for two months. On April 29, 1955—I'll never forget the date—an envelope from Lithuania came in the mail while my wife was out shopping. I would not open it without her. When she came home, I said I had a surprise for her. She looked at me for a long moment.

Then she whispered, "A letter!"

I put it on the table. She sat down and cried. She was afraid to open it. Finally I did. It was so short. The letter was from my wife's sister. It said merely that the girl was in the eighth grade, the boy was in the sixth. It didn't even mention their names. Now, after eleven years, we knew. Our son and daughter had survived the endless troubles of our times.

We wrote my sister-in-law a short, careful letter. Slowly the letters from both sides became franker. We began to correspond directly with Regina and Tomas. In less than five years we received more than 300 letters from Lithuania. We sent them more than seventy parcels of clothing and luxuries. Each parcel was acknowledged, including one in which we had packed two rosaries. None of the letters was ever marked by a censor. In one letter, however, we mentioned a news item about a woman who was released with her two children from Siberia to rejoin her American husband. That letter was never acknowledged.

By March, 1956, I felt the time was ripe for further action. The political atmosphere was obviously improving. I wrote to our State Department. The reply said that only the Soviets could help me. I wrote to the United Nations and got a similar answer. I followed these inquiries with a whole flock of letters and telegram to Congress, the President, the Soviet Embassy in Washington and the Kremlin. Every time I read in the paper of some prominent American visiting Russia, I wrote to him: (*Continued on Page 144*)



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Coil springs at all 4 wheels *(with the ride-tuned cushioning of newly designed butyl body mounts, you've never had it so smooth).*

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(*Continued from Page 142*) Adlai Stevenson, Vice President Nixon, Averell Harriman, Eleanor Roosevelt, Gov. William G. Stratton of Illinois, Dag Hammarskjold of the United Nations. Stevenson and Nixon each replied that they had taken up my case in Moscow, but could do nothing. I wrote one letter to Nikolai Bulganin, six to Nikita Khrushchev, and still others to the Soviet foreign ministry. On July 20, 1959, I received a letter from A. Kuznetsov, of the Soviet foreign ministry in Moscow. It contained the bleak suggestion that if I wanted to rejoin my children, I could apply for repatriation to Lithuania! Later, my children wrote to me that local police had informed them of my request and its rejection.

When Russian First Deputy Premier Mikoyan visited Chicago early in 1959, I addressed a letter to him. I took it to the door of a press conference he was to hold in the Conrad Hilton Hotel. A man at the door refused to let me in, but said he would give my letter to Mikoyan. I left it with him. Later, in the lobby, Mikoyan and his party walked right by me. If only I had not given my letter away! That's when I got the notion that the shortest route to the Kremlin was through the lobby of a hotel.

Khrushchev's visit to America last year, I felt, offered us our biggest, and perhaps our last, chance. I typed not one letter, but two. Then I mimeographed 1000 copies of it, so I could give them to reporters and strengthen our cause by publicizing it. My wife and I, studying Khrushchev's itinerary, decided that conditions in New York, Washington and Los Angeles would be too crowded for confronting him. Iowa seemed to be the most promising.

I thought I might be able to get to Khrushchev during his visit to the farm of Roswell Garst at Coon Rapids. Early in the morning of last September twenty-second my wife and I started our 350-mile drive to the farm. Mr. Garst was not there. But a woman who came to the door of his home said she would see that Khrushchev was given my letter. Observing how closely the farm was guarded, I knew I could never succeed in buttonholing Khrushchev there. So we decided to reconnoiter in Des Moines.

On the way there my wife got the notion that perhaps we could check into the hotel where Khrushchev was to stay. Just to convince her it was impossible, I agreed to try. We stalked past the doorman and a couple of state troopers, half expecting they would stop us; they ignored us. Then, like any tired traveler, I asked the desk clerk if he had a double room for the night. I think I managed to look calm, although I was far from it. To my surprise, he began to check his reservations. Then, amazingly, he said, yes, a reservation had just been canceled and he indeed had one room. If it had not been for this incredible piece of luck, we would not have been permitted to stand in the lobby the next morning. I don't know who canceled that reservation, but God bless him or her.

A bellboy took us to the room—and my heart sank. The room was piled high with dozens of chairs. He reached for the phone. I was afraid we would lose the room. I wanted to shout, "No, that's all right, leave them there." But I was speechless. On the phone the young man was instructed merely to carry the chairs elsewhere. We turned on the TV set and watched Khrushchev delivering a speech at a banquet downstairs. As soon as he finished, Elena and I raced from the room to go to the banquet hall. Perhaps we could catch him there. We waited and waited for an elevator—none came. In desperation we darted down seven flights of stairs. When we reached the banquet hall, Khrushchev was already gone.

Early next morning, after a night without sleep, we stood in the lobby, among a group of other hotel guests, waiting for Khrushchev to pass by. I had to keep tugging at my wife's arm to keep her from crying. Finally she lost control of herself—but at precisely the right moment to change the state of our world. An elevator door opened, and Khrushchev bounced out merrily, followed by his entourage.

I called to him in Russian, "Mr. Khrushchev, I welcome you here."

He came to us. By this time Elena was sobbing helplessly. But before I could speak, Elena did: "Mr. Khrushchev, we have made a special trip from Chicago to ask you, would you let our children come to this country?"

She could hardly get the sentence out. He touched her shoulder.

"Where are your children?" he asked.

"They'll be the grandest couple in the Eas-ter parade!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Lithuania," my wife said.

"Oh," Khrushchev said with a broad smile, "you are Lithuanian." Then, resolutely, he said, "Yes."

I was stunned by his reply. So I repeated the question: "Mr. Khrushchev, would you let our children come here?"

"Yes," he repeated.

Khrushchev pressed my hand. With my free hand I patted his shoulder. My wife was patting his other shoulder. With his free hand he was patting hers to get her to stop crying. We were a ridiculous jumble of arms and hands, with a red rope hanging between us.

Foreign Minister Gromyko, Soviet Ambassador Menshikov, and United States Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge closed in on us. But no one dared to interrupt. I freed one hand and pulled my explanatory letter to Khrushchev from my pocket. The letter was a duplicate of the one I had left at the Garst farm. Khrushchev took it, handed it to Gromyko and said, "Take care of this."

Take care of this! It sounded like an order—definite and irrevocable. Newspaper reporters were all around us. He had made a public promise to send us our children. *Take care of this!*

We drove home saying, "Can it be true?" Next we endured eighteen weeks of watching international machinery on two sides of the world grind in slow motion. Every day we feared that somewhere in the labyrinth of diplomacy and immigration red tape our children's road to freedom would be blocked once more.

Finally, at one minute before one P.M. last January twenty-eighth, Elena and I stood beside an arriving airliner at Chicago's Midway Airport. Elena clutched my arm as though to keep from falling. A long procession of faceless passengers scurried down the stairs. Then, in the doorway of the plane, there appeared a beautiful young woman and a blond teenage boy. The young woman's eyes were like my wife's. The boy's cheeks and big jaw were just like mine. The two charged down the stairs. In a moment we were kissing the lovely faces of our children. As a crowd of reporters and well-wishers pressed us, we told the world over television, radio and through the newspapers that we thanked Mr. Khrushchev. But especially we thanked a free press that had forced his hand by publicizing his promise to us. In an hour we were home, showing our son and daughter the first private bedrooms they have ever had.

Now that we are reunited, of course there are still problems ahead of us. My children arrived without knowing a word of English, but that problem is easily solved. They are intelligent and studious and will learn the language quickly. Tomas was a high-school sophomore. Regina recently was graduated from a two-year college course as a librarian.

Still, there will be quiet nights, I am sure, when they will pine for Lithuania—even the Soviet Lithuania they knew—just as my wife and I sometimes pine for the free Lithuania of our youth. Now, suddenly, the world of their youth is inviolably locked behind them. Ahead of them lies a seemingly impenetrable haze—a strange land, a strange language, strange economic and social ways, a strange house. Yes, even their parents will seem strangers at times. We must face that.

Regina has said little to reveal how we can best help her feel at home. I fear that she may be deeply troubled. My wife and I understand from the letters we exchanged with relatives in Lithuania that Regina sacrificed a four-year romance to rejoin her parents. She has not spoken of it to us, and we will not ask her to do so. But it is all too clear from Regina's sensitive, light-blue eyes that her decision to come to America was not made without heartache, that part of her heart still lies in her homeland.

Tomas, on the other hand, is an enthusiastic lad who has hardly stopped talking since he got off the plane. He fell right in with a group of Lithuanian-speaking teenagers in our neighborhood, plying them with questions about school, amazed at the abundance of cars and surprised that boys have so much money that they don't have to barter their possessions. (I suspect he misses the fun of swapping; I'm told American pioneers enjoyed that sport.)

One evening I said to him that my heart was too small to hold my happiness. He said, "This whole house is too small to hold mine."

Tomas still lived on my mother-in-law's farm in Bajorai before he came here. He was chained to the life of a farmer. No occupation interests him less. The only way he could get permission to escape farm work was to be accepted at a university for training in an essential profession. This was impossible. He knew this because of Regina's experience. She had finished high school with honors and easily passed the university entrance examinations. Then one day she was told, without explanation, that she could not enter. The reason, of course, was clear—she was the daughter of parents who had escaped from the Soviets. Regina was permitted, however, to enter a two-year technical college to learn library work. Tomas, as a male member of a farm household, knew that at best he might be admitted to a technical school, but only to learn to be a better farmer.

Suddenly one night at dinner his closed world cracked open. The family was listening to a Voice of America news broadcast. Almost everybody in Bajorai, he told me, listens to the Voice of America. The broadcasts at that time were jammed, but people listened anyway, snatching a word here and there. Because they listened, jamming or no, the news quickly spread that there was no jamming during Khrushchev's visit to the United States. On this particular night, while young Tomas was listening, his eyes blinked in puzzlement, then astonishment. He clearly heard the announcer from the other side of the world pronouncing the names of Tomas and Regina Leonas. The announcer was reciting a detailed account of my adventure in Des Moines. Neighbors rushed over. One neighbor left immediately for Vilnyus, 100 miles away, to bring the news to Regina. She had recently begun work there in a library. The trip was unnecessary. Friends of Regina had also been listening to the Voice of America.

One of the first questions I asked after Regina and Tomas settled in their new home was whether they had received my message through the British and German Red Cross. Yes, they had. Neither of them knows who brought it or how. They only know that their elders told them, when Regina was ten and Tomas seven, that their parents were alive.

I took a little more time before putting the next question: Did they know why their parents had to leave them? Immediately Tomas threw out his palms as though the question was elementary.

"Because," he said forthrightly, "the Russians were coming and you had to get away. They would conscript you."

A great tension inside me relaxed. I wanted to embrace my son again. So, they did not bear resentment toward their parents who had left them. They understood that we had to go.

Now we must give them time to adjust. But as my wife and I have learned to love the comfort and atmosphere of human dignity in which Americans live, so will my children. If at times the strain of remaking their lives brings an understandable weariness to them, our fondest hope is that they will turn for understanding and help to their mother and father, who have waited so long to offer it.

THE END

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Be Sociable, Have a Pepsi

Refresh without filling

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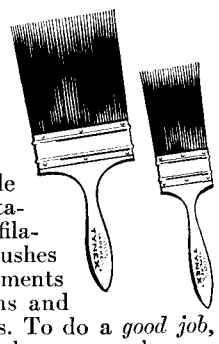
PAINTING A GABLE

STAINING A TABLE

For smooth, even flow, use brushes made **100%** with **Du Pont tapered TYNEX®**



You can have a better job, done more easily, when you paint with higher-quality brushes made 100% with Du Pont tapered TYNEX nylon filament. High-quality brushes have a full head of filaments with varying lengths and properly finished tips. To do a *good job*, you need a *good* brush . . . so ask your dealer for an assortment of high-quality brushes made 100% with Du Pont tapered TYNEX nylon filament.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET: Tells you how to select the proper brush, paint like an expert and achieve decorator effects. For your copy, write to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Advertising Department, TYNEX, Rm. 2524-S.E.P.4-16, Wilmington 98, Delaware.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Keeping Posted

After-dinner line-up: Mayan, Prins, Dohanos, Whitmore, Sargent, Stuart, Rockwell, Hughes, Clymer, Sewell, Falter.

Our Cover Artists Take a Bow

Late last month New York's most venerable art society, the Salmagundi Club, honored the art editor of the country's oldest magazine, *The Saturday Evening Post*, for the consistently high caliber of our cover paintings. Most of our cover artists were on hand to see art editor **Kenneth Stuart** accept a medal "for his leadership, his gifts and their enriching influence upon the American way of life." The above photograph was taken at the Salmagundi dinner. (The caricatures are by Salmagundian Furman J. Finck.) Never have so many *Post* cover artists been compressed into so little space; so we decided to take advantage of the occasion by investigating the question, "What are *Post* cover artists made of?"

Well, What Are They Made Of?

In the course of our research we learned that the present members of our fifteen-man team weigh between 125 **(Dick Sargent)** and 205 **(Thornton Utz).** A cover artist's age is no less than thirty-four **(Kurt Ard)** and no more than sixty-six **(Norman Rockwell).** He was born somewhere between Ellensburg, Washington **(John Clymer),** and Rostov, Russia **(Constantin Alajálov),** but he gravitated to the northeastern United States. (A notable exception: Kurt Ard of Copenhagen.) He may have gained experience as a sign painter **(Stevan Dohanos),** an advertising-agency artist **(Jack Welch, Ben Prins),** or as a member of the Army's camouflage corps **(Earl Mayan).** He may have sold his first cover simply by shipping it to us unannounced, as Sargent did; but it's more likely that he turned to cover painting after working for us as a fiction illustrator. **(Amos Sewell** had illustrated more than forty R. Ross Annett "Babe" stories for us before he tried his hand at cover painting.) He could have a weakness for racing cars **(Coby Whitmore),** light aircraft (Utz) or vegetable juice (Welch). He may be a composer of modern music (Ard) or a member of a Dixieland combo **(John Falter).** Alajálov is the only confirmed bachelor in the crowd, and those who didn't marry their models, as Ard and Utz did, have made models of their wives. Only one cover artist, **Jim Williamson,** is color-blind; **George Hughes** once mixed paints for Williamson.

Cheerleader Makes Good

Let us turn our attention now to art editor Stuart, the man who helps these artists develop cover ideas by means of a mental badminton game: "We toss ideas back and forth until we arrive at something." The *Milwaukee Journal* has labeled Stuart "one of the most downright mischievous boys Milwaukee has ever produced." Members of the *Post* staff characterize him as "a grounded leprechaun" . . . "the slowest cribbage player in the history of the game" . . . "an artist who, when he left his garret, threw the key away." An assistant cheerleader in high school, Stuart was fired from his first job, as a shipping clerk with the Holeproof Hosiery Company of Milwaukee, because he devoted the greater part of his energies to sketching on the sides of the firm's shipping cartons. At the Salmagundi dinner editor Ben Hibbs noted that one might wonder how such a man ever got to be art editor of *The Post*. Then he cleared up the mystery: "Some years ago Kenneth was doing a number of covers for us, and it began to look as if he was trying to muscle in as one of our regulars. The only way to stop him was to make him art editor." We stopped him shortly after he completed his famed 1943 painting of a distraught Adolf Hitler. The original was requested for the Library of Congress by Archibald MacLeish, then the librarian.

We hope this answers everyone's questions about *Post* covers, and we thank the Salmagundi Club for affording us an opportunity to make this contribution to our readers' appreciation of fine art.

Der Führer's Double

For another artist's portrayal of Hitler, see Earl Mayan's painting on page 32. A demon for authenticity, Mayan used as his model a German refugee named Adolf Krueger, who is almost a dead ringer for *der* late *Führer*. "I try to give my illustrations as much power as possible," says Mayan. "To interest a reader in a story, I must make him stop." We venture to suggest that anyone who can leaf past Mayan's Hitler without stopping is unstoppable.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Why Do They Hate Us?"

By Harold H. Martin

A Post editor reports from Panama, where our former friends are urging, "Death to the Gringos!"

Printed in U. S. A.

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The Temptation of Beautyrest

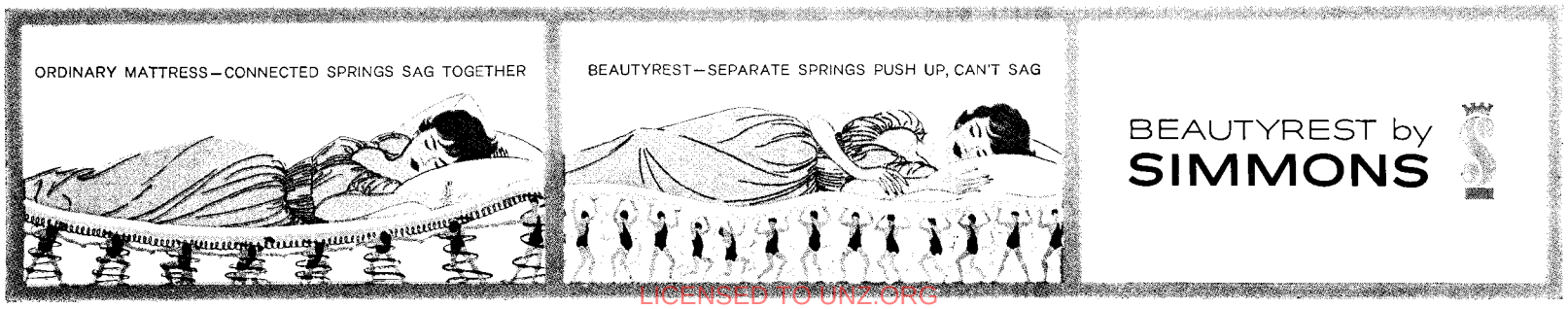
Another story about the kind of comfort that's kind to your back

When the "All Ashore" has sounded, and a thousand well-wishing friends have squeezed their way out of your stateroom, it's time to unbend, unwind and ready yourself for the new Adventure. Thank heavens, now—and for every night of your voyage—for Beautyrest.® Yes, there's one for every passenger aboard the s.s. United States.

This is the mattress with separate back-supporting springs that push up-up-up in the small of your back. In other mattresses, the curve of your back gets very little support. And here's another reason why more people sleep on Beautyrest than on any other mattress in the world.

Single-bed comfort in a double bed! Because each spring is separate, the heaviest husband cannot disturb his wife's rest when he turns in his sleep. No rolling together. Beautyrest will never, never sag.

The best costs the least! All tests by the United States Testing Co. have proven that Beautyrest lasts 3 times longer than ordinary mattresses. So Beautyrest is least expensive to own. Choice of firm or extra firm, quilted or tufted—$79.50. Supersizes from $89.50. Also crib-size.



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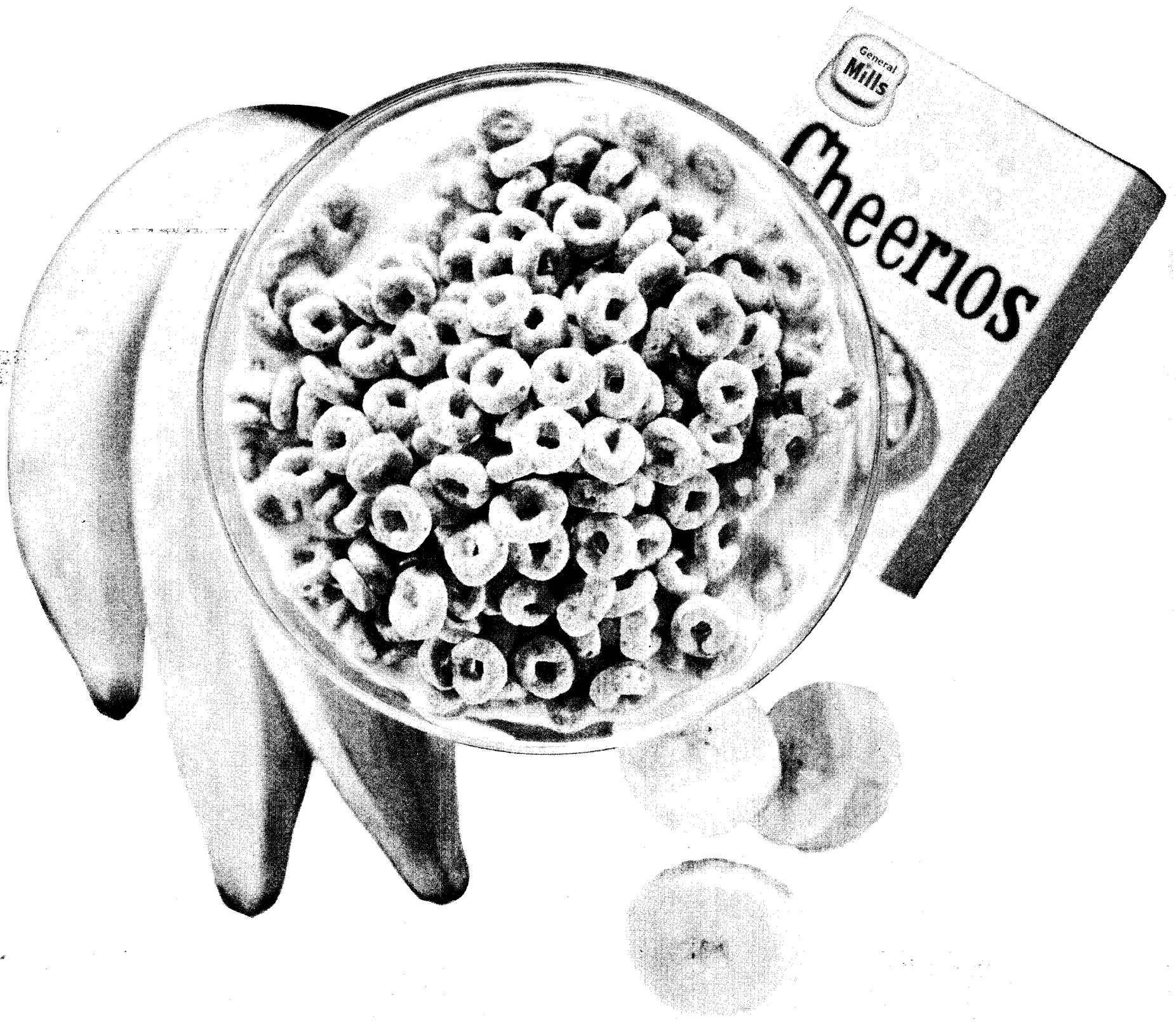
Did you know?...Toasting the protein makes Cheerios taste so good!



Yes, when protein is toasted just right, it releases all its flavor...

them into Power O's, for perfect toasting all 'round and through...

Know your oats — go for the crisp-toasted Power O's, Cheerios!

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